THE

NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE;

COMPREHENDING

LITERATURE, MORALS

AND

AMUSEMENT.

Inter cuncta leges, et percunctabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.
Horace. Epist. 8. Lib. I.

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THE

NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. III.

For October, November and December, 1802.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

NEW DOCTRINE OF IMPULSION.

Meſsrs. Editors.

INGENIOUS ſuppoſitions, even when incorrect, have often been advantageous to ſcience, as they frequently lead to important diſcoveries. The incloſed, from Dr. Gleig's Supplement to the third edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, is new and upon a very intereſting ſubject; by giving it inſertion in your miſcellany ſeveral of your philoſophical readers may be induced to examine it attentively, demonſtrate its truth, or point out its error.

Your humble ſervant,

R. S. A.

'IT is hardly neceſſary now to ſay, that all attempts to explain gravitation, or magnetiſm, or electricity, or any ſuch apparrent action at a diſtance by the impulſions of an unſeen fluid, are futile in the greateſt degree. Impulſion, by abſolute contact is ſo far from being a familiar phenomenon, that it may juſtly be queſtioned whether we have ever obſerved a ſingle inſtance of it. The ſuppoſition of an inviſible impelling fluid is not more gratuitous than it is uſeleſs; becauſe we have no proof that a particle of this fluid does or can come into contact with the body which we ſuppoſe impelled by it, and therefore it can give no explanation of an action that is apparrently *e diſtanti*.

'The general inference from the whole ſeems to be, that, inſtead of explaining preſſure by impulſe, we muſt not only derive all impulſe from preſſure, but muſt alſo aſcribe all preſſure to action from a diſtance; that is, to properties of matter by which its particles are moved without geometrical contact.

'This collection of facts conſpires, with many appearances of fluid and ſolid bodies, to prove that even the particles of ſolid, or ſenſibly continuous bodies, are not in contact, but are held in their reſpective ſituations by the balance of forces which we are accuſtomed to call attractions and repulſions. The fluidity of wa-

ter under very strong compressions (which have been known to compress it $\frac{1}{20}$ of its bulk,) is as inconsistent with the supposition of contact as the fluidity of air is. The shrinking of a body in all its dimensions by cold, nay, even the bending of any body, cannot be conceived without allowing that *some* of its ultimate unalterable atoms change their distances from each other. The phenomena of capillary attraction are also inexplicable, without admitting that particles act on others at a distance from them. The formation of water into drops, the coalescence of oil under water into spherical drops, or into circular spots when on the surface, shew the same thing, and are inexplicable by mere adhesion. In short all the appearances and mutual actions of tangible matter concur in showing, that the atoms of matter are endowed with inherent forces, which cause them to approach or to avoid each other. The opinion of Boscovich seems to be well founded; namely, that at all sensible distances, the atoms of matter tend toward each other with forces inversely as the squares of the distances, and that, in the nearest approach, they avoid each other with *insuperable* force; and, in the intermediate distances, they approach or avoid each other with forces varying and alternating by every change of distance.'

'From all that has been said, we learn that physical or sensible contact differs from geometrical contact, in the same manner as physical solidity differs from that of the mathematician. Euclid speaks of cones and cylinders standing on the same base, and between the same parallels. These are not material solids, one of which would press the other out of its place. Physical contact is indicated, immediately and directly, by our sense of touch; that is, by exciting a pressure on our organ of touch when it is brought sufficiently near. It is also indicated by impulsion; which is the immediate effect of the pressure occasioned by a sufficient approximation of the body impelling to the body impelled. The impulsion is the completion of the same process that we described in the example of the magnets; but the extent of space and of time in which it is completed is so small that it escapes our observation, and we imagine it to be by contact and in an instant. We now see that is similar to all other operations of accelerating or retarding forces, and that no change of velocity is instantaneous; but, as a body, in passing from one point of space to another, passes through the intermediate space; so, in changing from one velocity to another, it passes through all the intermediate degrees without the smallest *saltus*.

'And, in this way, is the whole doctrine of impulsion brought within the pale of dynamics, without the admission of any new principle of motion. It is merely the application of the general doctrines of dynamics to cases where every accelerating or retarding force is opposed by another that is equal and contrary. We have found, that the opinion, that there is inherent in a moving body a peculiar force, by which it perseveres in motion, and puts another

in motion by ſhifting into it, is as uſeleſs as it is inconſiſtent with our notions of motion and of moving forces. The impelled body is moved by the inſuperable repulſion exerted by all atoms of matter when brought ſufficiently near. The retardation of the impelling body does not ariſe from an *inertia*, or reſiſting ſluggiſhneſs of the body impelled, but becauſe this body alſo repels any thing that is brought ſufficiently near to it. We can have no doubt of the exiſtence of ſuch cauſes of motion. Springs, expanſive fluids, cohering fibres, exhibit ſuch active powers, without our being able to give them any other origin than the FIAT of the Almighty, or to comprehend, in any manner whatever, how they reſide in the material atom. But once we admit their exiſtence and agency, every thing elſe is deduced in the moſt ſimple manner imaginable, without involving us in any thing incomprehenſible, or having any conſequence that is inconſiſtent with the appearances. Whereas both of theſe obſtructions to knowledge come in our way, when we ſuppoſe anything analogous to force inherent in a moving body ſolely becauſe it is in motion. It forces us to uſe the unmeaning language of force and motion paſſing out of one body into another ; and to ſpeak of force and velocity as things capable of diviſion and actual ſeperation into parts. The force of *inertia* is one of the bitter fruits of this misconception of things.'

For the New-England Quarterly Magazine.

NEW EXPERIMENTS ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

Meſsrs. Editors.

CONCEIVING your Publication deſigned to be a vehicle of ſcientific improvements, as well as of literary and innocent entertainment, I am pleaſed that it meets with ſuch ſucceſs, and wiſh that it may be as ſerviceable to the community as it is intended to be. A wide diffuſion of correct knowledge among the people is of great importance to a nation, as moſt of our evils and misfortunes, public and private, ariſe from ignorance or miſtakes. Thoſe publications therefore which, from their popular nature are capable of extenſive circulation, and which are conducted with ability, deſerve a liberal encouragement. A work of this kind has been much wanted in this part of the country, and without doubt in New England will ſhortly riſe to uſeful eminence.

Your attention to the late improvements and diſcoveries in the arts and ſciences has induced me to ſend you this communication, and knowing that nothing can be more important to mankind than a knowledge of their own conſtitution and nature, as by ſuch information, health, the moſt dear of all bleſſings, is preſerved, I incloſe for inſertion the ſubſtance of ſome late diſcoveries relative to the circulation of the blood, made by Spallanzani, the

celebrated Italian Naturaliſt. He differs in many reſpects from Haller and other preceding naturaliſts, and your inſertion of the following analyſis of his opinions upon this important ſubject may be of ſervice to the medical profeſſion and the community. This account is drawn up by Dr. Tourdes.

'1. THE heart does not entirely empty itſelf in the ſyſtole—Haller thought otherwiſe. He conceived that if any portion of the blood remained in the cavities of the heart, it would, by a continued excitement, oppoſe the ſtate of diaſtole; but Felix Fontana has juſtly obſerved that the blood which then remains in the ventricles, cannot preſerve in activity the contractile force which they poſſeſs.

'2. Does the blood flow with an uniform velocity from the heart to the moſt diſtant extremities of the arterial branches?—On conſidering the nature of this fluid, the canals through which it flows, their flexures, angles, unequal diameters, &c. we might, at firſt, be induced to conclude that the velocity of the blood muſt decreaſe in proportion to its diſtance from the heart; this, at leaſt, is the conſequence which would reſult from ſtrict application of the laws of Hydraulics to the animal economy. Haller ſuſpected that this application was falſe; and he founded his opinion principally on the almoſt equal velocity obſervable in the largeſt arteries and the ſmalleſt veins. If it be true that the motion in the latter is equally rapid as in the large arterial trunks, we cannot but ſuppoſe, that the velocity is not diminiſhed in arteries of the ſame diameter with the ſmalleſt veins. This, however, was but mere conjecture, until the experiments of our author converted it into a reality.—He found that the blood invariably circulates with equal rapidity in the large and middleſized veſſels; that it loſes nothing of this rapidity in the very ſmalleſt; and that the angles and curvatures, whether natural or artificial, neither augment nor diminiſh its momentum. The circulation, however, is not entirely uniform throughout the whole of its courſe; cloſe to the heart the blood experiences an alteration of motion and reſt, correſponding to the ſyſtole and diaſtole of that organ. In proportion as it recedes from the heart, this alternate change diſappears; the blood flows more rapidly during the ſyſtole; and it proceeds with the ſame degree of velocity to the very extremities of the arteries.'

'3. The arteries are tranſformed into veins in various ways. Some of them, in becoming veins, bend back their courſe immediately towards the heart; others, previously, form a thouſand doublings and windings. While one anaſtomoſes directly with a vein; another communicates with it only through an intermediate tiſſue. Here an artery branches into a variety of veins; and there a number of arteries unite in a ſingle vein.'—

'4. It was farther ſuppoſed, though more from theoretic reaſoning than obſervation, that the venous blood accelerates its mo-

tion as it approaches the heart. Haller could eaſily obſerve that the blood circulated in the trunk of a vein with greater rapidity than in the branches which open into it. But a ſingle fact was not ſufficient to eſtabliſh a general law.—Spallanzani made a great number of experiments upon this ſubject. On a careful examination of ſeveral veins throughout the whole of their courſe, he perceived that the circulation increaſes in proportion as the venous veſſels enlarge in their diameters, admit a greater quantity of blood, and more nearly approach the heart. The reſult of his enquiries into the ratio of this velocity was, that in the large veſſels it ſcarcely exceeds by one third that of the ſmalleſt.'—

'Does the momentum of the blood depend entirely on the action of the heart? Such was the Profeſſor's opinion; of which he was ſo firmly convinced himſelf, that he conceived he ſhould convert the moſt incredulous of his readers. It is certainly a matter of ſurpriſe that he, who has ſo often ſeen the blood circulate, with rapidity and regularity, in veſſels ſeparated from the heart by ligature or diviſion; who had aſcertained the exiſtence of a diſtinct action in the arteries and veins; who attacked, with ſo much force of reaſoning, the too general theory of Harvey; and who combated, by the moſt direct arguments, the doctrine of the *Mechanicians*—ſhould, yet, have adopted an opinion ſo favourable to their hypotheſis, ſo contrary to the reſult of his own experiments, and even ſo oppoſite to the title of one of his diſſertations—"*The motion of the blood, independent of the action of the heart.*"

'Haller is the only phyſiologiſt who has collected the various phenomena of languid circulation; that is, when it is on the point of entirely ceaſing. From being, at firſt, ſtrong and rapid, according to his account, it ſuddenly diminiſhes its velocity, becomes irregular, makes a retrogode movement, oſcillates, and finally ſtops altogether; Spallanzani, however, aſſerts, that all theſe irregularities proceed from the mode of experiment adopted by Haller; that the blood is ſenſibly diminiſhed in velocity at the commencement, then abates its current by little and little, and, at laſt, becomes ſtationary in a gradual and inſenſible manner, without ever exhibiting, in a natural ſtate, any oſcillation, or retrogade movement.'—

'The globules of the blood float in an inviſible and elaſtic fluid. Their figure is nearly ſpherical, and they are elongated or compreſſed, according to the diameter of the veſſels through which they paſs.'

Theſe extracts contain the principle points on which the author differs from preceeding phyſiologiſts; he however, accounts for the diverſity between ſome of his obſervations and thoſe of Haller, from the circumſtance of his having examined the meſentric veſſels *in ſitu*, while Haller previouſly extended them on hooks.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

MEMOIR ON RESPIRATION AND ANIMAL HEAT.

Meſsrs. Editors.

WHATEVER may be uſeful will without doubt find admiſſion in your uſeful miſcellany. Without farther introduction therefere, I requeſt your inſertion of a valuable memoir upon a very intereſting ſubject. It was written in the year 1797 by Armand Seguin. That your Publication may be extenſively uſeful to the public is the wiſh of your humble ſervant,

S.

'Reſpiration comprehends inſpiration and expiration.

It does not appear that the ancient phyſicians had clear ideas of this indiſpenſible function to our exiſtence. Empedocles had vague notions of that, and of the alternate motion of the blood; and Ariſtotle declared, that the air introduced into the lungs ſerved only to relieve the animal of ſuperabundant heat; and he conſidered the opinion as very abſurd which attributed the production of heat to reſpiration.

'Hippocrates, Galen, Deſcartes, Vanhelmont, Stevenſon, Malpighi, Liſter, Vienſon, Robinſon, Lower, Whytt, Boerhaave, Hales, Cigna, and many other phyſiologiſts, have given the like opinions on the cauſe of reſpiration; which, from not being founded on real facts, can only be held in the light of hypotheſis.

'They knew indeed, that reſpiring animals can only live a given time in a certain quantity of atmoſpheric air; that they ſoon grow lauguid and fall aſleep in it; that this ſleep, at firſt eaſy, is ſucceeded by great agitation; that reſpiration becomes quick and difficult; and that they die in convulſions. But the difficult problems neceſſary to be ſolved previous to forming juſt concluſions, are as follow: What are the effects of inſpired air? what are its neceſſary qualities for producing thoſe effects? what its changes during inſpiration? and what the cauſe of animal heat?

'Lavoiſier, to whom the ſciences are ſo much indebted, demonſtrated, in 1776, that the pureſt atmoſpheric air, excepting the little quantity of water and carbonic acid gas which it keeps almoſt always in a ſtate of ſolution, is a compoſition of two diſtinct ſubſtances, oxygene and azote, both fluidified by the caloric, and then forming a ſurcompoſed homogene.

'In 1777, the ſame philoſopher announced, that in the act of reſpiration, a great part of the oxygene which enters the compoſition of the atmoſpheric air is changed in our lungs into carbonic acid gas; which is afterwards expelled during expiration. It was he, in ſhort, that after having demonſtrated the compoſition of water, firſt ſurmiſed that ſome water is formed during inſpiration: the reſult of which he preſented in a memoir to the Medical Society in 1785.

'Having introduced a Guinea-pig into a bell-glaſs filled with atmoſpheric air, and whelmed it over quickſilver, he collected the carbonic acid gas which was produced during this operation; and after having determined the quantity of vital air which entered into its compoſition, he found that it formed not more than four-fifths of the volume of air which had been conſumed: it is then evident, ſaid he, that independent of the portion of vital air which had been converted into carbonic acid gas, a portion of that which entered into the lungs was not returned in the aeriform ſtate: the reſult of which was that during reſpiration one of two things came to paſs; either, that a portion of vital air united with the blood, or, combined with a portion of hydrogene, and formed water. Unfortunately, the experiments which we are going to relate, notwithſtanding their utility, are not ſufficiently deciſive on that point.

'It had been already announced, that blood, during its circulation, undergoes a remarkable change of colour; that when it paſſes into the capillary veins, it takes a deep livid colour, which ſoon grows brighter, and becomes a vermillion red whilſt it paſſes the lungs; but the cauſe of this phenomenon was unknown until Cigna and Prieſtly obſerved, that expoſing venal blood to vital air, gives it the coulour of arterial blood, which, when expoſed to hydrogene gas, reaſſumes the appearance of venal blood. I have repeated theſe experiments and have found that arterial blood put in contact with hydrogene gas, abſorbs that fluid, and takes the livid dark colour of venal blood, whilſt this latters, when in contact with vital air, converts it in part into carbonic acid gas, and then acquires the bright vermillion-colour of arterial blood.

'The reſult of Hamilton's experiment is the ſame; he made three ligatures on the jugular vein of a cat, and having let out the blood contained between the ligatures, he introduced hydrogene gas, and retained it by cloſing up the aperture through which it was inſerted; he then untied the middle ligature, and the blood contained between that and third became in contact with the hydrogene gas; and, in an hour's time, this blood had acquired a colour nearly as dark as ink.

'At the ſame time, he made two ligatures on the crural vein of the ſame animal, and there intercepted for near an hour, the ſame quantity of blood as in the firſt experiment; which, when taken away, was not near ſo dark as the former.

'The venal blood then undergoing in the lungs the ſame change of colour as when expoſed to oxygene gas, we may conclude with Lavoiſier and Crawford, that the venal blood, in paſſing into the lungs, takes a vermillion colour, becauſe it yields a portion of its hydrogene gas to the vital air; and that, afterwards, in the courſe of its circulation, it grows darker becauſe it combines with the hydrogene which the ſyſtem affords it: and, as all the hydrogene gas drawn from animal ſubſtances keeps a portion of carbon in ſolution, the reſult during inſpiration is, that a portion of the vi-

tal air received into the lungs combines with the carbonated hydrogene diſengaged from the blood, and forms carbonic acid gas with the carbon, and water with the hydrogene.

'It cannot here be objected, that hydrogene gas and vital air do only combine when a heated body is preſented to them; the experiments both of Bertholet and of Prieſtly prove effectually, that hydrogene, when near being fluid, unites with vital air, in the common temperature of the atmoſphere.

'It was alſo Lavoiſier who firſt attributed animal heat to this decompoſition of vital air in the lungs: he expreſſed this opinion in a memoir read before the ſociety in 1777, if not as an abſolute truth, at leaſt as a conjecture very much reſembling.

'Crawford had, the ſame year, a ſimilar opinion, and in 1779 publiſhed a very intereſting work, in which he collected a ſeries of experiments adapted to realize this hypotheſis. One of theſe experiments ſerved to explain the permanence of the temperature in different parts of our ſyſtem.

'According to Crawford, the calorific capacity of arterial blood is to that of venal blood, as 11.5 to nearly 10; that is to ſay, if a quantity of caloric raiſes the temperature of a pound of arterial blood to 10 degrees, that ſame quantity of caloric will elevate the temperature of a pound of venal blood to 11.5 degrees.

'The attraction of carbonated hydrogene for oxygene being then ſtronger than the united attraction of oxygene for caloric, and the carbonated hydrogene for blood; the vital air is decompoſed during inſpiration; and in that caſe it abandons a portion of its ſpecific caloric which unites with the blood, the capacity of which is increaſed by the loſs of a portion of its carbonated hydrogene: but the arterial blood, in its circulation afterwards, receives from the ſyſtem a certain quantity of carbonated hydrogene; and during this abſorption, its capacity being diminiſhed, it abandons a portion of the caloric which it had abſorbed in the lungs; this caloric then ſpreads itſelf over the ſurroundiag humours, and promotes their temperature in a manner nearly uniform; thus, it is to the rapidity of the circulation, the change of the venal into arterial blood, and of the arterial into venal, that we ought to attribute the almoſt conſtant permanence of temperature which is obſerved throughout the whole ſyſtem.

'Yet, as no exact experiment exiſts which demonſtrates a perfect equality between the temperature of the extremities and that of the center, one may, ſtrictly ſpeaking, give a reaſon for the nearly conſtant duration of our temperature, without attending to the difference of capacity of arterial and of venal blood; but as this explanation is by no means ſo ſatisfactory, I think what is here offered by me may be admitted, until experiments more accurate than thoſe of Crawford have produced different conſequences.

Theſe obſervations lead us ſtill to many other moſt important conſequences.

The cold fit at the approach of fevers is preceded by languor, a ſenſe of debility, and a diminution in the quantity of blood which paſſes the lungs in a given time; under which circumſtance there is leſs vital air decompoſed, and conſequently leſs caloric diſengaged: but ſoon after a ſpaſm comes on upon the ſurface of the ſkin, the circulation is accelerated, and the blood ruſhes in abundance to the heart, which increaſes the conſumption of vital air, and the communication of caloric to the whole of the ſyſtem.

In putrid fevers, the putreſcent ſtate of the ſyſtem which increaſes the quantity of carbonated hydrogene commonly contained in the venal blood, muſt ſtill add to the acceleration of the circulation and of reſpiration. For this reaſon, probably, the temperature of the human body is never more exalted than in this kind of fever.

Topical or local inflammation is accompanied with a higher temperature than is natural to animals. The pulſation of the veſſels, and microſcopical obſervations, indicate an acceleration of the circulation of the blood paſſing through the inflamed part; on the other hand, the ſtagnation of the ſerous fluid in the adjacent cellular membrane occaſions, under this circumſtance, a tendency to putrefaction. Theſe two cauſes concur in augmenting the temperature obſerved in topical inflammations; and, in fact, the blood, paſſing with greater rapidity, and combining itſelf with a greater quantity of carbonated hydrogene, gives out a much greater quantity of caloric in a given time.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

Meſs. Editors.

OBSERVING the propoſed plan of your Magazine, to admit hints for Improvements in Agriculture give me leave to mention a miſtake, that I have often obſerved farmers to fall into, very much to the prejudice of their crops, their own loſs, and that of the public.—The miſtake which I refer to, is that, in their own language, "*ſome lands are ſo natural to ſome kinds of weeds, that there is no means of getting clear of them,*" and therefore they remain ſatisfied under that notion, and ſubmit, year after year, to their lands being overrun with weeds, and their crops choaked, and ſmothered, in ſo deſtructive a manner, as to produce but half the quantity they otherwiſe would have done.

I entered upon ſome lands many years ago, that were remarkable for having the crops always full of wild hemp, docks, and ſeveral other kind of weeds, which the former occupier ſuppoſed "*were natural to the land,*" as he called it, and could not be extirpated, though he ſometimes made fallows and ſowed turnips.—As ſoon as I had got off my firſt crop of corn early in the autumn, I ploughed the land over, and reduced it very fine with the roll and harrow by which means I ſet great part of the ſeed of the

weeds that were in the ſoil at liberty, and by thus ſetting them a-growing, there ſprung up an unuſually large crop of them.—After ſome time, when I perceived no freſh ones coming up, I ploughed the land over again, and treated it as before. It then lay till ſpring, by which time there was an appearance of another luxuriant crop of different ſorts of weeds.

In the ſpring, the land was again ploughed two or three times, at proper intervals, and each time treated as above deſcribed; till the whole ſoil, as far as the plough marked, was ſo pulveriſed, that the whole of it would have paſſed through a ſieve. The land was then manured and ſowed with turnips, which proved a very excellent crop.—After this crop was eat off, in the ſubſequent ſpring, the land was ploughed, and treated as before, and ſowed a ſecond time with turnips; for, when the land has been long ſubject to weeds, and the ſoil is full of ſeeds, with every endeavour, they cannot all be made to vegetate the firſt year. However, by this method, which I have frequently practiſed, the land has been put into ſuch a ſtate, *that all the ſeeds which lay within the reach of the plough might vegetate, and, conſequently, the land has at length become exhauſted of them.* By this means, I am clear, from repeated experience, that wild oats, and every ſpecies of weeds, may be extirpated from the land, and that it will not be afterwards ſubject to them, unleſs, indeed, ſome ſtragglers ſhould be ſuffered to go to ſeed, and by that means produce a future crop; to prevent which, ſome attention, and a very ſmall expence, is required.

It is ſurpriſing to what a great depth in the ground the ſeeds of weeds will ſink, in time, by the pores of the earth, opened (as I ſhould ſuppoſe) by froſts and drought; and alſo, to what a length of time they will lie in that ſtate, and yet vegetate when they are brought within the influence of the air, and the ſoil is put in a proper ſtate for them! I had a piece of land ſome years ago, which, when ploughed, was very ſubject to a weed, well known to moſt farmers, by the name of *Redlock;* which I entirely cleared, by the means I have here deſcribed.—About twenty years afterwards, it being wet in ſome parts, and ſubject to ſprings, I cauſed it to be hollow-drained, and by going much lower with the ſpade, than the plough had ever reached, diſturbed and raiſed up ſome of the ſeeds, which had probably lain there ſecure for ages; the conſequence was, that by the ſides of the drains, the redlock came up again, much thicker than it had ever done before. I recollect, upon ploughing up a piece of old turf, which had not been ploughed for more than forty years, on examining the ſoil, finding many of the ſeeds of redlock and other weeds, as ſound as if they had been depoſited there only the ſeaſon before; and the ſucceeding crop from the piece was full of thoſe weeds, and continued to be ſo, till I had exhauſted them by the means above-mentioned.

When land has been long ſubject to docks, and has afterwards been treated as above, and laid down for a few years, many young ones will poſſibly ſpring up; for they take the longeſt time before they all vegetate, of any weeds with which I am acquainted. Particular attention ſhould be paid that none are ſuffered to ſeed and the land, if they abound much, had better be ploughed again: if however, but few appear, they may be eaſily drawn with a ſet ſtaff, and the beſt time for performing that buſineſs, is after a froſt, or in the ſummer after much rain; as they then come up the eaſieſt: care ſhould be taken, that no part of the root remains behind, as from a ſmall part, a freſh dock will ariſe.

I think it no bad huſbandry, upon land proper for turnips, to take two ſucceeding crops of theſe very uſeful roots, for winter food. The ſecond crop is procured at a ſmall expenſe of culture, the land improved thereby, and it receives a more perfect cleaning. The firſt crop, in that caſe, may be ſown later, to be eat off after the other, which was firſt ſown; this will give more time for working the land, for the purpoſe of letting out the ſeeds, and exhauſting the weeds, that are in the ſoil. The ſecond crop may be ſown earlier, for eating off at the beginning of the winter; as little time and management will be neceſſary to prepare the land for ſowing.

It is frequently a practice with ſome farmers, after they have laid their lands down to graſs, if many docks ſhould ſpring up, in order to get rid of them, to let them grow and ſhed their ſeed; as after that period, many of them will die, eſpecially if they are arrived to a conſiderable ſize.—In caſe the lands are not to be broke up any more, this may not be a bad way, as the ſeeds will not grow, till after the lands are ploughed again; but whenever they are ploughed again, though it ſhould be many years afterwards, yet the ſeeds will then inevitably grow, and produce a plentiful crop: and it will afterwards require ſome time and pains to get the ſoil clear of them.—I recollect a circumſtance occurring ſome years ago, which may ſerve, in ſome meaſure, to confirm what I have here advanced: in my own garden there was a graſs-plot, in the middle of which grew a cherry-tree, which happening to die, the graſs-plot was dug up in the ſpring, and planted with kidney beans: however, to my ſurpriſe, a fine crop of early turnips ſucceeded; and upon digging it over in the following ſpring, another crop of turnips came, and ſo on for ſeveral years: with this difference that the crops every year became weaker, till they finally diſappeared. I was at firſt much at loſs to account for ſo curious an appearance, till I recollected that about ſeven or eight years before, I had a few turnips of a particular ſort, which I had a ſtrong deſire to propagate, having ſaved ſome of them for ſeed, and when nearly ripe, I cut, and tied them up in a bundle, and hung the bundle upon the cherry-tree to dry. Through ſome neglect, however, when I came to look for it, I

found, to my mortification, that the birds had eat, and pecked out, all my ſeed ; a part of which, I have no doubt, having been ſcattered upon the graſs-plot, produced the crops of turnips I thus had the benefit of, ſo many years afterwards. I am, Gentlemen,

Your humble ſervant,

AN OLD FARMER.

DR. PRIESTLY'S LETTER IN DEFENCE OF PHLOGISTON.

From an Engliſh Magazine.

AS you were ſo obliging as to inſert in your extenſively circulating Magazine ſome articles that I formerly ſent you on the ſubject of *phlogiſton*, I hope you will have no objection to the following account of the different principles on which one of my experiments has been attempted to be reconciled to the anti-phlogiſtic theory ; and it is the only one that has been particularly diſcuſſed by my opponents.

Heating together finery-cinder and charcoal, neither of which, according to the new ſyſtem, contains any water, which is maintained to be the only ſource of hydrogenous or inflammable air, I get a great quantity of one ſpecies of this air.

To account for this, Mr. Berthollet ſays, that it muſt come from the water, ſtill adhering to the charcoal, or contained in its pores. But whatever moiſture may adhere to charcoal, or any other ſubſtance, of which it does not make a conſtituent part, would be expelled in the form of vapour, with the heat of boiling water ; and this has been previouſly ſubjected to a much greater heat.

Dr. Woodhouſe ſays, that this inflammable air comes from water in the finery cinder. But, according to the new theory, iron becoming finery cinder, imbibes not water, but pure oxygen from the water ; while the other conſtituent part of this element, with the addition of calorique, takes the form of inflammable air ; and water cannot be both decompoſed and not decompoſed in the ſame proceſs. The addition, therefore that is made to the iron, when it becomes finery cinder, muſt either be wholly oxygen, or wholly water.

In the laſt place, Mr. Cruikſhank not finding any water in the materials, maintains, that there is no occaſion for it ; for that this inflammable air comes from the decompoſition of fixed air, that this fixed air is formed from the oxygen, in the finery cinder and carbon in the charcoal, its affinity to oxygen being greater than that of the iron to it ; that the iron, thus revived by loſing its oxygen, decompoſes the newly-generated fixed air. But as this cannot be effected without the fixed air parting with its oxygen, he ſuppoſes the iron to take it back again, and thus to become partially oxygenated, or finery cinder. He calls the air, produced in this manner, an oxide of carbon.

In this explanation, I find, by a correſpondent in Paris, that Mr. Morveau, and the other French chymiſts, diſſatisfied, no doubt, with the two preceeding anſwers, triumph greatly. But it appears to me to be loaded with more difficulties than either of them.

1. Suppoſing it poſſible for the oxygen to quit the iron, without any thing entering into it, and by uniting with carbon to form fixed air, and that the finery cinder thus becomes iron, this metal has no power to decompoſe fixed air, as I find, by heating it in fixed air by means of a burning lens.

2. If it could do this, the reſult would not, according to the new theory, be any ſubſtance that was *inflammable*, ſince fixed air contains no water, from which alone, it is ſaid, that inflammable air can come. Being an *oxyde*, it is the reverſe of ſubſtances that are *combuſtible*, combuſtion being the union of oxygen with ſome ſubſtance that, being without it, has an affinity to it whereas, all oxides are already ſaturated with this principle, and therefore cannot take any more.

3. It is abſurd to ſuppoſe, that finery cinder ſhould both part with its oxygen, and take it again, in the ſame proceſs. And, in fact, where the proceſs is finiſhed, the iron is completely revived, and not partially oxidated, as Mr. Cruikſhank's hypotheſis requires, and as he aſſerts.

To what other hypotheſis the antiphlogiſtians will have recourſe, in order to reconcile this experiment to their principles, time will ſhow. For the preſent, I muſt acquieſce in my own explanation which is that finery cinder contains *water*, and not *oxygen*; and that this water, uniting with the hot charcoal, produces the ſame kind of air, viz. a mixture of fixed air and heavy inflammable air, that water itſelf coming into contact with hot charcoal always does.

Northumberland, Yours, &c.
June 20, 1802, J. PRIESTLY.

P. S. By ſome late experiments, I can prove, that iron becomes ſteel by imbibing not *carbon*, as the antiphlogiſtians ſuppoſe but only *phlogiſton*, in the proceſs of cementation; and that the addition to its weight is from finery cinder.

NOTE UPON A PECULIAR VEGETABLE PRINCIPLE CONTAINED IN COFFEE. *By Richard Chenevix, Eſq. F. R. S. M. R. I. A.*

IN a veſſel calculated to confine the vapour of water, I heated a conſiderable portion of that liquid upon about a pound of raw coffee imported directly from Martinico, and of the qualities of which I was well aſſured. I then filtered the liquor, and reduced it nearly to dryneſs, in a glaſs evaporating diſh, at a gentle heat. By this means I obtained a ſmall quantity of a clear yellow reſiduum like the moſt tranſparent horn, and of the con-

ſiſtence of honey. This reſiduum did not deliqueſce, or ſeem to be ſubject to change, by expoſure to the atmoſphere. It was ſoluble in alcohol. It did not manifeſt either acid or alkaline properties. By ſome experiments I perceived it to be a ſubſtance differing eſſentially from all the vegetable principles with which I was acquainted; and, finding that I could obtain it pure by the method which Prouſt uſed to procure tannin, I proceeded in the following manner.

I poured a ſolution of muriate of tin into ſome water which had been made to boil upon coffee, and obtained a precipitate, which I collected upon a filter, and waſhed. I then put it into water, and cauſed a current of ſulphuretted hydrogen gas to paſs ſlowly through the liquor. By this proceſs the oxide of tin combined with ſulphuretted hydrogen gas; and the ſubſtance originally contained in the coffee, but which, as I ſhall immediately ſhow, had combined with the metallic oxide, was diſengaged, and remained in the liquor; while the hydrogenized ſulphuret of tin was precipitated. It then remained only to evaporate the liquor to obtain the vegetable principle. In this ſtate it exhibited nearly the ſame appearance as before it had been combined with the oxide of tin; but ſeemed of a lighter colour, and more clear and tranſparent; being freed, as I ſuppoſe, from all extractive or other matter.

Imagining it now to be ſufficiently pure, I diſſolved it in a very ſmall proportion of water and examined it chemically.

The ſolution was of a bright horn colour, and had a bitter taſte, though not unpleaſant. It was neither acid nor alkaline.

Solutions of potaſh, of ſoda, or of ammonia, poured into the liquor, changed its colour to a bright garnet red.

Nitric acid produced a ſimilar effect.

Very concentrate ſolutions of the alkaline carbonates did not cauſe a precipitate, as in ſolution of tannin.

Sulphuric acid became of a dirty brown colour with the ſolution; but no other change was apparent.

With muriatic, phoſphoric, and the vegetable acids, there was no change, even of colour.

With muriate of gold, of platina, of copper, there was not any change, but what would naturally reſult from a mixture of the colours of both liquors.

With any ſolution of iron, in which there was not exceſs of acid, the liquor paſſed to a beautiful green; and, if it was concentrate, there was a green precipitate. Salts formed of the red oxide of iron ſucceeded the beſt; and the reciprocal action of this principle and iron is almoſt as delicate as that of either gallic acid or tannin, and iron.

With muriate of tin, there was a very abundant yellowiſh precipitate, which was a combination of the new vegetable principle, with the oxide of tin. Both this precipitate and that with iron are ſoluble in all the acids, and the liquors loſe their colour.

Lime water did not cauſe any precipitate in this liquor, nor did ſtrontia water. Barytes water gave a fawn-coloured precipitate. With lime water, tannin gave a blueiſh green precipitate; and nearly the ſame with ſtrontia water, as alſo with barytes water.

A ſolution of animal gelatine did not give any precipitate with this vegetable principle. The effect of tannin upon gelatine is well known.

By the above experiments it appears that this principle bears ſufficient characters to diſtinguiſh it from tannin, or any other vegetable principle with which we are acquainted. The only property which it poſſeſſes in common with tannin, is its affinity for oxide of tin; while it is clearly diſtinct from tannin in every other reſpect.

It is evident that coffee before it is roaſted does not contain tannin. A ſolution of gelatine poured into a decoction of roaſted coffee, gives, however, an immediate precipitate; and this precipitate is the combination of tannin with gelatine. Meſſrs. Prouſt, Seguin, and Davy, have obſerved that heat develops the tanning principle in many vegetables. In a commercial point of view, it would be eſſential to examine whether thoſe vegetables are not ſuch as, before being heated, contain this new principle. Although I did not perceive that the principle, when inſulated from the entire vegetable, was converted by heat into tannin, yet the preſence of the other component parts of the vegetable may influence the diſtribution of elements in ſuch a manner as to produce combinations different from what the ſeparate principles would afford.

I have not had an opportunity to look for this new principle in other vegetables.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Important Use of a Galvanic Belt.

Meſsrs. Ediiors.

IN a letter to the Editors of the Philoſophical Magazine, I have lately read an Experiment made with a Galvanic Belt, or Chain, by Mr. Richard Teed, a Jeweller in London. As a knowledge of the ſuceeſs of this experiment may be of great uſe in this country, I tranſmit the letter entire to you for inſertion in your Magazine. Z.

SIR,

I HAVE not obſerved, in any publication on galvanic electricity, that material benefit has been as yet attained by this new diſcovery, and therefore I ſhall beg leave, through the medium of your valuable Magazine, to ſubmit the following experiment to the conſideration of your readers, with the hope that oth-

ers will be induced to try it, and alſo that it may afford relief to ſome labouring under ſimilar complaints.

For a conſiderable time paſt I have been much troubled with a conſtant pain in the ſmall of my back and loins, and, although it reſembled the lumbago, it was ſcarce ever ſo violent; but I always felt it moſt after ſitting long in a reclined or writing poſture; ſo that, if I aroſe ſuddenly, it was with much difficulty. This complaint continued for eight or ten months, and lately with increaſing inconvenience. The idea of a galvanic belt or chain, compoſed of zinc and copper, had often occurred to me, and I waited only in hopes of hearing it had been applied in ſimilar caſes: but the experiments of ſcientific men taking a different direction, I made a belt conſiſting of fifteen ſmall ſquare plates of zinc, and connected each with two links of plated copper wire, faſtening the two ends with a common hook and eye, ſo that there was a perfect chain or circle of metal round my body, and by that means no interruption of the electric fluid could take place. I alſo covered about three parts of the chain with leather, leaving the remainder to come into contact with the part where I felt the moſt pain. I had not worn this belt twelve hours before I found ſenſible relief, and the pain gradually left me. In three weeks I had not the leaſt return, and after wearing the belt three months I concluded it had anſwered all my expectations. But, to put the experiment beyond the poſſibility of doubt, I diſcontinued it, and had no pain whatever in my back for two months, when at times I perceived the ſame pain return. I again had recourſe to the belt, and am now wearing it, which as at firſt, has removed all pains in that part, and I feel no inconvenience whatever.

A ſhort time after uſing the belt I obſerved a conſiderable oxidation on the zinc, which, I ſuppoſe was occaſioned by the perſpiring matter from my ſkin, and which, I conclude, was the medium or exciting agent, as is the caſe with the diluted nitric acid in the galvanic pile. By ſcraping off the oxyde, which I conſtantly did once in three or four days, I believe the effect became greater.

In giving you this plain but circumſtantial account, I truſt, a diſcovery ſo valuable will not be ſlighted, but that unprejudiced perſons will alſo make the trial; and I particularly recommend it to the attention of thoſe who have complaints of the ſame kind.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Analyſis of a Mineral Subſtance found in this country, containing a Metal hitherto unknown.

Meſs. Editors,

A SPECIMEN of this mineral ſubſtance was ſometime ſince ſent by the late Profeſſor Winthrop of this State to Sir Hans Sloane, and probably was found in ſome mine in Maſſachuſetts. As it may hereafter be of ſome conſequence to this country, I have been at ſome pains to obtain and incloſe to you a deſcription of the ore. The name of the mine or place where it was found was noticed in Sir Hans Sloane's Catalogue, but the writing is ſcarcely legible: it appears to be an Indian name, (Nautneauge) and is ſaid to be in Maſſachuſetts. It was firſt noticed by ſome of the French Chymiſts, but the ſpecimen ſent by Mr. Winthrop having been found in the Britiſh Muſeum, Charles Hatchett Eſq. F. R. S. analyſed it and gives the following

Deſcription of the Ore.

'THE external colour is dark browniſh gray.

'The internal colour is the ſame, inclining to iron gray.

'The longitudinal fracture is imperfectly lamellated; and the croſs fracture ſhews a fine grain.

'The luſtre is vitreous, ſlightly inclining in ſome parts to metallic luſtre.

'It is moderately hard, and is very brittle.

'The colour of the ſtreak or powder is dark chocolate brown.

'The particles are not attracted by the magnet.

'The ſpecific gravity, at temp. 65°, is 5918*.'

It conſiſts of an oxyde of iron, with a white ſubſtance which appears to be metallic; but it is not very heavy, has no perceptible flavour, and is not ſoluble in water: when moiſtened, it communicates an evident redneſs to paper.

'The preceding experiments ſhew, that the ore which has been analyſed, conſiſts of iron combined with an unknown ſubſtance, and that the latter conſtitutes more than three-fourths of the whole. This ſubſtance is proved to be of a metallic nature, by the coloured precipitates which it forms with pruſſiate of potaſh, and with tincture of galls; by the effect which zinc produces, when immerſed in the acid ſolutions; and by the colour which it communicates to phoſphate of ammonia, or rather to concrete phoſphoric acid, when melted with it.

* 'The following reſults of ſome experiments which I have purpoſely made, will ſhew how much the ſpecific gravity of this ore is different from that of Wolfram, and Siberian chromate of iron.

'Pure Wolfram, free from extraneous ſubſtances, at temp. 65° - 6955.

'Siberian chromate of iron, containing ſome of the green oxyde - 3728.

'Pure Siberian chromate of iron - - - - 4355.

'The Siberian chromate of iron, like all other mineral ſubſtances which are not cryſtalliſed, and which conſequently are not always homogeneous, muſt evidently be liable to conſiderable variations in ſpecific gravity.'

'Moreover, from the experiments made with the blow-pipe, it ſeems to be one of thoſe metallic ſubſtances which retain oxygen with great obſtinacy, and are therefore of difficult reduction.

'It is an acidifiable metal; for the oxyde reddens litmus paper, expels carbonic acid, and forms combinations with the fixed alkalis. But it is very different from the acidifiable metals which have of late been diſcovered; for,

'1. It remains white when digeſted with the nitric acid.

"2. It is ſoluble in the ſulphuric and muriatic acids, and forms colourleſs ſolutions, from which it may be precipitated, in the ſtate of a white flocculent oxide, by zinc, by the fixed alkalis, and by ammonia. Water alſo precipitates it from the ſulphuric ſolution, in the ſtate of a ſulphate.

'3. Pruſſiate of potaſh produces a copious and beautiful olive-green precipitate.

'4. Tincture of galls forms orange or deep yellow precipitates.

'5. Unlike the other metallic acids, it refuſes to unite with ammonia.

6. When mixed and diſtilled with ſulphur, it does not combine with it ſo as to form a metallic ſulphuret.

'7. It does not tinge any of the fluxes, except phoſphoric acid, with which, even in the humid way, it appears to have a very great affinity.

'8. When combined with potaſh and diſſolved in water, it forms precipitates, upon being added to ſolutions of tungſtate of potaſh, molybdate of potaſh, cobaltate of ammonia, and the alkaline ſolution of iron.

'Theſe properties completely diſtinguiſh it from the other acidifiable metals, viz. arſenic, tungſten, molybdena, and chromium; as to the other metals lately diſcovered, ſuch as uranium, titainum, and tellurium, they are ſtill farther renovated from it.

'The colours of the precipitates produced by pruſſiate of potaſh and tincture of galls approach the neareſt to thoſe afforded by titanium. But the pruſſiate of the latter is much browner; and the gallate is not of an orange colour, but of a browniſh red, inclining to the colour of blood. Beſides, even if theſe precipitates were more like each other, ſtill the obſtinacy with which titanium refuſes to unite with the fixed alkalis, and the inſolubility of it in acids when heated, ſufficiently denote the different nature of theſe two ſubſtances.'

The olive-green pruſſiat, and the orange-gallate, are ſaid to be fine colours, not affected by light, and promiſe to be uſeful as pigments. In the concluſion, it is juſtly remarked that apparently new bodies may be combinations of others well known; but when they poſſeſs new properties, they ſhould, for a time at leaſt, be conſidered as diſtinct ſubſtances. The ſpecimen was a ſmall one but further trials muſt be made when the mine is again discovered. To diſtinguiſh this Metal from others Mr. Hatchett has given it the name of *Columbium*.

Yours, &c. X.

History of Astronomy for the Year 1801. By JEROME LALANDE.

THE commencement of the 19th century was distinguished by an astronomical event, the discovery of a planet at Palermo in Sicily, by M. Piazzi, on the 1st of January.* It was as small as a star of the 8th magnitude: he observed it during forty days. The observations he sent me arrived too late for us to be able to follow it, and we were obliged to calculate its orbit from his own observations alone. Burckhardt, Olbers, Bode, Piazzi, and Gauss, have found that to represent these observations it is necessary to suppose that it revolves in four years. The following are the elements found by Burckhardt and Gauss:

Inclination	10° 47′	Inclination	10° 36′ 57″
Node	2s 20° 58	Node	2s 21 0 44
Aphelion	2 9. 0	Epoch	2s 16° 28′
Passage of the aphelion Jan. 1, 1801	8 hours	Mean anom.	3 15 55
Eccentricity	0·0364	Aphelion	10s 26° 27′ 38″
Semi-axis	2·574	Eccentricity	0.08025017
Revolution	4.13 years	Equation	9° 28′
		Distance	2.7355

The difference of these elements appeared to me to throw some doubt on the reality of this orbit of four years; but in the beginning of the year 1802 it was perfectly confirmed, and we now have a ninth planet.

On the 25th of October we received a printed memoir of Piazzi, with his observations and calculations. As he hopes that this star will be acknowledged to be a planet, he has given it the name of Ceres Ferdinandea, in honour of the king of Naples; and Bode wishes it to be called Juno: as for my part, I shall call it Piazzi, as I gave the name of Herschel to the planet discovered in 1781. The pagan deities are no longer interesting, and adulation pleases only the person who is the object of it.

On the 12th of July, in the evening, Messier, Mechain and Bouvard, each found a small comet near the head of the Great Bear; and it appears that it was seen the preceding night by Pons, concierge of the observatory at Marseilles. The Board of Longitude has given him the 600 francs which I deposited in the hands of a notary for the person who should discover a comet; the three able astronomers of Paris having themselves judged that the artist ought to be encouraged.

John Louis Pons was born at Peyre, a village in the department of the Upper Alps, on the 24th of December 1761, and has resided at the observatory of Marseilles since the 3d of February 1789: his conduct, address, and intelligence, have procur-

* I here employ the calendar of all nations, being persuaded that the French government will soon renounce the new calendar, which is not understood, and cannot be adopted either by our neighbours or by the majority of the French themselves.—L.

ed him much esteem from the director of the observatory. He constructed the night-telescope, with which he discovered the comet of the 11th of July 1801, on the model of a telescope by George Adams, which is at the School of Navigation, Marseilles. The Board of Longitude have sent him a better one.

I have had a new proof of the utility of the fifty thousand stars which I have procured to astronomy, and of the exact positions which my nephew Lefrançois has fixed for the stars formerly observed. Several of them have served to determine the places of the new comet, which Messier, Mechain and Bouvard followed with assiduity, and the orbit of which will be very well determined, though it appeared only ten days.

Thulis has sent me seven observations, from the 12th to the 21st of July, deduced only from the azimuths and altitudes, without having been able to compare them with stars; but we were more fortunate at Paris, and Mechain had sufficient data to calculate the elements in the following manner by a first sketch:

Inclination	- 25°	Perihelion	- 6s 11°
Node	- 0s 8	Distance	- 0 3
		Passage August 7, 15 hours.	

This small comet, found almost at the same time by four persons, proves that it is not difficult to discover comets. Three or four have been seen in the course of a year; and if a few amateurs would employ themselves in searching for them, it is probable that the number would rapidly increase. This is still a desideratum in astronomy; it is humiliating for us, that we do not know whether it is by thousands or tens of thousands that comets ought to be counted, and whether they return, or lose themselves in the immensity of the universe.

Nothing is necessary but a common telescope to search for and find comets, and to point out their situation to astronomers. I suppose that the observer is provided with a wooden quadrant of two feet radius, which any carpenter can make, and that a meridian has been traced out with a large circle on the floor; that the circle is divided into degrees, and that the instrument is directed towards the place where the comet is. Both the altitude and distance from the meridian will be thus found for the time of observation. Nothing more will be necessary to enable astronomers to find a comet which may have been announced. To find comets, it is not necessary, therefore, to know the stars. But there are a hundred nebulæ which have some resemblance to small comets. Those who wish to distinguish them must have recourse to the Celestial Atlas,* where they are all marked. This study will neither be long nor difficult. The Atlas of Berlin is much more complete: we shall give an account of it hereafter.

The night-telescope employed by Messier, and with which he has already found twenty comets, is two feet in length, and has an aperture of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches: it has three eye-glasses. The first next

* A Paris, chez Lemarche, rue du Foin.

the eye has a focus of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and 10 lines of aperture; the second 9, and the third $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. There are 10 lines between the two, and 5 inches between the preceeding and the second. There is a diaphragm of 14 lines between the first and the second eye-glass, at the distance of 2 inches from the former, and 3 from the second. This telescope magnifies only five times, but it has a field of four degrees. One of the same kind may be constructed for 70 or 80 francs.

Burckhardt also has calculated the orbits of the comets of 1763, 1771, and 1773; and for the second he has found a hyperbolic orbit.

The comet which Messier discovered on the 14th of June 1770, respecting which Burckhardt made long and learned calculations, seems to have a small circular orbit of five years seven months. However, this comet was not seen before 1770, nor has it appeared since. This can be ascribed only to great changes in its orbit.

Must we then, after having asserted, in the 18th century, that all the comets return, assert in the 19th that comets do not return, that of 1759 excepted?

On this account I no longer think but of comets; I speak of nothing but comets; and the only thing I recommend to my correspondents is to search for them, as I write to them that the only thing wanting to astronomy is the knowledge of these bodies.

On the 15th of May I had the pleasure of receiving the first copy of *Histoire Celeste Françoise*, the fruit of twelve years labour, which terminates the 50,000 stars, on which my nephew Michel Lefrançois has employed the best part of his youth. It contains also observations made by D'Agelet before he set out on his voyage round the world; and those by which Darquier, aged 83 years, terminated his glorious astronomical career.

The observations of Tycho, Flamsteed, Picard, Lacaille, and Maskelyne, have been the foundation of all the progress made in astronomy. The most profound theories and the most learned calculations cannot do without them, and cannot dispute with them in regard to importance or duration. Observations alone will survive us; and observers, whom mankind too often affect to undervalue, may console themselves, that they will be the only astronomers to whom, long after their death, the praises and gratitude of our successors and of posterity will be addressed.

Lefrançois Lalande, my nephew, continues his observations, together with the calculation of 3000 declinations and 1000 right ascensions of the principal stars, each observed several times. These long and painful labours have obtained for this able observer a place in the National Institute. On the 26th of December madame Lefrançois Lalande continued the reduction of the 50,000 stars; an immense labour, to which she has devoted herself with courage, and which her pregnancy even has not inter-

rupted. Their son is preparing to tread in their steps, and already calculates with some success. I hope that Isaac Lalande will be the third astronomer of his name.

Delambre has observed several declinations with the multiplying circle. Piazzi has announced to us a catalogue of 700 stars, which he observed at Palermo; and Cagnoli is preparing a catalogue of 500 stars, which he observed at Paris and Verona with particular care.

Vidal, whose courage and exactness I have so often celebrated, has sent me the continuation of the austral stars, which are not well seen at Paris; the circum-polar stars which were wanting, and a very singular *triduum*. On the 23d of April and the following days he observed all the planets every day. He has joined to them observations of Mercury and the sun at the two solstices with an ingenious compass, which he employed to make a great number of observations on the declination of the magnetic needle.

Bourg, an astronomer of Vienna, who gained the prize proposed by the Institute on the inequalities of the moon, continues to employ himself on that subject. He has recalculated, with 3000 observations, the 24 inequalities of the moon; and has added new ones, which were pointed out to him by Laplace according to his theory. These tables arrived on the 8th of December; the errors do not amount to 15″; and the prize of 6000 francs, proposed by one Board of Longitude to the first who should make good lunar tables, will be well merited by this able and courageous astronomer. The Board of Longitude is still employed in verifying them; but all the observations lately made at Gotha confirm the exactness of these tables. For it was at the observatory of Gotha, the sanctuary of astronomy in Germany, that M. Bourg finished his labour. Baron von Zach had invited him thither, that he might enjoy all the comforts and conveniences he could desire.

What remains to be done in regard to the theory of the moon depends, perhaps, on some terms in which the higher powers of the excentricities and forces must be employed. Burckardt is now engaged in researches on that subject.

Arabian observations of the 10th century had been employed for the motions of the moon. The manuscript which I fortunately found among the papers of Joseph Delisle made us desirous of obtaining the original, which was at Leyden; and the Batavian minister sent it to us. C. Cauffin examined this manuscript: but it is not complete; it contains only observations already known. We found in it none of the information so much wished for respecting the instruments of the Arabians, and their method of observing; but is has furnished us with some interesting corrections for our copy, which is now printing in Arabic and French at the printing-office of the Republic by order of the minister of the interior. The observations of the summer solstice have again assured to us that the obliquity of the ecliptic is 23° 28′ 6½″, be-

ing 5″ more than in my tables. The multiplying circles give us the truth within a second; and I think we can with certainty say that the diminution, which has occasioned so much dispute, is 33″ per century; very far from that which C. Cassini assigned from bad observations made at the observatory with bad instruments.

The winter solstice gives us 8″ less; but there is reason to believe that this arises from the refraction, which is not yet well enough known for small altitudes. Though the obliquity is nearly decided, the Academy of Berlin has still proposed this variation as the subject of a prize for the year 1802. It requires the most interesting researches and explanations in regard to this subject, where several points still remain to be cleared up.

All the planets have been eclipsed by the moon in the course of this year, as has been observed by Reggio in the Ephemerides of Milan. This phænomenon is rare. We were not able to make a good observation but of the eclipse of Venus on the 13th of May. We were, however, indemnified by the eclipses of that beautiful star the Virgin's Spike, observed in many places on the 30th of March and the 24th of May, which enabled me to verify the longitudes of several countries. Eclipses of four stars of the first magnitude are phænomena of very great importance for all determinations of this kind.

I have continued to discharge the task, which I imposed upon myself forty years ago, of calculating all the eclipses of the sun and stars hitherto observed, and from which astronomers had neglected to draw conclusions on account of the length of the calculations. I have corrected the longitudes of Rome and Middlebourg, and of the new city of Washington in America.

M. Leduc of Sermonetta, Gaetani, and Conti have sent me observations from Rome. M. Ciccolini has sent me some from Florence; and the day on which the king of Etruria came to the Institute, I had the pleasure of presenting to him a determination of the longitude of Florence, which had been very badly determined, notwithstanding the celebrity of that capital, and the great number of eminent men it has produced.

M. Kautsch, a piarist of Leutomischel in Bohemia, has finished an immense labour on the eclipses of the sun. He has calculated, for the whole of the 19th century, charts in which are seen all the circumstances of these eclipses for every country of the earth where they are visible, in the same manner as they have been inserted in our Ephemerides since 1750, and at present in the *Connoissance des Temps* by the care of C. Duvaucel. I wished to have the means of publishing the labour of M. Kautsch, whose zeal and ability deserve every praise.

C. Goudin has also published an analytical method for eclipses: he has applied it to the eclipse of 1847, which will be the most considerable of this century, and has calculated all its circumstances for the whole surface of the earth.

The conjunctions of the planets are not intereſting to aſtronomers, but they afford a ſpectacle to the public, eſpecially when connected with other events. Meſſier, therefore, remarked, that when the cannon announced to us the happineſs of peace the 3d of October, the Moon, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn, were near that beautiful ſtar in the Lion's heart.

We no longer live in times when ſuch phænomena are conſidered as of importance, but in 1186 the aſtronomers announced terrible revolutions in conſequence of the conjunction of all the planets. I engaged C. Flauguergues to calculate this phænomenon exactly by our new tables, and he has found that on the 15th of September at 5h. 2 m. all the planets were between 6 ſigns, and 6 ſigns 10 degrees of longitude.

Theſe are not complete conjunctions; exact conjunctions of all the planets are incalculable; a ſketch of theſe returns, in which I employed only days for the duratian of the revolutions, gave me 17 millions of millions of years as the interval between one conjunction and another. What would the caſe have been, had I taken in on account the hours and minutes?

As the tables of Mars were the moſt incorrect, C. Lefrançois has been employed on them ſix months; he has calculated all the obſervations, and has employed all the new perturbations. He has carried his preciſion to tenths of ſeconds, and has at length conſtructed tables of Mars, which will leave very little to be wiſhed for, and which have appeared in the *Connoiſſance des Temps* for the year 12. I have ſeen, with pleaſure, my immediate ſucceſſor and deareſt pupil purſue the labour which my maſter Lemonnier made me undertake, fifty years ago, in imitation of Tycho Brahe, who began his reſearches on the planet Mars, and who put Kepler in the way of making his diſcoveries by means of the ſame planet. He will ſoon employ himſelf on tables of Venus, taking into account her perturbations.

For Saturn, the error has been found + 1″ in longitude and —9″ in latitude. Delambre has made new reſearches to correct the error of 30″ in the tables of Jupiter, but it has been found in the obſervations made for 60 years: we muſt therefore ſearch for the cauſe of it in the theory, and in ſome new irregularities.

Bouvard has terminated his calculations of all the perturbations of the planets, each by the action of all the reſt, according to the theory of Laplace. The reſult will be new tables, which will be ſtill more correct.

C. Burkhardt has made an analytical and numerical calculation of the terms of the fifth order, which were not before taken into account in conſequence of the length of the calculations. He has found that theſe terms increaſe the great irregularity of Saturn by one minute.

C. Chabrol has calculated obſervations of the ſun, and has found that 7″ muſt be deducted from the longitude given by our tables. But Delambre has undertaken to calculate 7 or 800 ob-

servations of Bradley, applying 8 or 10 new equations furnished by calculations of the attraction. The eccentricity of Jupiter and the earth give equations for the sun which amount to from 8 to 9″. We shall therefore soon have new tables of the sun still more correct than those published by Delambre ten years ago, and to which it appeared that nothing could be added.

For mercury, the error in my tables did not exceed 10″. An observation of Venus on the 24th of May gave me an error in the tables of + 30″. This seems to indicate that we ought to deduct 12″ from the epoch, but that the equation of the orbit is good.

The *Connoissance des Temps* for the year 12 (1804), which has just appeared, contains every thing most interesting that has occurred in regard to astronomy during the last year. Curious researches respecting the theory of the moon, by Laplace; new tables of Mars, by Lefrançois-Lalande; a new catalogue of stars reduced, making the number 11,300, being a continuation of those in the preceeding volumes; important observations, tables, and calculations, by Mechain, Delambre, Chabrol, Vidal, Thulis, Flauguergues, Ciccolini, Duc Lachapelle, Burckhardt, Bernier, Humboldt, Quenot, and several calculations by myself; with a notice of the most important works that have appeared in the course of a year.

The Ephemerides of Vienna for 1802 contain a fourth series of longitudes determined by Triensnecker, who has calculated all the eclipses of the sun and stars which have been observed; a considerable and important labour, which remained to be undertaken. M. Triensnecker has given us at the same time a table of all the preceding results in regard to the position of the towns where eclipses have been observed.

The third volume of the Memoirs of the Institute, the eighth volume of the Memoirs of the Italian Society, the Ephemerides of Berlin for 1803 and 1804, those of Milan for 1801, and the Journal of Baron von Zach during the whole year, have continued to furnish interesting observations and new memoirs. Baron von Zach has procured the observations made by Liesganig at Vienna from the year 1755 to 1774; and those which Niebuhr made in the Levant in 1761, and which he did not publish. We have received the Memoirs of the Academy of Berlin for 1796 and 1797, and the sixth volume of the Memoirs of Turin; but they contain nothing on astronomy.

The observatory of Paris, having acquired new instruments, has been put into activity by Mechain and Bouvard; and the Board of Longitude intends to print the observations of 1801 in the same form as those of Greenwich.

Caroché having finished the telescope of 22 feet, Tremel is employed in constructing a stand to support it; and the platform on which it is to be placed is already in a state of great forwardness. On all occasions we have enjoyed the happiness of having for a minister a man long celebrated by his attachment to the sciences, and

who in order to be uſeful to them, wanted only that influence of which he is ſo worthy.

The tranſit teleſcope which Joſeph Deliſle had, in 1748, erected at the hotel de Clugny, and with which I as well as Meſſier made my firſt obſervations, had become almoſt uſeleſs by ruſt. The Board of Longitude wiſhed that it ſhould be reconſtructed with platina, and our colleague Meſſier will have new aſſiſtance for his uſeful obſervations.

Lenoir has ſhown at Paris, during the public exhibition of the year 9, that the French induſtry is not inferior to the Engliſh; he received from government one of the twelve gold medals diſtributed to the moſt meritorious of our artiſts.

The Board of Longitude has ſent a quadrant to Flauguergues at Viviers, and one to Dangos at Tarbe, to enable them to make more correct and more continued obſervations.

Flauguergues has already employed his obſervations to determine the latitude of his obſervatory 44° 29′ 22″, greater by 18″ than what was given by the triangles; he has aſſiduouſly continued to obſerve the eclipſes of Jupiter's ſatellites; he has obſerved the ſpots of the ſun, which were frequent this year, and has calculated a great many poſitions of the ſtars.

Chabrol has communicated to us a new analytical method for eclipſes, and has calculated ſeveral; he has alſo verified the tables of Mars and Mercury by obſervations in the preſent year. He has reduced 600 obſervations of the ſtars, and has calculated 600 longitudes in the fundamental catalogue: in a word, he ſhows himſelf a young zealous co-operater, curious and void of ambition, who is entitled to our grateful acknowledgements.

C. Mougin, cure of La Grande-Combe-des-Bois, in the mountains of the department of Doubs, has ſent us a large table of preceſſions; that is to ſay, of the annual changes of the ſtars in right aſcenſion, according to the data with which I furniſhed him. For thirty years paſt we have received from this worthy paſtor marks of zeal, application, curioſity, and courage, very rare, eſpecially in the deſerts.

Dr. Maſkelyne has ſent us his obſervations of 1800, a continuation of the valuable collection he has been making for 36 years; and he has announced to us the Nautical Almanac of 1806.

(To be continued.)

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Obſervations on the Philoſophy of Kant.

Meſsrs. Ediiors.

THE following judicious obſervations, which throw ſome light on the obſcure philoſophy of Kent, are taken from a late French Literary journal. (la Decade Philoſophique) if you think they will be intereſting to your readers you will inſert them.

Yours, A. B.

'IT appears that a Manual of this Philoſophy has been publiſhed at Paris, with great reputation, by Citizen Ch. Villiers: but it is aſſerted, that the account given of it hitherto in the journals is but little ſatisfactory. This philoſophy has occaſioned much diſcuſſion at Paris: but according to the writers in the above journal, the fundamental part of the ſyſtem has been entirely neglected, and publication has been only occupied about the forms. In Germany, it ſeems, this philoſophy has already acquired all the honours of antiquity; the diſputes which it has given riſe to among the learned of that country relate only to its interpretation; the principal dogmata have been received without difficulty, and at preſent ſerve only for a point to ſet out from in the ramifications of argument. The Germans, it is here ſaid, reproach the French for condemning Kant without hearing him; and it is added, that the Engliſh have been generally excluded from this diſcuſſion, on account of their partiality for Locke. In this ſtate of things, ſay the above writers, nothing is required but a little common ſenſe to appreciate this ſyſtem according to its juſt value. Admitting, therefore, the neology of the terms *volition*, *religioſity*, *ſociety*, *belleletriſte*, *&c.* and the ſurpriſing confuſion which pervades the pages of Kant, which they attribute to the taſte of the German writers, who generally give to their works the form of a *grimoire* (conjuring-book), from which the celebrated Lavater himſelf was not exempt; they propoſe to examine only the reſult of the ſyſtem in itſelf. Kant divides human intelligence into ſenſibility and underſtanding; ſenſibility comprehends the faculties of apprehending and of receiving impreſſions, from whence ariſes knowledge; the underſtanding comprehends the faculty of willing, and that of *ſpontaneity*, from whence ariſes action. He ſays, that man judges of things according as they appear to him, and that he is unable to know them as they are in themſelves. So far we are agreed as to the terms. Deſcartes has demonſtrated, that colours and ſounds are only different modifications of our ſeeing and hearing; and Condillac himſelf has ſaid—"*Nous ne voyons point les corps en eux-mémes*"—We do not ſee bodies in themſelves. But Kant puſhes his ſcepticiſm ſo far as to ſay, that ſpace and time exiſt only in man; and when Condillac makes this definition—"It is from touching that we derive the repreſentation of ſpace, when our hand paſſes over a ſurface," Kant ſtops and exclaims—"You ſuppoſe already a ſurface and a hand which moves;" this is a *petitio principii*, and begging of the queſtion. What definition then does he give himſelf? A ſimilar one, although in different terms. Space, according to him, is the condition of the poſſibility of diſtinguiſhing two bodies ſeparately; and Condillac, ſuppoſing the exiſtence of ſpace, ſays, that this act gives us a relative knowledge of it, which is undeniable. Hence the ſubtlety of Kant is reduced to ſay, that ſpace having no exiſtence, yet touching can give us the idea of it, which is abſurd. This firſt error leads ſtill further, as may well

be judged; and this indeed is the proudeſt triumph of the ſyſtem of Condillac, that man judges according to his ſenſations, and that our ideas are ſenſation itſelf. In fact, Kant has an interior perception of himſelf, and he ſays—"to exiſt." Confining himſelf to this firſt impreſſion, he only ſees in the whole of nature a vaſt *tableau*, repreſenting fictitious objects, as they are not himſelf; he is likewiſe obliged to ſay, in order to be conſiſtent, that *God is no more eternal than he is yellow*, and he even denies his exiſtence *in toto*, becauſe it is not identically him. To avoid the reproach of egotiſm and materialiſm, he allows the exiſtence of a God from the conviction of the heart alone; but this too much reſembles the celeſtial machinery of ſome German dramas; and it is, beſides, like the *pacta conventa* of Poland; let time be one ſingle bad heart, which denies having this conviction, and morality is ſubverted, and materialiſm reigns in its purity. The above error proceeds from this, that the ideas of Kant are nothing but the transferring of a ſimple and groſs ſenſation. When we have to chooſe between two objects preſented to us, we compare them, in order to reflect and diſtinguiſh, and reflection brings judgement with it. If Kant, therefore makes uſe of theſe three faculties—comparing, reflecting and judging; he will judge by analogy, after comparing himſelf to another man, that this man, in every thing like himſelf, muſt really exiſt as well as himſelf, and have the ſame rights for his own preſervation; afterwards, comparing animals with man, vegetables with animals, and unorganized beings with vegetables, he will judge ſtill by analogy, that all theſe beings have a real exiſtence, like himſelf, and that they only differ between themſelves as to their faculties. And, laſtly, proofs of the exiſtence of a Deity would recur from the ſame impreſcriptible law of cauſe and effect. This, ſay the editors, is the only true, the only reaſonable philoſophy, which can reeſtabliſh, in all their luſtre, the exact ſciences, morality and religion, and annihilate the *philoſophiſm* of Kant: and this, they add, has rendered us irreconcileable enemies of all ſyſtems, wherein they would make us read in the book of nature the contrary to what we ſee in it; it convinces us of one principle, namely, that there is no ſophiſm ſo little, which may not in proceſs of time, and with the interpretations that men chooſe to give it, become a ſerious calamity for mankind.'

Diſputes between the Brunonians and Anti-brunonians in Germany.

THE theory of the celebrated Dr. Brown of Edinburgh, is at preſent the apple of diſcord among the phyſicians of Germany; and at almoſt all the univerſities of that country the profeſſors and ſtudents of medicine are divided into two belligerent parties, nnder the appellation of Brunonians and Anti-brunonians.

It were well, if their contentions were attended only with the effuſion of ink; but it is a lamentable fact, that a great number of patients have already become the victims of the miſapplication of Browniſm. The defenders of the theory of excitability have two pugnacious champions at their head, Dr. J. F. Frank, of Vienna, and Dr. Röſchlaub, Profeſſor of Medicine at Würtzſburg. Both of them are entruſted with the ſuperintendance of extenſive hoſpitals. Thoſe who are there killed by the Brunonian mode of treatment are ſilently interred, without exciting any attention, and the public never learns the number of the unfortunate ſufferers. On the contrary, the caſes of thoſe who happen to recover are trumpeted forth in the writings of the Brunonians. Dr, Röſchlaub is the editor of a Brunonian Magazine, a number of which appears every three months at Frankfort, and in which he groſsly abuſes all the eminent phyſicians of Germany, who refuſe to adopt his favourite mode of attempting the cure of diſeaſes. Dr. Hufeland of Berlin, Dr. Markard of Oldenburg, Dr. Stieglitz of Hanover, and in general all the ſenior phyſicians are determined oppoſers of this *mania*, which, on the other hand, has met with moſt zealous defenders among the junior phyſicians and profeſſors of the univerſities. This ſchiſm among the ſons of Eſculapius has already given riſe to ſome laughable ſcenes. In a farce written by Kotzebue, entitled *The New Century*, two Brunonians appear on the ſtage, to adminiſter relief to a patient, who is ſuppoſed to have been ſeized with an apoplectic fit; but they ſtand diſputing with one another in their jargon about ſthenic and aſthenic remedies, till the ſick man ſuddenly recovers the uſe of his limbs, and ſkips away from them. When this piece was repreſented at Vienna, the young Brunonian phyſicians and ſtudents were ſo provoked by the ridicule aimed at them, that it was neceſſary to call in the aid of the military to prevent their rage from burſting forth into acts of violence. At the beginning of the preſent year, the ground being covered by a deep fall of ſnow, feſtive maſquerades on ſledges were exhibited in many places. At Ratiſbon, the ſeat of the imperial diet, the ſtudents amuſed themſelves with ridiculing the Brunonian method of cure, by dreſſing old market-women and poiſſardes in an appropriate characteriſtic manner, and driving them about on ſledges. But the univerſity of Göttingen, which, on account of its excellent inſtitutions and celebrated teachers, is juſtly called the Queen of German Univerſities, furniſhed the moſt terrible example, how far even here the ſpirit of party may embitter the minds of thoſe who inliſt under her banners. Dr. Cappel, a junior profeſſor of medicine, who, by his animated mode of delivering his lectures, had gained a great number of hearers and partizans among the ſtudents, and who, from ſeveral publications, is known to be a moſt zealous defender of the Brunonian ſyſtem, had given the exciting remedies of Dr. Brown to ſeveral patients labouring under the attack of an epidemical ſcarlet fever. The conſequence

was, as might have been expected, that almoſt all of them died. Profeſſor Arnemann, one of the moſt learned and experienced phyſicians of Göttingen, being called in to the aſſiſtance of ſome of them when it was too late, loudly expreſſed his diſapprobation. Cappel immediately publiſhed a violent Phillippic againſt Arnemann. The latter replied; and the conteſt was carried on with great vehemence in a number of memorials. All men of ſenſe ſided with Dr. Arnemann; but the ſtudents declared in favour of Cappel, aſſembled in a riotous manner, and proceeded in a body to Profeſſor Arnemann's houſe, where they poured forth the bittereſt reproaches againſt him, and broke all his windows. The watchmen haſtened to the ſpot, armed with long iron rods; and in the ſcuffle that enſued, one of the ſtudents, a Count Warlchewſki, received ſo ſevere a blow on the head that his life is deſpaired of. Still more exaſperated by this defeat, the ſtudents, to the number of 400,* reſolved to ſtorm the guard-houſe the following day and wreak their vengeance on the watchmen. The Profeſſors were greatly alarmed at theſe riotous proceedings, and ſent meſſengers to the circumjacent places, to call in the dragoons quartered there to the protection of the city. Towards evening, ſeveral detachments of the dragoons actually halted before the gates of the city: but the ſtudents, no wiſe intimidated by theſe preparations, proceeded, in the evening, to attack the guard-houſe. The dragoons galloped with drawn ſwords into the city, which then had the appearance of a fort taken by ſtorm, and given up to plunder. The ſtudents were at laſt forced to deſiſt, but not before they had vented their rage againſt the windows and houſe of Profeſſor Meiners, to whom the police of the city has for ſome years been committed, and who had taken a very active part in ſuppreſſing this tumult. More than fourteen of the ſtudents were dangerouſly wounded, and ſome of them will be cripples for life. Many will be exiled from the Univerſity, and all their hopes of future happineſs and advancement blaſted for ever:

Tantum unus Bruno potuit ſuadere malorum.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

A Chicken with a Human countenance.

LAST year a Jew exhibited for money at Poſen, in South Pruſſia, a chicken with a human countenance. The chicken was hatched on an eſtate near Wreſchen (*Pol.* Wrzeſnia) in the diſtrict of Poſen; and the Jew had accepted of it as an equivalent for a ſmall taylor's-bill due to him by the owner of the eſtate, who aſſerted, that another ſimilarly-formed chicken had been at the ſame time hatched by the ſame hen, but ſoon after died.

* The whole number of ſtudents at the Univerſity of Gottingen generally amounts to 700.

The chicken which was ſhewn by the Jew ſurvived, had a very lively appearance, was full grown, and above a year old. The body was covered with variegated feathers, and, as far as the part of the neck where the head begins, in no reſpect diſtinguiſhed by any ſingularity from other chickens. The head did not exceed in ſize that of other chickens; but it was without feathers, and covered with a ſkin of a ſomewhat blueiſh colour. The ſockets of the eyes were ſhaped exactly as in a human countenance, and over them two arches of very fine down formed regular eyebrows. The upper part of the bill was ſo bent and blunted off as to form a well ſhaped noſe, except that it was of a horny ſubſtance. Under the noſe a regular human mouth, with lips, and two rows of cloſely united white pointed teeth, completed this ſingular *luſus naturæ*. The tongue was rounded and ſhaped like a human tongue. Indeed the whole countenance had ſo aſtoniſhingly exact a conformity with that of a human being on a diminutive ſcale, that, to diſcover it, there was not the leaſt occaſion to call in the air of the imagination. The above account of this phenomenon was ſigned and publiſhed by M. Schawarz, a gentleman holding a reſpectable office under the Pruſſian government at Poſen.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Preventives and Remedies for Sea Sickneſs.

Meſs. Editors,

IF the following practical remarks on the ſea-ſickneſs, (a diſorder whch, as far as my limited knowledge extends, has been little treated of) ſhould appear worthy of a place in your valuable miſcellany, I ſhall feel highly flattered by their inſertion.

Granting that the ſea-ſickneſs is not attended with fatal conſequences, and may even, in certain caſes, be beneficial to health, yet, during its continuance, few diſorders are more diſtreſſing and irkſome to the patient. There is, indeed, reaſon to believe, that the apprehenſion of this malady has frequently proved a ſerious obſtacle to the advancement of ſcience, eſpecially to the ſtudy of natural hiſtory, by deterring men of talents from embarking in thoſe reſearches to which the natural bias of their mind inclines them, and which, if purſued, might have been productive of great and intereſting diſcoveries. Thus the wide expanſe of ocean, with its infinity of inhabitants and productions, remains, comparatively ſpeaking unexplored.

Medical gentlemen being themſelves equally expoſed to the effects of this diſorder with the reſt of the paſſengers, they have not been able to make exact obſervations on the ſymptoms which precede and accompany it, nor ſatisfactorily to aſcertain the reſult of their preſcriptions. It will not, therefore, it is preſumed, be deemed arrogance in the writer of the preſent article, to offer

a few remarks on the ſubject founded upon experience and long acquaintance with the ſea.

The ſeas, in which this diſorder attacks the paſſenger with the greateſt violence, are thoſe where the waves have a long uninterrupted freedom of action; of courſe, bays, gulphs, and channels, may be navigated with leſs inconvenience, as the waves meeting with more frequent reſiſtance, and the repercuſſion being conſiderably ſtronger, the veſſel does not experience that gentle uniform vacillation, which ſickens the ſtomach, and renders the head giddy. By the ſame argument, a perſon feels leſs inconvenience from the diſorder on the wide ocean in a ſmall veſſel, on which the ſlighteſt motion of the waves makes a ſtrong impreſſion. He is likewiſe leſs expoſed to it in a *very large* veſſel, as in a ſhip of the line, or a large merchantman deeply laden; as the waves, in this caſe, ſcarcely affect the veſſel. It is in ſhips of the middling ſize, and which carry but a light cargo, that the paſſenger ſuffers moſt from the ſea ſickneſs. It has been obſerved, that this diſorder affects people in years leſs than young perſons; thoſe of a dark leſs than thoſe of a fair complexion, and that it ſeldom attacks infants. The duration is not limited to any fixed period of time; with ſome it laſts only a few days, with others weeks, months, and even during the whole courſe of the voyage. The ſooner it takes place after embarkation, the greater probability is there of its continuance. It does not always ceaſe immediately on landing, but has been known, in ſome caſes, to continue for a conſiderable time. Even the oldeſt and moſt ſkilful ſeamen have experienced a relapſe, eſpecially if they have quitted the ſea-ſervice for a long term of years. In aſthmatic complaints this diſorder has been found highly conducive to the reſtoration of health. Perſons affected with the gout, the rheumatiſm, whoſe habit of body leads to a cachexy, or to hypochondria, whoſe fibres are relaxed, or who labour under indigeſtion, experience the greateſt inconvenience and uneaſineſs from the ſea-ſickneſs.

The following may be recommended as the moſt efficacious modes of precaution for preventing, or at leaſt mitigating, the effect of the diſorder:

I. *Preventives.*

1. Not to go on board immediately after eating; and, when on board, not to eat in any great quantity at one meal.

2. To take ſtrong exerciſe, with as little intermiſſion as conveniently can be done; for inſtance, to aſſiſt at the pumps, or any other active employment, as indolent and ſlothful paſſengers always ſuffer moſt from the diſorder.

3. To keep much upon deck, even in ſtormy and rainy weather, as the ſea breeze is leſs liable to affect the ſtomach than the ſtagnated air of the cabin, which is frequently rendered infectiou for want of ſufficient circulation.

4. Not to watch the motion of the waves, eſpecially when ſtrongly agitated with tempeſt.

5. To avoid carefully all employments which harraſs the mind, as reading, ſtudy, meditation, and gaming; and, on the other hand, to ſeek every opportunity of mirth and mental relaxation.

6. To drink occaſionally carbonic acids, as the froth of ſtrong fermented beer, or wine mixed with Seltzer water, and fermented with pounded ſugar, or a glaſs of Champaign.

7. It will be found of great ſervice to take the acid of ſulphur dulcified, dropped upon lump ſugar, or in peppermint-water; or ten drops of ſulphurious ether.

With regard to eating, it is adviſeable to be very ſparing, at leaſt not to eat much at one meal. The proper diet is bread and freſh meat, which ſhould be eaten cold with pepper. All ſweet ſavoured food ſhould be carefully avoided, and the paſſenger ſhould refrain from fat, but eſpecially from all meat that is in the leaſt degree tainted. Even the odour of flowers is very pernicious; for which reaſon, it is not expedient to examine marine productions, as theſe generally have a nauſeating ſmell. The fumes of vinegar may be inhaled with great benefit. The drink ſhould conſiſt of tart wines, lemonade, or Seltzer water, but never of common water. The paſſenger would do well to drink little and often. As experience has proved, that an accidental diarrhea has frequently relieved the patient from the ſea-ſickneſs, it will be prudent to follow the clue of nature, and take a gentle laxative, or, if circumſtances will permit, a clyſter of ſalt-water and Venice ſoap, which is the more neceſſary, as ſea-faring people are liable to obſtructions. It will further be found uſeful to apply to the pit of the ſtomach a tonic anodyne antiſpaſmodic emplaſtrum, ſpread upon leather, and covered with linen. For this purpoſe, common treacle may be uſed, or the following receipt. *Empl. de galban. crocat. unciam unam. Camphoræ ſeſquidrachmam, Sal volat. cornu cervi Opii pur. ana; drachmam. Olei caieput guttas* 40. *M. D.*

Where the above preventives have not been employed, or have not ſucceeded in ſecuring the paſſenger from the ſea ſickneſs, he may however experience conſiderable relief from the following:

II. *Remedies.*

If ſymtoms of vomiting appear, they may frequently be remedied by the patient proſtrating himſelf in a horizontal poſition, upon the back or belly, and lying perfectly ſtill. We would recommend likewiſe a gentle compreſſion of the abdomen. But if the fits of vomiting are too violent to be repreſſed, in that caſe, it is beſt to promote them by a ſtrong doſe of ſalt-water, an expedient, however, which muſt not be too often repeated, as it tends ſtill more to weaken the ſtomach. When the emetic takes effect, let the patient bend his body, advancing his knees towards his breaſt, and ſupport his head againſt a firm and ſolid reſting-place. He muſt be particularly careful to untie his garters and cravat, as this precaution will ſecure him from the riſk of a rupture, and from the ill effects of the blood ruſhing violently towards the head and breaſt.

After the vomiting has ſubſided, its return may be guarded againſt by preſerving a ſtate of repoſe, and even keeping the eyes ſhut for a conſiderable time. Let the patient chooſe a cool, ventilated place, remembering to keep himſelf warm and well clothed, as perſpiration is highly ſalutary. But he muſt not indulge in too long ſleep during the day-time, as this induces torpidneſs. In the morning he ſhould conſtantly take a gargle of ſugar diſſolved in vinegar. Let him eat often, but ſparingly, and if he can content himſelf with a diſh of choccolate, coffee, or ſtrong tea, he will reap ſtill greater benefit. He ſhould never drink water in its pure elementary ſtate, but mix it with brandy, vinegar or wine. In the morning, inſtead of brandy, he may take a glaſs of wine, with an infuſion of orange-peel, gentian root, or peruvian bark (*quinquina.*) A glaſs of punch taken occaſionally will prove of very eſſential ſervice as it promotes perſpiration.

Perſons in the habit of ſmoking, will find a pleaſant and ſalutary companion in the pipe, but thoſe who are not accuſtomed to it will be ſufferers by taking to the practice.

In concluſion it is proper to add, that warm cloathing, flannel ſhirts, trowſers, caps, &c. are efficacious remedies againſt exceſſive expectoration, and all other ſymptoms of this terrible diſorder.

NAUTICUS.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Proceſs of making Glue,

Meſsrs Editors,

IN this country we have many of the materials of the moſt uſeful manufactures, but are deficient in the ſkill of uſing them. Correct deſcriptions of theſe important proceſſes are therefore deſirable. In giving circulation in your miſcellany to articles like the preſent, you will confer an obligation upon your fellow-citizens, and benefit the community. I incloſe for inſertion the Proceſs of making Glue. As we have great quantities of the materials of which this commodity is compoſed, it may be ſerviceable to the Public.

'GLUE is an inſpiſſated jelly, made of the parings of hides, or horns, of any kind, the pelts obtained from furriers, and the hoofs and ears of horſes, oxen, calves, ſheep, &c. Theſe are firſt digeſted in lime-water, to cleanſe them, as far as it can, from the greaſe or dirt they may have contracted: they are then ſteeped in clean water, taking care to ſtir them well from time to time: afterwards they are laid in a heap, and the ſuperabundant water preſſed out. Then they are boiled in a large braſs cauldron, with clean water, ſkimming off the dirt as it riſes; and it is further cleanſed by putting in, after the whole is diſſolved, a little melted alum or lime, finely powdered, which by their deter-

ſive properties ſtill further purge it. The ſkimming is continued for ſome time ;—when the maſs is ſtrained through baſkets, and ſuffered to ſettle, that the remaining impurities, if any, may ſubſide. It is then poured gently into the kettle again, and further evaporated by boiling a ſecond time, and ſkimming until it becomes of a clear, but darkiſh brown, colour. When it is thought to be ſtrong enough (which is known either by the length of time a certain quantity of water and materials have boiled, or by its appearance during ebullition,) it is poured into frames or moulds of about ſix feet long, one broad and two deep, where it gradually hardens as the heat decreaſes—out of which it is cut when cold, by a ſpade, into ſquare pieces or cakes. Each of theſe is placed within a ſort of wooden-box, open in three diviſions to the back ; in this the glue, as yet ſoft, is taken to a table by women, where they divide it into three pieces with an inſtrument not unlike a bow, having a braſs wire for its ſtring : with this they ſtand behind the box, and cut by its openings from front to back. The pieces thus cut, are taken out into the open air, and dried on a kind of coarſe net-work, faſtened in moveable ſheds of about four feet ſquare, which are placed in rows in the glue-makers field, and every one of which contains five or ſix rows of netting. When perfectly dry and hard, it is fit for ſale—That is thought the beſt glue which ſwells conſiderably, without melting, by three or four days immerſion in cold water, and recovers its former dimenſions and properties by drying. Glue that has got froſt, or that looks thick and black, may be melted over again, and refined with a ſufficient quantity added of freſh to overcome any injury it may have ſuſtained ; but it is generally put into the kettle, after what is in it has been purged in the ſecond boiling.—To know good from bad glue, it is neceſſary for the purchaſer to hold it between his eye and the light ; and if it appears of a ſtrong dark colour, and free from cloudy or black ſpots the article is good.'

Your's &c.

O. X.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On the Uſe of Lime in Agriculture.

AS agriculture has been followed from the earlieſt period, and in almoſt every climate, we might expect that the principles of it would be well underſtood ; and that an art ſo extenſively practiſed, and ſo indiſpenſibly neceſſary to man, would have, long ago, arrived at a high degree of perfection : This, however, is far from being the caſe. In moſt countries, it is followed only by the ignorant, the poor, and the oppreſſed, by perſons little capable of profiting by obſervation, and unable to make thoſe experiments which would lead to improvement.

But even in thoſe places, where it employs the attention of the rich and the intelligent, its progreſs to perfection muſt be ſlow. In order to aſcertain a ſingle fact, repeated experiments muſt be made, requiring a conſiderable length of time, and liable to be interrupted by the ſeaſons, and a variety of accidents; and, when the fact is at length eſtabliſhed, it cannot, perhaps, be extenſively applied from the difference of ſituation, of ſoil, of climate, &c.

Beſides, agriculture, as an art, can never be carried to perfection, until it be ſtudied as a ſcience. The farmer may collect a multitude of facts which have been aſcertained by others; ſome of theſe may, upon trial, be found to be applicable in his fields, while others are not. Philoſophy muſt ſtep forward to explain the reaſon, why the experience of others has failed, or been confirmed; the principles of the explanation can alone enable the farmer to adapt his meaſures to the change of ſituation.

The branches of philoſophy, which are related to agriculture, are not yet nearly perfected; the proper pabulum of vegetables is ſtill unknown, the phyſiology of them is yet in its infancy, and even the attainments in univerſal chemiſtry, are not great. In ſuch circumſtances, the application of philoſophy to this art, is in danger of creating hypotheſis, which are always injurious to true knowledge.

But where the facts in philoſophy are well aſcertained, and are capable of being fairly applied to explain any branch of agriculture, we ought certainly to uſe them for promoting this valuable art: by this we ſhall enlarge and eſtabliſh the knowledge of the farmer and teach him to employ the encreaſing light of general ſcience, for conducting him to higher attainments in his own particular branch.

In conſequence of the aſſiſtance which has already been derived from other ſciences, the intelligent farmer is now preſerved in ſome parts of his proceſs, from acting ſo much at random, as in former times; the truth of this may be ſhewn, from the manner in which lime has been uſed as a manure. It was long employed by the farmer, before philoſophy could give any ſatisfactory account of its operation; it had often been obſerved to be uſeful, and frequently it was found to injure the land. The farmer endeavoured to acquire a knowledge of its utility, by repeated and extenſive obſervations; but in attempting to enumerate the ſeveral kinds of ſoil for which it was ſerviceable, he was in danger of error and confuſion, in ſpecifying the almoſt endleſs variety. When Sir John Pringle, by his experiments on ſeptic ſubſtances, aſcertained, that lime ſtrongly promoted the putrefaction of thoſe kinds of matter that were ſubject to this proceſs, philoſophy ſoon carried the fact to the farmer, and taught him to account for one of the effects of lime in his fields. Philoſophy has not yet explained how the vegetables grow; but it points out to him the fact, that corrupting vegetable and animal ſubſtances are highly uſeful to vegetation, and informs him that the fields,

whoſe ſoil contains many uncorrupted vegetable ſubſtances, will be profited by lime: that in thoſe fields where, from the nature of the ſoil, or heat of the climate, the putrefaction goes on with ſufficient rapidity of itſelf, lime, and other ſeptic ſubſtances, are unneceſſary; but, where this is not the caſe, they will be highly advantageous.

Though the phyſiology of vegetables has ſo lately begun to be ſtudied by Girtanner and others, we already know ſo much of it, as will, perhaps, enable us now to proceed much further, in explaining the action of lime as a manure. There is reaſon to believe, that a number of thoſe ſtimuli which affect the living animal fibre, and excite it to action, produce a ſimilar effect on the fibres of vegetables; as light, heat, electricity, &c. Now, as lime is a ſtimulus to the animal ſyſtem, we may preſume, that it alſo excites vegetables; and, when this excitement is moderate, encreaſes the action of the fibres. The farmer already knows, from experience, that when the lime is laid on ſome kinds of graſs land, it increaſes vegetation: but, when he is taught that it acts by ſtimulating the vegetables, he is diſpoſed to conſider what ſpecies of ſoil requires this ſtimulus to aſſiſt vegetation, and is guarded againſt the application of it, where the other ſtimuli already act with ſufficient force. We may, perhaps, advance a ſtep farther, and upon theſe principles, explain the effects of lime upon a ſpecies of ſoil, which contains, only a ſmall mixture of vegetable mould, or of undecayed fibres. The ſoil, to which we refer, is a ſtrong ſtiff clay, on which the effect of lime has always been more advantageous, than could be accounted for by its ſeptic power. This kind of ſoil is remarkably unfavourable to the ſpeedy corruption of the dead vegetables which it contains, and, therefore, lime becomes peculiarly neceſſary to forward their putrefaction; but beſides this, all clay contains a very conſiderable quantity of alum, which is known to act as an aſtringent and ſedative on living animals. If it produce ſimilar effects upon vegetables, it muſt be hurtful in this climate, where the ſtimuli to vegetation, are in general, lower than what is required to the perfection of growth: hence thoſe ſoils are, in common language, called cold clays; even if the ſummer be clear and warm, vegetables do not thrive upon them, for while the drought hardens the clay, and prevents the roots from penetrating the ſoil, it concentrates any alum which the moiſture had diſſolved, and thereby encreaſes its action.

When lime is applied to this ſoil, it decompoſes the aluminous mixture in the clay, as the vitriolic acid has a ſtronger attraction for the calcareous earh than for the earth of alum, and thus deſtroys a ſedative and injurious ſubſtance. At the ſame time, as gypſum, which is the new compound that is formed, is very inſoluble in water, it tends to increaſe the quantity of powdery matter which is ſo neceſſary in this ſpecies of ſoil.—Beſides, though we do not yet poſſeſs any certain knowledge of the proper food

of vegetables, it has long been obſerved that fixed air promotes their growth; and, therefore, it will not be thought viſionary, to ſuppoſe, that the liberation of this air, when the lime is uniting with the acid, will be favourable to vegetation. But whatever we may attribute to this, the ſalt which is formed by the lime with the vitriolic acid, is itſelf a ſtimulus to vegetables, and by this property, becomes highly uſeful to this land. We have well atteſted accounts of the advantage of gypſum upon graſs land, which we have reaſon to conſider as a proof of its being a ſtimulous to living vegetables.

In attending to the effects of lime upon ſtrong clay-land, we may, therefore, preſume that it is uſeful by deſtroying a ſedative ſubſtance, by aſſiſting in pulverizing the ſoil, by forming a new ſalt which ſtimulates the vegetable fibre, and, perhaps, by producing conſiderable quantities of fixed air, which favours vegetation.

Theſe views, if well founded, may lead us to ſuppoſe, that the ſcientific farmer will alter the account which he has hitherto given of the manures employed by him. He has uſually divided them into two claſſes, from his idea of their operation; the firſt comprehending thoſe which promote the putrefaction of the vegetable ſubſtances already in the ſoil; the other, thoſe ſubſtances which themſelves undergo putrefaction. But if vegetables be ſubject to ſimilar laws of excitement as animal fibres are, a third claſs of manures may be formed, containing thoſe which act as a ſtimulus to vegetation; a claſs, in all probability, of the higheſt importance in agriculture. T.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Dangerous Progreſs of Quack Medicines. By Dr. Willich.

IT is a circumſtance no leſs ſingular than true, that mankind in general are more attentive to the moſt trifling and frequently inſipid purſuits, than to thoſe objects which are moſt immediately connected with their welfare and exiſtence.

In a country which juſtly boaſts of many benevolent eſtabliſhments, of a degree of cultivation and public induſtry unequalled in the annals of Europe, and of *good* laws, if they were not, like all other human inſtitutions ſo liable to ambiguous interpretation, it is ſomewhat ſurpriſing that a claſs of men, perhaps the moſt deſpicable in ſociety, ſhould ſtill be ſuffered, and as it were protected in their nefarious practices, when we find them nearly expelled, at leaſt not publicly tolerated, in all other countries in Europe.

I do not here allude to the profeſſors of Aſtrology and Divination, lurking in various corners of the metropolis;—not to the ſwindling Jews, who by way of pretext carry ſamples of muſtard

in their pockets, when travelling through the country, with a view to diſpoſe of their counterfeit halfpence—not to the wholeſale dealers in accommodation bills, which but too often keep *at*, and *above par* with other paper money, calculated at once to raiſe and deſtroy public credit.—All theſe things, however ſerious in their *moral* tendency have little influence on our *phyſical* proſperity, *as individual citizens of a ſtate aſpiring to illumination of mind.*

The objects of the preſent inveſtigation are of much greater conſequence, both in a political and moral view, than the collective maſs of other impoſtors; in as much as the dealings of the latter are not confined to home conſumption, but have of late extended their deleterious trade to diſtant nations—to both Indies. Every judicious reader will, without difficulty, perceive that the queſtion here relates to vile and artful practices of *Quacks*, and the numerous tribe of their attendants and coadjutors.

I hope in this paper ſatisfactorily to prove, that the ſubject under conſideration has never been repreſented to the public, with that degree of calm diſpaſſionate enquiery, to which it is ſo juſtly entitled. It is not, however, my intention to impeach the legiſlature of this country, for tolerating abuſes than which none are more pregnant with miſchief and calamity. With all due deference to the wiſdom of the legiſlative powers, I ſhall avail myſelf of the liberty (not licentiouſneſs) of the preſs, to pronounce my opinion upon profeſſional ſubjects, although it ſhould carry me ſo far as to diſapprove of meaſures ſanctioned by the higheſt authority. Yet from hence no concluſion ought to be drawn, that the legiſlature itſelf is the object of cenſure, when the ſhafts of criticiſm are directed ſolely againſt the vile arts, carried on under its tacit conſent, or avowed approbation.

In this reſpect, we have little occaſion to extol our own enlightened age, at the expence of thoſe which are ſo frequently and juſtly termed *dark*. We daily ſee illiterate and audacious empirics ſport with the lives of a credulous public, that ſeem obſtinately to ſhut their ears againſt all the ſuggeſtions of reaſon and experience. It is a melancholy truth, that little more is required at preſent to impoſe upon the multitude, than ſome appearance of learning, a confidential addreſs, and affected humanity, eſpecially as there are no laws to check and prevent ſuch fraudulent inſinuations. The hoſt of empirics and mountebanks to be found in our great cities, and the tinctures, eſſences, pills, drops, lozenges, elixers, lotions, cordial balms, with, which the ſtomachs of the credulous are aſſaulted; the not yet exploded impoſtors of animal magnetiſm, the prevailing indifference of all *dietetic* precepts, the tables of blood-letting and other abſurdities of popular almanacks, ſufficiently evince, that this is far from being the "Age of Reaſon;" that the temple of ſuperſtition is yet thronged with numberleſs votaries; that we are ſtill ſlaves to the moſt tyranical prejudices; and that there is no readier way to excite general attention and admiration, than to affect the myſterious and the marvelous.

It cannot be denied, that there prevails at preſent a very general rage for quackery in this country, and that this rage is not only highly prejudicial to the intereſts of medical ſcience and learning in general, but at the ſame time incompatible with the *ſafety* of individuals. To juſtify theſe aſſertions, which to ſome may appear equally novel and bold, I ſhall be under the neceſſity of accompanying them with facts and illuſtrations.

Although there is but one ſtate of perfect health, yet the deviations from it, and the *genera* and *ſpecies* of diſeaſes are almoſt infinite. Hence it will, without difficulty, be underſtood, that in the claſſes of medical remedies, there muſt be likewiſe a great variety, and even ſome of them of an oppoſite tendency. So are both the warm and the cold bath, conſidered as medical remedies, though they differ altogether in their ſenſible effects. Each of them manifeſts its medical virtues, but in ſuch a ſtate of the body only, as will admit of uſing it with advantage.

It is evident, from theſe premiſes, that an univerſal remedy, or one that poſſeſſes healing powers for the cure of *all* diſeaſes, is in fact a *nonentity*, the exiſtence of which is phyſically impoſſible; as the bare idea of it involves a direct contradiction. How, for inſtance, is it conceivable, that the ſame remedy ſhould be capable of reſtoring the tone of the fibres when they are relaxed, and likewiſe have the power of relaxing them when they are too rigid; that it ſhould moderate the nerves in a ſtate of preternatural ſenſibility, and again reſtore to them the proper degree of irritability when they are in a contrary ſtate? who will be ſo ſilly as to believe that it is poſſible for *one* medicine to cure the following liſt of diſeaſes, which, from a quack-bill now lying before me, is aſſerted to be *effectually* done: ſcurvy, king's-evil, cancers, gout, rheumatiſm, ſprains, bruiſes, diſeaſes incident to women, coughs, colds, fevers, conſumptions, conplaints in the bowels, coſtiveneſs, venereal complaints, weakneſs, nervous affections, loſs of appetite, &c. &c. &c.

Indeed, the belief in an univerſal remedy, appears to loſe ground every day, even among the vulgar, and has been long exploded among people of ſenſe and education. Still, however, every newſpaper teems with advertiſements of a ſet of privileged charlatans, who impoſe upon the lower and leſs enlightened claſſes of the community. It is difficult to decide, whether the boldneſs, or the induſtry, with which theſe knaves endeavour to eſtabliſh the reputation of their poiſons, be the moſt prominent feature in their character. It was juſtly obſerved by the ſagacious and comprehenſive Bacon:

"That a reflecting phyſician is not directed by the opinion which the multitude entertain of a favourite remedy; but that he muſt be guided by a ſound judgment; and, conſequently, he is led to make very important diſtinctions between thoſe things, which only by their name paſs for medical remedies, and others which in reality poſſeſs healing powers."

I am induced to avail myſelf of this quotation, as it indirectly cenſures the conduct of certain medical practitioners, who do not ſcruple to recommend patent or quack medicines, the compoſition of which is carefully concealed from the public; ſo that the very men who preſcribe them, are ignorant of their component parts. Theſe noſtrums having acquired their ill-merited reputation by mere chance, and being ſupported by the moſt refined artifices to delude the unwary, we are unable to come at the evidence of perhaps nine-tenths of thoſe who have experienced their fatal effects, and who are now no longer in a ſituation to complain. The tranſition from *panaceas*, or univerſal remedies, to the *noſtrums*, or *ſpecifics*; ſuch for inſtance, as are pretended to cure the *ſame diſeaſe* in *every patient*, is eaſy and natural. With the latter alſo impoſitions of a dangerous tendency are often practiſed. It will probably be aſked, how far they are practically admiſſible, and in what caſes they are wholly unavailing? It is not very difficult to anſwer this queſtion. In thoſe diſeaſes, which in every inſtance depend upon the ſame cauſe, as in agues, the ſmall-pox, meaſles, and many other contagious diſtempers, the poſſibility of ſpecifics, *in a limited ſenſe*, may he rationally, though hypothetically, admitted. But in other maladies, the cauſes of which depend upon a variety of concurrent circumſtances, and the cure of which, in different individuals, frequently requires very oppoſite remedies, as in the dropſy, the various ſpecies of cholic, the almoſt infinite variety of conſumptions, &c. &c. a ſpecific remedy is an inſolent burleſque upon the common ſenſe of mankind.

Thoſe who are but imperfectly acquainted with the various cauſes, from which the ſame diſorders may originate, in different individuals, can never entertain ſuch a vulgar and dangerous notion. They will eaſily perceive, how much depends upon aſcertaining with preciſion the ſeat and cauſe of the affection, before any medicine can be preſcribed with advantage or ſafety; even life and death are too often decided by the *firſt ſteps* of him, who offers or intrudes his advice upon a ſuffering friend.

The following inſtances will ſhew the danger attending the the precipitate application of the ſame medicine, in ſimilar diſorders:—A perſon violently troubled with the cholic, took a glaſs of juniper-ſpirits, commonly called Hollands, from which he received almoſt inſtantaneous relief; as the affection proceeded from flatulency. Another, who found himſelf attacked with ſimilar pains, was induced by the example of his friend, to try the ſame expedient; he took it, and died in a few hours after. No wonder that the conſequences here were fatal, as the cholic in the latter caſe was owing to an inflammation in the inteſtines. A third perſon was afflicted with a cholic, ariſing from poiſonous muſhrooms he had eaten; the immediate adminiſtration of an emetic, and after it ſome diluted vegetable acid, reſtored him to health. A fourth perſon had an attack of this malady from an *encyſted hernia*, or an inward rupture: the emetic, which had re-

vived the former patient, neceſſarily proved fatal to the latter; or it burſt the bag of incloſed matter, poured the contents within the cavities of the abdomen, and thus ſpeedily terminated his exiſtence. Again, another had, by miſtake, made uſe of arſenic, which occaſioned violent pains, not unlike thoſe of a common cholic. A large quantity of ſwet oil, taken internally, was the means of his preſervation; whereas the remedies employed in the other caſes would have been totally ineffectual. Here I willingly cloſe a narrative, the recital of which cannot but excite the moſt painful ſenſations: to lengthen this illuſtration would lead me too far beyond my preſcribed limits; ſince caſes of this nature happen ſo frequently, that it would be eaſy to extend the account of them by a long catalogue of intereſting but fatal accidents.

What is more natural than to place confidence in a remedy which we have known to afford relief to others, in the ſame kind of affection? The patient anxiouſly inquires after a perſon who had been afflicted with the ſame malady. He is eager to learn the remedy that has been uſed with ſucceſs. His friend, or neighbour, imparts to him the wiſhed-for intelligence. He is determined to give it a fair trial, and takes it with confidence. From what has been ſtated, it will not be difficult to conceive, that if his caſe does not exactly correſpond with that of his friend, any *chance remedy* may be extremely dangerous, and even fatal.

The phyſician is obliged to employ all his ſagacity, ſupported by his own experience, as well as by that of his predeceſſors; and, nevertheleſs, he is often under the temporary neceſſity of diſcovering, from the progreſs of the diſeaſe, what he could not derive from the minuteſt reſearches. How then can it be expected that a novice in the art of healing ſhould be more ſucceſsful, when the whole of his method of cure is either the impulſe of the moment, or the effect of his own credulity? It may, therefore, be truly ſaid, that life and death are often entruſted to chance.

From what has been premiſed, it may be confidently aſſerted, that a *noſtrum*, or univerſal remedy, is as great a *deſideratum* as the philoſopher's ſtone, or as a perpetual and univerſal peace among men. This laſt, indeed, is not phyſically impoſſible; it only requires, that mankind be uniformly diſpoſed in their moral feelings. But an univerſal medicine can only be expected to gain credit with the weak, the credulous, or the ignorant.

One of the moſt unfortunate circumſtances in the hiſtory of ſuch medicines is the inſinuating and dangerous method by which they are *puffed* into notice. And as we hear little of the baneful effects which they muſt daily produce by being promiſcuouſly applied, people attend only to the extraordinary inſtances, perhaps not one in fifty, where they have afforded a temporary relief. It is well known, that the more powerful the remedy is, the more permanent and dangerous muſt be its effects on the conſtitution; eſpecially if it be introduced, like many patent medicines, by an almoſt indefinite increaſe of the doſes.

There is another conſideration, not apt to ſtrike thoſe who are unacquainted with the laws of animal economy.—When we intend to bring about any remarkable change in the ſyſtem of an organized body, we are obliged to employ ſuch means as may contribute to produce that change, without affecting too violently the *living powers;* or without extending their action to an improper length. Indeed, the patient may be gradually habituated to almoſt any ſtimulus, but at the expence of his palſied organs, and a broken conſtitution. Such are the melancholy effects of impoſture and credulity! Were it poſſibe to collect all the caſes of ſacrifices to this myſterious infatuation, it is probable, that their number would exceed the havoc made by the ſword, and the bayonet.

A. F. M. Willich.

Experiments to determine the Quantity of Tanning principle and Gallic Acid contained in the Bark of various Trees. By George Biggin, *Eſq.*

FROM THE PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE bark of trees contains the aſtringent principle called, gallic acid, and alſo that principle which has a peculiar affinity to the matter of the ſkin, and which, from the uſe to which it is applied, is called the tanning principle. But, in the preſent mode of tanning, bark is applied in *maſs* to the ſkins; conſequently, *both* principles are applied. It remains for examination, whether both principles are uſeful in the proceſs of tanning; for, if they are not both uſeful, probably *one* is detrimental.

To a nobleman whoſe zeal on every occaſion by which the ſciences or arts may receive illuſtration or improvement is eminently conſpicuous, and to whoſe public energy, as well as private friendſhip, I feel myſelf much indebted, to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, I owe the means of proſecuting ſome experiments on this ſubject. His Grace, by collecting a variety of barks, at Woburn, gave me an opportunity of making ſome experiments to aſcertain the quantity of tanning principle and gallic acid each bark contained. For that purpoſe, I made uſe of the following methods, according to the principles laid down by M. Seguin.

By diſſolving an ounce of common glue in two pounds of boiling water, I procured a mucilaginous liquor, which, as it contains the matter of ſkin in ſolution, is a teſt for the tanning principle. By a ſaturated ſolution of ſulphate of iron, I obtained a teſt for the gallic acid.

I then took one pound of the bark I meant to try, ground as for the uſe of tanners, and divided it into five parts, each part

being put into an earthen veſſel. To one part of this bark, I added two pounds of water, and infuſed them for one hour. Thus I procured an infuſion of bark, which I poured on the ſecond part of the bark, and this ſtrengthened infuſion again on the third part, and ſo on, to the fifth. But, as a certain portion of the infuſion will remain attached to the *wood* of the bark, after the infuſion is poured or drawn off, I added a third pound of water to the firſt part, and then followed up the infuſion on the ſeveral parts, till the three pounds of water, or ſo much of them as could be ſeperated from the bark, were united in the fifth veſſel; from which I generally obtained about one pint of ſtrong infuſion of bark.

To a certain quantity of this infuſion, I added a given meaſure of the ſolution of glue; which formed an immediate precipitate, that may be ſeperated from the infuſion by filtering paper. When dried, it is a ſubſtance formed by the chemical union of the matter of ſkin with the tanning principle, and is in fact, a powder of leather. By ſaturating the infuſion with the ſolution of glue, the whole of the tanning principle may be ſeperated by precipitation.

For the Gallic Acid.

To the pound of bark left in the earthen veſſels, and already deprived of its tanning principle by theſe *quick* infuſions, I added a *given* quantity of water, to procure a ſtrong infuſion of the gallic acid, which requires a longer time, (ſay forty-eight hours.) This infuſion, when obtained pure, affords little ſigns of the preſence of the tanning principle, when tried by the teſt of the ſolution of glue; but, with the ſolution of ſulphate of iron, it gives a ſtrong black colour, (the common black dye,) which differs in denſity, according to the quality of the bark: this may be further proved, by boiling a ſkain of worſted in the dye, by which the gradations of colour will be very perceptibly demonſtrated.

Having thus obtained a point of compariſon; by making a ſimilar infuſion, under ſimilar circumſtances of any bark, or vegetable ſubſtance, and paying ſtrict attention to the ſpecific gravity of the infuſion, the quantity of precipitate of leather, and the denſity of colour produced by given quantities of one or the other teſt, the reſult will be a comparative ſtatement of the reſpective powers of any bark, or vegetable ſubſtance. This comparative ſtatement, I conceive to be ſufficient for all commercial purpoſes.

As oak bark is the uſual ſubſtance employed in the trade of tanning, if a quantity of tanning principle is found to be contained in any other bark or vegetable, the commercial utility of that bark or vegetable may be determined, by comparing its quantity of tanning principle and price with thoſe of oak bark.

For an accurate chemical analyſis, I have tried a variety of acids, and ſimple and compound affinities; and, having purſued

the above experiments at the ſame time that I was employed on ſome in dying, I found the muriate of tin (the method of uſing which is deſcribed by Mr. Prouſt in the *Annales de Chimie*) very convenient. A ſolution of it, being added to the infuſion of bark, forms a precipitate with the tanning principle, leaving the gallic acid ſuſpended: the precipitate is of a fawn colour, and is compoſed of tanding principle and oxidated tin.

By theſe means, I have been enabled to form a comparative ſcale of barks: which, however, I do not produce as accurate. Oak bark, in its preſent ſtate, as procured for commercial purpoſes, differs very much in quality, from accidental circumſtances: the ſeaſon of the year in which it is collected occaſions a ſtill more important difference, conſequently, the ſcale now produced muſt be very imperfect; but I am of opinion, that by the purſuits of ſcientific men who may be inclined to inveſtigate this ſubject more fully, a very accurate ſcale may be hereafter formed.

In the following ſeale, I have taken Sumach as the moſt powerful in the comparative ſtatement; leaving, however, a few degrees, for a *ſuppoſed maximum of the tanning principle*, which I reckon 20.

SCALE OF BARKS.

Bark of	*Gallic acid, by colour.*	*Tanning principle by hydrometer.*	*Tanning principle, (in grains,) from half a pint of infuſion and an ounce of ſolution of glue.*
Elm	7	2,1	28
Oak, cut in winter	8	2,1	30
Horſe cheſnut	6	2,2	30
Beech	7	2,4	31
Willow (boughs)	8	2,4	31
Elder	4	3,0	41
Plum-tree	8	4,0	58
Willow (trunk)	9	4,0	52
Sycamore	6	4,1	53
Birch	4	4,1	54
Cherry-tree	8	4,2	59
Sallow	8	4,6	59
Mountain aſh	8	4,7	60
Poplar	8	6,0	76
Hazel	9	6,3	79
Aſh	10	6,6	82
Spaniſh cheſnut	10	9,0	98
Smooth oak	10	9,2	104
Oak, cut in ſpring	10	9,6	108
Huntingdon or Leiceſter willow	10	10,1	109
Sumach	14	16,2	158

It is to be obſerved, that the barks do not keep any reſpective proportion in the quantity of gallic acid and tanning principle contained in each; which is an evidence of the diſtinctneſs of principle, and may perhaps open a new field for ſaving oak-bark in dying, as the willows, ſallow, aſh, and others, produce a very fine black. It is alſo worthy of obſervation, that the quantities of gallic acid and tanning principle do not differ in *equal* proportions, between the winter and ſpring felled oaks. This fact may lead to the diſcrimination of the proper time for cutting; which is, probably, when the ſap has completely filled and dilated that part of the vegetable intended for uſe. This will make a difference in the ſeaſon of cutting oak, elm, and other trees, ſhrubs, &c. Leaves ſhould be taken when arrived at their full ſize, and then dried under cover; for, as the tanning principle is ſo ſoluble, and the ſubſtance that contains it ſo thin, (in a leaf,) the dew alone might diſſolve it.

Finally, as the gallic acid does not ſeem to combine with the matter of ſkin, and as its aſtringency will corrugate the ſurface, we may, I think, conclude, that its preſence in tanning is not only uſeleſs, but detrimental.

On the Diſtillation of Ardent Spirit from Carrots. By Dr. HUNTER *and* Mr. HORNBY, *of York.*

FROM THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

ONE ton and eight ſtone of carrots, which, after being expoſed to the air a few days to dry, weighed one hundred and ſixty ſtone, and meaſured forty-two buſhels, were waſhed, topped, and tailed, by which they loſt in weight eleven ſtone, and in meaſure ſeven buſhels; being then cut, they were boiled, with the proportion of twenty-four gallons of water to one-third of the above quantity of carrots, until the whole was reduced to a tender pulp, which is done in three hours boiling. From this pulp the juice was eaſily extracted, by means of a preſs, and two hundred gallons of juice were produced from the whole. This juice was boiled again, with one pound of hops, five hours, and then cooled to 66° of Fahrenheit; and, ſix quarts of yeaſt being added it was ſet to ferment. The ſtrong fermentation laſted forty-eight hours, during which time, the heat abated to 58° of Fahrenheit. Twelve gallons of unfermented juice, which had been reſerved were then heated, and added to the liquor, the heat of which was thus raiſed again to 66°, and the fermentation was renewed for twenty-four hours more, the air of the brewhouſe being all this time at 46° and 44°. The liquor was now tunned, and continued to work three days from the bung. Laſtly, it was diſtilled; and the firſt diſtillation was rectified the next day without any addition. The produce was twelve gallons of ſpirit.

The refuſe of the carrots weighed forty-eight ſtone, which, added to the tops and tails, made proviſion for hogs, beſides the waſh from the ſtill, which meaſured one hundred and fourteen gallons.

From this experiment, which was made by Mr. Hornby, Dr. Hunter draws the following compariſon between the diſtillation of carrots and that of grain.

Twenty tons of carrots, which will make two hundred gallons of proof-ſpirit, may be bought for 16 *l.*

Eight quarters of malt, or rather of materials for diſtillation, conſiſting of malt, wheat, and rye, may be bought for 16 *l.* and will alſo yield two hundred gallons of proof-ſpirit.

The refuſe from the carrots will be nine hundred and ſixty ſtone, which, at one penny *per* ſtone, will ſell for 4 *l.*

The refuſe, or grains, from the malt, &c. will be ſixty-four buſhels, each buſhel about three ſtone, which, at one penny *per* ſtone, will ſell for 16 *s.*

Dr. Hunter, however, ſuppoſes that the manufacturing of the ſpirit from carrots may be attended with more expence than the manufacturing of it from malt; but imagines that the greater value of the refuſe may compenſate for that expence; and that the ſaving of corn, for other purpoſes, is an object worthy of attention and encouragement.

Account of the Proceſs uſed by Mr. ACHARD, *for extracting Sugar from Beet Root, as communicated by him, in a Letter to* Mr. VAN MONS.

FROM THE ANNALES DE CHIMIE.

MY labours reſpecting the fabrication of European ſugar have prevented my writing to you ſooner. They have employed me, and ſtill employ me, ſo much, that I have very little time to ſpare for other objects; but, as I know that the ſubject is intereſting to you, I am anxious to take the firſt opportunity of giving you ſome account of it.

The ſpecies of beet proper for making ſugar is the *Beta Vulgaris* of Linnæus; but all the varieties of that ſpecies are not equally proper. That of which the inſide is white, the ſkin pale red, and the root long and ſpindle-ſhaped, is the beſt. Every kind of beet yields ſugar, but that above deſcribed ſhould be made choice of, when we wiſh to fabricate this ſubſtance advantageouſly; in other reſpects, the quantity of ſugar furniſhed by the root depends entirely on the mode of cultivation.

It follows, from the proceſs on the fabrication of ſugar from the root, which I executed under the inſpection of a committee appointed by the king, (of Pruſſia,) that the beſt method is, to boil the root (with the ſkin, as it is taken out of the ground, and without any other preparation than that of carefully taking

away the leaves and the heart) in water, till it is ſo ſoft that it may be penetrated by a ſtraw. A ſhort boiling is ſufficient to produce this degree of ſoftneſs, which is very well known to confectioners, and is given to ſeveral ſorts of fruits, before they are preſerved. The beet root, after cooling, is divided, and cut into ſlices, by means of the machine made uſe of by huſbandmen for dividing potatoes for the uſe of cattle. This machine is deſcribed, and a figure of it given, in Buſch's publication, intitled, *Ueberſicht der fortſchritte in wiſſenſchaften, kunſten, manufacturen, und handwerken, von Oſtern* 1796 *bis Oſtern* 1797. *Erfurt* 1798. This method of dividing the root is the beſt I have hitherto diſcovered. Two men, with the aſſiſtance of the machine, can cut nearly 100lb. of roots into very thin ſlices, in three minutes.

In order to extract the juice from the roots after being ſliced, they are ſubmitted to the action of a preſs, which ought to act very ſtrongly, that as much juice as poſſible may be drawn from them. The pulp remaining in the preſs ſtill contains a conſiderable portion of ſugar, which it is worth while to extract from it. For this purpoſe, the pulp is to be mixed with a ſufficient quantity of water, and, after twelve hours, the liquor is to be preſſed out. After this ſecond extraction, there ſtill remains in the pulp a ſufficient quantity of ſaccharine matter to furniſh, advantageouſly, by means of fermentation, either brandy or vinegar.

The liquors obtained by expreſſion are to be mixed together, then ſtrained through flannel, and afterwards evaporated, by continual boiling, to about two-thirds. They are then to be paſſed a ſecond time through a woolen cloth, or through a very cloſe kind of cloth made uſe of in refineries; and the ſtrained liquor is to be boiled, in a veſſel ſmaller than the firſt, till it is reduced to one half.

The liquor muſt afterwards be ſtrained a third time, and boiled, in a ſtill ſmaller veſſel, to the conſiſtence of a thin ſyrup. It is here neceſſary to obſerve, that by giving the ſyrup too thick a conſiſtence, there is a riſk of ſpoiling the whole.

This ſyrup, after being poured into ſhallow earthen veſſels, which preſent a large ſurface to the air, is to be placed in a ſtove heated to from 80 to 100, or even to 120 degrees, of Fahrenheit, that it may cryſtallize. During this inſenſible condenſation of the ſyrup, the cryſtalline cruſt which is formed on its ſurface, is now and then to be broken; this, by aſſiſting the evaporation, very much haſtens the cryſtallization. From the moment it is obſerved that, inſtead of the cryſtalline cruſt, there forms on the top of the ſyrup a thick and gummy pellicle, which does not appear granulated, it is a ſign that the ſubſtance no longer cryſtallizes, but merely grows dry, and the evaporation ſhould then be ſtopped. What remains is a mixture, more or leſs thick, of a cryſtalline ſubſtance and a fluid but viſcid matter.

To ſeparate the cryſtallized ſugar from the glutinous extract, the whole muſt be put into a bag made of cloſe cloth, and pre-

viouſly wetted; it muſt then be ſubmitted to the action of a preſs, gradually increaſed. The ſugar remains in the bag, and the extractive part paſſes through it. This ſugar, after being dried, is a yellow muſcovado, compoſed of regular cryſtals, and, when pulverized, forms a white powder of a very good taſte; it is perfectly ſweet, and may be applied to a number of purpoſes for which refined ſugar is uſed. By refining this muſcovado, ſugar of any quality that is wiſhed for may be obtained; the operation being repeated, according to the degree of purity deſired.

The whole of the waſte parts ariſing from this proceſs, that is to ſay, the root which has been preſſed, the liquor which paſſes through the bag upon preſſing the cryſtallized ſugar, the waſhings, &c. &c. are all very uſeful, and a great quantity of very good rum or brandy may be procured from them, which may be uſed in making the fineſt *liqueurs*.

The muſcovado, in the ſtate in which it is obtained from the firſt operation, coſts about one groſchen and a half, of Pruſſia, (about two-pence halfpenny,) *per* pound, without reckoning all the advantages which may be derived from making uſe of the waſte parts. By taking theſe into the account, and bringing the manipulations to greater perfection, which I ſhall endeavour to accompliſh this winter, I am perſuaded, that our European muſcovado will not coſt more than half this price, or nine fennings, (about five farthings;) or, even in countries in which fuel is much dearer, one groſchen, (about ſeven farthings.)

The diſtillation of ſpirits from the waſte parts is a matter of great importance; as by that means a great ſaving of grain will take place; and the making of ſugar from the beet-root, which will deliver Europe from an oppreſſive monopoly, becomes, on that account, ſtill more intereſting.

I am now endeavouring to diſcover a method by which the juice of the roots may be poured, after being ſufficiently condenſed, into moulds or forms, in order that it may acquire immediately the figure of a ſugar-loaf, and that it may, by claying, become perfectly white in one operation. I have already found ſeveral methods by which it appears that this end may be obtained by a very ſhort proceſs. This new manipulation will very much facilitate the making of the ſugar, and will conſequently diminiſh the price of it.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Original Letters of an American Traveller to his friend in London, containing a circumſtantial account of a recent Tour from Bourdeaux to Paris.

LETTER I.

Bourdeaux, May 23, 1798.

SIR,

HAVING promiſed to give you ſome deſcription of whatever I ſhould meet with in my travels, that was intereſting or new, I ſhall begin by mentioning to you the firſt circumſtance that attracted my attention, on the arrival of our veſſel off the mouth of the River Garonne. No ſooner had we a diſtinct view of the land, than we perceived a number of wherries coming out to meet us. There was no ſmall competition amongſt them to be the firſt to come along-ſide of us. Some of thoſe wherries belonged to pilots, but a greater number to brokers of the City of Bourdeaux, who all ſolicited, in their very beſt Engliſh, to be honoured with the brokerage of our veſſel. This was the object of their viſit. In theſe times, when the commerce of this once flouriſhing city is nearly extinct, and the American veſſels are the richeſt of thoſe which viſit this port, to obtain the brokerage of an American veſſel is conſidered a capital prize, and ſufficient to indemnify the broker for the expence of keeping his wherry, and his loſs of time in waiting perhaps a fortnight or a month for the arrival of ſuch a veſſel. After our captain had ſelected one from the number of thoſe who applied, taken a pilot, and obtained permiſſion to paſs, from the frigate which lies at the mouth of the river as a guardſhip, we proceeded up the river. The Garonne is one of the great rivers of France; and being connected (by the celebrated canal of Languedoc, or Royal Canal) with the entire South of France and the Mediterranean, and having on its banks the fineſt wine-countries in Europe, is perhaps, in a commercial point of view, the firſt river in the Republic. It is broader than the Thames, extremely rapid, and its water ſo muddy, that it is impoſſible to drink it, until it has undergone the proceſs of filtration. Every houſe, therefore on the banks of the Garonne is provided with a filtering-machine. The paſſage up the river is, at this ſeaſon of the year, delightful in the extreme. On one ſide are the plains of Chateau-Morgeau, whoſe wine is the pride of the French vintage; on the other, the diſtrict of Cogniac, no leſs celebrated for its brandy. The views on both ſides of the river cannot fail to make a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind of any one poſſeſſed of taſte to enjoy the beauties of nature; or feelings to appreciate the value of human induſtry, in improving even on the prodigalities of nature, and giving life and animation to her beſt ſcenery. It muſt be ſuppoſed that thoſe rich and productive diſtricts ſwarm with that population neceſſary to call

forth the treaſures of their fertile ſoil. The banks of the river, and the country, as far as one can ſee from it, are ſtudded with houſes which beſpeak comfort, but not opulence; but when we arrived within twenty miles of Bourdeaux we began to meet with the elegant and taſty country-ſeats and villas of the rich Bourdeaux merchants.

I am told, no city in France (Paris not excepted) is ſurrounded by ſo many beautiful villas as Bourdeaux. It has long been, what Paris never was, a great commercial city; and the merchants have long ſince acquired a taſte for having their country-ſeats on the banks of the Garonne. The river is ſo full of ſhoals, that it was neceſſary to anchor every night, and wait for the tide in the morning; and the wind being quite contrary, we were near four days aſcending the river to Bourdeaux: I had therefore many opportunities of going on-ſhore. The great ſcenes that have taken place in France, the aſtoniſhing exertions ſhe has made in defeating the coalition of Europe, together with the high rank ſhe now bears among the nations, give ſuch a degree of intereſt to this country, that it was with the ſtrongeſt feelings of impatient curioſity I firſt ſet my foot on the ſoil of the Republic, and began to obſerve the country and its inhabitants. It was then the month of Floreal, which nearly correſponds with our month of May. In this country the word Floreal, or the *Flower month*, expreſſes the ſeaſon better than perhaps any other word could do. I never ſaw ſuch a profuſion of flowers, particularly of roſes. Sailors and countrymen had them in their hats, and many of the girls had literally garlands of roſes in their hair. However this deſcription may appear treſpaſſing on Arcadian ground, and poetic regions, one has only to viſit the South of France to be convinced of its reality. It is in warm countries that ſpring diſplays all her charms, and it is from the warm countries of France and Italy that Engliſh poets have borrowed their deſcriptions of it. Every houſe that is at all ſuperior to the peaſant's cottage, has its little garden, and the roſe-tree is the queen of that garden.

The firſt ſenſation I experienced in walking about a French town, was that ſort of pleaſure which the ſight of univerſal cheerfulneſs and gaiety always inſpires. This everlaſting ſunſhine of the mind cannot be taken away from the French people, either by the rage of tyrants or the conſequences of revolutions; and whether it is the gift of nature to the inhabitants of this favoured climate, or whether (as I rather ſuppoſe) it is the effect of early education, it is the ſolid foundation of the happineſs of Frenchmen. This province of France is called Gaſcony, The people of the country have a dialect, phraſes and words peculiar to themſelves, which are not underſtood out of Gaſcony. The Gaſcons are however eſteemed to be the livelieſt, wittieſt, and moſt agreeable people in France; a great proportion of the *daſhing young* fellows and fortune-hunters in Paris were born in Gaſcony. As you are

fond of curioſities, I am happy that I have met with one, in my paſſage up the Garonne, which I think full as worthy of attention as any that travellers through France have hitherto deſcribed; I have ſeen a village near the town of Blaye, which is very properly called *La Roche*, where the houſes, or rather the habitations of the people (for I think one cannot call them houſes) are *excavated* from the ſolid rock, which is here ſoft, and very eaſy to be worked. It is therefore found as cheap to excavate as to build; and when the work is once done, it requires no repairs, and laſt for ever. This village preſents to the eye of a ſtranger a moſt whimſical appearance. One is much ſurpriſed to ſee doors, windows, chimnies, and every accommodation for the comfort of a number of families, among the bare rocks. Sometimes, indeed, the rock which roofs their habitations is covered with vines, which give a ſingularly romantic and beautiful appearance to this remarkable village. If I was much aſtoniſhed at this ſight, the people were not leſs ſo at perceiving my ſurpriſe. They tell me ſuch villages are very common in France. I ſuppoſe they do not lie on the direct road of travellers making the grand tour, or they muſt have been before deſcribed. From whatever cauſe it may proceed, that this curioſity in architecture is ſo little known, I feel a peculiar pleaſure in having found out ſomething that is new, to gratify your deſire of information: in my next I ſhall give you a particular deſcription of the city of Bourdeaux.

Letter II.

The City of Bourdeaux is ſituated on the ſouth ſide of the River Garonne, about 60 miles from the ſea. The river is navigable up to the town for veſſels of ſix or ſeven hundred tons burden.

The quays are ſpecious and commodious, and now almoſt the entire length of the city.

Moſt of the merchant-veſſels lie oppoſite the quay called *Les Chartrons*, which is near a mile in length, and the principal ſeat of the foreign trade. On this quay many merchants in the American, Engliſh, and Iriſh trade, have houſes, which are not only convenient for buſineſs, but very agreeable in point of ſituation, as the view of the country on the other ſide of the river is highly romantic and beautiful. Natural beauties, however, will by no means content the eye of a Bourdeaux merchant; he looks in vain for that commerce and for the number of ſhipping which once animated and crowded this fine river.

If, while the armies of the Republic are gathering *laurels* in the fields of Germany or Italy, the *vines* of France droop for want of culture, he conſiders that the acquiſition of glory does not compenſate the nation for the loſs of its commerce. The war has given the ſpirit of maritime ſpeculation in Bourdeaux another direction—Bourdeaux has taken the lead of all the towns in France in the number and ſize of the privateers fitted out at

this port: I am aſſured there are no leſs than 150 belonging to this place, ſeveral of them having 24 guns, and ſome more. As theſe veſſels are conſtructed for ſailing faſt, any merchantman they fall in with is almoſt a certain prize, being as inferior in ſailing as in force. The profit of privateering is ſome ſmall compenſation to the merchants of Bourdeaux for the deficiency in the regular profits of commerce.

There is a principal Commiſſary of Marine reſident in Bourdeaux, and a large building called "*Bureau de la Marine*," which may be tranſlated Admiralty-office. At preſent there are only a few old frigates in the river.

It is ſaid, however, to be one of the moſt convenient places for preparing and fitting out frigates and tranſports for their maritime expeditions; the neareſt ports to Bourdeaux for men of war are Rochefort and la Rochelle. This city contains at preſent about 100,000 inhabitants, which is leſs by at leaſt 20,000 than what it had before the revolution, when its commerce was flouriſhing.

The handſomeſt part of the town is in the neighbourhood of the public gardens and of the theatre. The public gardens being, at leaſt during the ſummer months, one of the principal gratifications of the people of this city, deſerves a particular deſcription. Before the revolution this garden was called *Le Jardin du Roy*, or King's Garden, as belonging to an ancient royal palace adjoining. In the beginning of the revolution, when France had its two millions of national guards, this was the reviewing ground for the national guard of Bourdeaux, and its name was changed to *Champ de Mars*.

Twenty thouſand men have been reviewed at one time in theſe gardens. Its name has been changed again latterly, and it is now ſimply called *Les Jardins Publiques*, or the Public-Gardens. Before I ſhall give you a particular account of thoſe gardens, I think it may be well to give ſome deſcription of the manners and habits of the people, as ariſing from the circumſtances and influence of the climate.

The ſummers are nearly as hot as in America, conſequently every one ſtays at home as much as poſſible, and wears the cooleſt dreſs, during the morning. The heat of the morning is, however, amply compenſated by the delightful coolneſs of the evenings. The luxury of the evening breeze is only well underſtood by the inhabitants of hot countries, and the art of enjoying a fine evening is carried here to great perfection. At the beginning of the evening the ſober ſhopkeepers and the greater part of their families draw their chairs into the ſtreet, and ſit in groupes before their doors. Here they enjoy the freſh air, chat, ſee their neighbours, obſerve the company that paſſes, take refreſhments, and are ready to recieve the viſit either of a cuſtomer or a friend. This cuſtom gives a very ſocial and animated appearance to the town; in walking the ſtreets one paſſes in review a thouſand

families, enjoying themſelves in their uſual manner: but the public gardens are the principal reſort of the young, the gay, and the faſhionable. Here it appears as if all the people of the town had aſſembled, like one great family, to enjoy the evening and amuſe themſelves according to their different inclinations. The gravelwalks ſerve for the parade of people of faſhion, while the lawns, in ſome places, ſwarm with little children and their *bonnes* (their maids are ſo called) and in others are occupied by the ſports of young men. They play here at leap-frog, priſon-bars, &c. and ſometimes at *le ballon*, which is the favourite game of the young men in France. It is played with a large round ball, in the centre of which is a bladder, this is ſtruck principally with the hand, ſometimes with the foot. This ball, though large, is ſo light, that it cannot hurt any perſon, and the ladies, ſo far from being afraid of coming in its way, appear much amuſed at ſeeing the game. The ball is ſo large, and rebounds ſo high, that it is very eaſy to hit it; as the whole ſtrength of the arm and body can be applied to the ſtroke, this game muſt contribute, as much as any other, to encreaſe the ſtrength and agility of thoſe who play it.

The walks are crowded with all the people of faſhion in this city. At the ſides of them are a prodigious number of chairs. It is the cuſtom here, as in the ſtreets, for people to ſit together in groups; every group may be conſidered as a ſeparate *converzatione*, into which circle every man may draw his chair with the ſtricteſt propriety, if he is acquainted with any of thoſe who compoſe it.

This cuſtom alters entirely the nature of a public walk, and gives it every advantage of a large drawing-room, where one is ſure of meeting, every evening almoſt, the whole circle of one's acquaintance, and of having ſufficient opportunities of converſing with thoſe whoſe company is the moſt agreeable. The number of acquaintances that every native of Bourdeaux muſt meet in thoſe walks, the variety of company that paſſes him, together with the exerciſe of walking, makes the evening paſs very agreeably. It were much to be wiſhed that a little more attention was paid to the public walks of London. If the Green Park (inſtead of a paſture for cows) were laid out entirely for the accommodation of the public, with walks well gravelled, flowering ſhrubs, parterres, &c. it would add much to the enjoyment of the inhabitants of your metropolis, and give foreigners ſomething to praiſe. Nothing can prove more clearly the attraction that a garden has, than the crowds which may be ſeen of a fine ſummer evening on that narrow walk in the Green Park, which adjoins the little gardens at the rear of the houſes. If then the whole of the Green Park were laid out with taſte, for a public promenade, with plenty of ſeats; in my opinion it would not only add conſiderably to the enjoyments of the people, but would improve their manners, and even their morality, by ſubſtituting in many caſes, a health-

ful and elegant amuſement for the deſtructive pleaſures of drunkenneſs or gaming. But to return to Bourdeaux—between 8 and 9 o'clock the company quit the Public Gardens, and repair to a fine mall, called *La Tournée*, in the centre of one of the fineſt ſtreets; here alſo are a great number of chairs. At the extremity of this ſtreet ſtands the theatre, which is very large, in the firſt ſtyle of architecture, and juſtly ranks as one of the fineſt theatres of Europe. Notwithſtanding the charm of the public gardens, this theatre is well attended.

The actors of Bourdeaux are highly reſpectable; and as to dancers, the Opera Houſe is the only theatre in London that can compare with this. Beſides the great theatre, there are, in the ſame ſtreet, ſeveral ſmaller ones, for different exhibitions, ſuch as *ombres Chinoiſes*, optical deceptions, hydraulic experiments, &c. This laſt is a very curious and beautiful exhibition. In a theatre not bigger than a large room in a private houſe, and from the water contained in a large ciſtern in the centre of it, all the variety and beauty of water-works is diſplayed in miniature. Some of the moſt faſhionable coffee-houſes in Bourdeaux are in this ſtreet. There are many differences between the French coffee-houſes and the Engliſh. The French neither dine nor drink wine there, but take every other kind of refreſhment, and amuſe themſelves at billiards, draughts, cheſs, and dominos, which are to be had at almoſt every coffee-houſe. The elegant and ſcientific game of billiards is by no means confined here, as in England, to idle men of faſhion and profeſſed gameſters; it is a univerſal recreation, and almoſt every Frenchman can play it well. The charge for playing is very moderate; and, as it is not the cuſtom to wager any thing of conſequence at this game, the billiard-table is by no means a gaming-table as in England, but affords an innocent paſtime to all deſcriptions. It is very much the cuſtom here for young gentlemen to retire immediately from dinner to the coffee-room, and paſs an hour at this game. They uſually play for nothing; ſometimes, for variety, they agree that the loſers ſhall pay for the coffee: from the coffee-room they go to the public walks or to the theatre, which is not an expenſive amuſement here. It appears to me that this mode of paſſing an evening is not only more rational, more elegant, more improving, but alſo much more agreeable, than the methods of killing time which are practiſed by the young men of faſhion in your country. Another material difference in the appearance of a French coffee-houſe is, that it is by no means unuſual to ſee ladies here. It has been long known, that by the cuſtoms of France the company of the ladies is ſo far from being conſidered a reſtraint upon the converſation of the men, that it is ſuppoſed to improve conſiderably the pleaſures of general converſation, by giving it a more animated and agreeable turn; therefore the ladies in France are not in haſte to retire from the ſocial table, where they perceive that their company is always agreeable.

Why is the caſe ſo different in England? Will the gentlemen ſay, that Engliſh ladies are too ſtupid to underſtand the ſublime ſubjects of their converſations? Or, will they ſay, that their converſations are too ſtupid or dull to intereſt or to pleaſe women of taſte and ſpirit? I believe neither of thoſe anſwers will be given, and that it will be acknowledged, that ſpeaking generally, the free intercourſe of the ſexes is the ſtrongeſt proof of the civilization of a country; and that the pleaſures which are derived from ſuch intercourſe are the richeſt fruits which are produced by the cultivation and improvement of the ſocial order. I have already mentioned the commercial advantages that Bourdeaux derives from its ſituation, being ſurrounded by the countries that produce the fineſt wines and brandy, connected with the entire South of France and the Mediterranean by inland navigation, and conſequently having for its exports not only the wines, brandy, oil, and vinegar, of the ſouth of France, but alſo its manufactures, particularly of ſilk, which can be purchaſed here on the moſt reaſonable terms.

If, therefore, you have any friend deſirous to ſettle on the Continent of Europe, in whatever city beſt ſuits the profits of commerce, with the pleaſures of ſociety; the means of making a fortune, with the opportunities and facilities of enjoying it; I think you may ſafely tell him, that as ſoon as the general peace ſhall be ſigned, Bourdeaux will be the firſt, the moſt elegant, and the moſt agreeable commercial city on the Continent of Europe.

(to be continued.)

For the New England Quartrly Magazine.

Account of the French Syſtem of Education.

Meſsrs. Editors.

DURING the French Revolution much attention has been paid by the learned men in France to the proper education of the citizens; and perhaps no country for ſeveral years laſt paſt have done more honor to literature. The arts and ſciences have been cultivated with great ſucceſs, and in no nation have literary men found ſo liberal patronage. Genius has not been ungrateful for the benefits conferred; quitting the thorny and perilous paths of politics, it has made extenſive excurſions into the regions of ſcience and improvement. The attention of the Government to the important article of education has certainly been laudable, and is worthy the imitation of all Nations. That the truth of this obſervation may be more apparent, and induce our own country to beſtow attention upon the improvement of our courſe of education, I encloſe you an account of the Syſtem eſtabliſhed in the French Republic in the year 1798, in which every thing is praiſeworthy, except the impious omiſſion of Religion.

"THE ſciences and the arts ought to have reaped ſubſtantial benefits from the wonderful change that has taken place in the moral and political ſtate of France: they ought to have been diſengaged from uſeleſs forms and ceremonies, and to have aſſumed a new aſpect as well in reſpect to the learned as the unlearned. How far this has been effected will be explained by an account of the new ſyſtem of inſtruction in public ſchools of the republic: compriſing alſo a general view of the preſent ſtate of national improvement at large as divided into

The Primary Schools,
The Central Schools.
The School of Health.
The School of Oriental Languages.
The Polytechnic School.
The National Inſtitute.
The Jury of Public Inſtruction.
The Commiſſion of Public Inſtruction.
The Legiſlative Committe of Inſtruction.

And the various other national eſtabliſhments for the improvement of particular ſciences.

The firſt degree of public inſtruction is to be met with in the *Ecoles Primairées*, eſtabliſhed by a decree of the convention of the ſecond *Pluvioſe*, in the ſecond year of the republic. Every diſtrict is furniſhed with one of theſe ſchools; the profeſſors, or maſters in which, are paid from the national treaſury; and to which every head of a family, without exception, is compelled by law to ſend its children for inſtruction. The ſubjects taught in theſe primary or elementary ſchools are divided into nine claſſes:

1ſt. Inſtructions connected with the phyſical and moral ſituation of children, prior to their entering into theſe ſchools.

2d. Similar inſtructions as a guide to teachers in the national ſchools.

3d. The arts of reading and writing.

4th. The elements of French grammar.

5th. Elements of arithmetic and geometry, with the theory of the new menſuration.

6th. The elements of geography.

7th. Explanations of the principal phenomena and productions of nature.

8th. Elements of agriculture.

9th. Elements of Republican morals.

So that in future, on this admirable plan, no individual will be found, in France, deſtitute of theſe leading principles of knowledge. which are in the primary ſchools to be laid open, as well to all the children of the moſt obſcure villagers, as to thoſe of the moſt wealthy of citizens, from one end of the republic to the other.

Next to the primary ſchools in rank and conſequence are the *Ecoles Centrales*, which were eſtabliſhed by a decree of the convention of the ſeventh *Ventoſe* in the third year. They are ſitu-

ated in the capital of every department, bearing the proportion of one central ſchool to 300,000 inhabitants. In theſe ſchools the republican youths are taught the ſciences, and their application in real life. In each of them are profeſſors for the following branches:

1. For mathemetics.
2. Experimental philoſophy and chemiſtry.
3. Natural hiſtory.
4. Agriculture and commerce.
5. Logic and metaphyſics.
6. Political economy and legiſlation.
7. The philoſophical hiſtory of nations.
8. The art of healing.
9. Arts and manufactures.
10. Univerſal grammar.
11. The belles letters.
12. The ancient languages.
13. The modern languages. And
14. The fine arts.

Each central ſchool is furniſhed with an extenſive public library—a botanic garden—a cabinet of natural hiſtory—an apparatus for experimental philoſophy—and a collection of machines and models connected with the arts and manufactures.

The profeſſors of each ſchool hold, every month, a public ſitting, in which conferences are held relative to ſubjects connected with the improvement of letters, the ſciences, and the arts, which are the moſt beneficial to ſociety.

The object in the eſtabliſhment of the primary and central ſchools was, the general inſtruction of all claſſes of the citizens; and it being incompatible with the perfect completion of that important purpoſe, to expect from them the propagation of particular branches of ſcience, it became neceſſary to eſtabliſh other literary and ſcientific academies.

Accordingly, the French government have founded, 1ſt *Schools of health* (LES ECOLES DE SANTE), in Paris, Straſburgh, and Montpelier, where medicine and ſurgery are ſtudied; which ſchools are univerſally allowed to be the moſt perfect of their kind, as well as new and unparalleled models for ſuch inſtitutions.

2d. *Two ſchools for Oriental languages*, in the national library, and in the college of France.

3d. *The Polytechnic School* in Paris, or central ſchool for the direction of public works. This eſtabliſhment is alſo univerſally admired and conſidered as a model for imitation. It contains more than 400 young perſons, previouſly educated in the mathematics, and the majority of them intended for engineers in various lines; and they labour under the immediate direction of their tutors nine hours every day. It occupies the principle part of the *Palais de Bourbon*, in Paris, and is furniſhed with a large collection of inſtruments and models. The journal of the Polytechnic

ſchool, which is publiſhed by the bookſellers REGENT and BERTRAND, at Paris, is a perfectly original work, and admirably calculated to convey uſeful information.

It is unneceſſary to enlarge on the National Inſtitute. This extenſive ſcientific eſtabliſhment, perhaps the moſt complete literary body in the world, is equally remarkable for its ſimplicity and its arrangement. It compriſes all the branches of the ſeven academies that exiſted under the monarchy, and is conducted with admirable preciſion and regularity. The members are diveded into claſſes and ſections; each of which conſtitutes a ſeparate body, but intimately connected with the whole. The idea of this inſtitute originated with Condorcet. Its important benefits to ſociety, and to the progreſs of human knowledge, are abundantly evident from the intereſting memorials, and the important proceedings of the public quarterly ſitings.

The meaſures adopted by the government of France in the economy of their public ſchools, are not leſs wiſe and juſt, than are the inſtitutions themſelves. The primary and central ſchools are placed under the controul of the Jury of Public Inſtruction (*Le Jury Central d'Inſtruction.*) This jury appoints the profeſſors, and examines and ſuperintends their conduct: It is (ſomething like the legiſlative body) renewed by a third every half year. When they have choſen a profeſſor for a central ſchool, they ſubmit their choice to the department; and, in caſe of diſappobation, they make another appointment. To this Jury of Public Inſtruction the profeſſors in the central ſchools are amenable for almiſconduct connected with the offices: it may expel them, but all its deciſions muſt be ſubmitted for confirmation to the tribunal of the department.

There is alſo eſtabliſhed at Paris, a ſupreme council, called the *Commiſſion of Public Inſtruction*, to which is entruſted the whole executive department. The preſident of the firſt commiſſion was the celebrated GARAT; he was ſucceeded by GINGUENE, ſent ſome months ſince ambaſſador at Turin; the name of whoſe ſucceſſor is not known in England. The preſervation of the national monuments, of public libraries, muſeums, cabinets, and valuable collections; the ſuperintendance of all the ſchools and the modes of inſtruction; all new inventions and ſcientific diſdiſcoveries: the regulation of weights and meaſures; national ſtatiſtics and political economy, are all placed under the authority of this ſupreme commiſſion. For the commodious and regular execution of ſo many complicated branches of buſineſs, there is a large office, called *Le Secretariat*, which is divided into three departments.

1. For the regulation of the different kinds of inſtruction; of the modes of education in the ſchools; and for the choice of elementary books.

2. For weights and meaſures; inventions and diſcoveries, libra- was certainly a diſgrace under the monarchy, that an aſtrono-

ries and bibliography; muſeums, works of art, and literary rewards and encouragements.

3. For theatres, national feaſts, republican inſtitutions, and the erection of monuments.

As all public eſtabliſhments require the ſuperintendance and occaſional correction of the legiſlature, in addition to that of their own immediate executive authority, it has been deemed neceſſary to appoint *a permanent committee of inſtruction in the legiſlative body*, to provide ſuch ſums as may be neceſſary for the preſervation and improvement of this ſublime ſyſtem of inſtruction. This legiſlative committee are inveſted with due authority for theſe purpoſes. Their objects are preciſely the ſame as thoſe of the commiſſion of public inſtruction, above deſcribed, only with this difference, that the latter ſuperintends the execution of exiſting laws, whilſt the former receives and improves them, or propoſes new ones. This committee is divided into three departments, as is the commiſſion, with exactly the ſame arrangement of their reſpective labours. The committee being charged with the enaction of all new laws, its members, with a view to obtain accurately all the requiſite information relative to the numerous branches of the arts, have procured from the legiſlative body the appointment of a *commiſſion temporaire des arts* to be annexed to them, and to meet in the ſame houſe with them; which temporary commiſſion is divided into ſixteen claſſes: viz. 1. For Zoology; 2. Botany; 3. Mineralogy; 4. Phyſics; 5. Chemiſtry; 6. Anatomy; 7. Machinery; 8. Geography; 9. Artillery and Fortification: 10. Medals and Antiquities; 11. Bibliography; 12. Painting; 13. Architecture; 14. Sculpture; 15. Bridges and Cauſeways; and, 16. Muſical inſtruments.

This ſtatement may evince how well adapted the republican form of government proves itſelf, in promoting ſcientific improvements, by means of general inſtruction, of public funds appropriated to literary purſuits, and the continual inſpection of a popular legiſlature. But a view of what has actually been effected by theſe eſtabliſhments, or rather by the revolution itſelf, will evince the rapid progreſs of the ſciences in the republic of France.

As early as the year 1794, a report of Gregoire, of the 9th *Vendemiaire*, proves that about ſeventeen new inventions had been happily made. The extraction of kali and ſalt-petre—the preſervation of gunpowder and ſteel—the cadaſtre—the new weights and meaſures—the air balloon—the telegraph, &c. &c. "*La muſique même*," ſays the elegant reporter, "*a fait des conquêtes: et des inſtruments étrangers ou antiques, le tantam, le buccini, la tuba cerva ſont venus embellir nos fêtes!*"

The improvements of the national literary and ſcientific eſtabliſhments are numerous and important.

1ſt. By a decree of the convention of the 11th *Prairial*, in the ſecond year, it was enacted, that means ſhould be adopted by which every poſſible advantage might be derived from the botan-

ic gardens of the republic, in Turkey and other foreign countries This wiſe decree clearly tended to render France, in the language of the reporter, "*L'abregé de tous les climats ; et l' entrepôt de l' Europe.* Thoſe plants which thrive between the tropics may be cultivated in the ſouth of France, and thoſe which are the produce of northern climates, may be cultivated in the northern departments ; by which means, France will be in poſſeſſion of all foreign plants and drugs, without the exportation of ſpecie.

2d. The *National Billiography* was decreed in the ſitting of 22d *Germinal*, in the ſecond year. It conſiſts of a complete catalogue of books of all deſcriptions, the property of the nation ; it was then aſcertained, that the republic poſſeſſed more than ten millions of books. The titles of them were to be adjuſted by actual compariſons ; the manuſcripts to be regiſtered ſeperately ; anonymous productions were to be arranged according to their ſubjects ; and thoſe of known authors in the alphabetical order of the names. The ſeveral editions to be claſſed according to their dates : and what may be deemed more important, this French National Billiography will contain a dictionary of anonymous books, as well as thoſe publiſhed under fictitious names, a deſideratum in the republic of letters. It will alſo contain a genealogical map or tree of human knowledge ; the ſubdiviſions of which will be more extenſive and at the ſame time more conciſe than the ſcientific pedigree of Bacon, as rectified by the learned editors of the "*Encyclopædia.*"

3d. The annihilation of all patois, or dialects, decreed in the ſitting of the 16th *prairial*, in the ſecond year. Notwithſtanding the univerſality of the French language, and that it was excluſively ſpoken in the majority of the inland departments, yet there exiſted 30 various dialects in France. It is more aſtoniſhing that Rozier had remarked, that between one neighbouring village and another, there was ſo conſiderable a difference in the dialect, that the inhabitants could not underſtand each other, and the vine-ſtock had thirty different names. The naturaliſt Villars has ſtated, that in the nomenclature of vegetables, in the departments, he had only met with an hundred which had a common appellation.

4th. The eſtabliſhment of the *Conſervatoire des Arts et Métiers*, was decreed in the ſitting of the 8th of *Vendemaire*, in the third year. This conſiſts of a ſpacious hall, in the form of an amphitheatre, and contains the inſtruments of the models of machinery connected with the arts, and a deſcription of their uſes, with every book relating to them. Annexed to this eſtabliſhment, are three expoſitors and a draughtſman, who explain to the ſtudents the uſe of each inſtrument, and who regiſter every new diſcovery, which is preſented to the *Bureau de Conſultation*, to the lyceum of arts, the *ci-devant* academy of ſciences, or to the board of commerce.

5th. The eſtabliſhment of the board of longitude was decreed in the ſitting of the board of the 7th of *Meſſidor*, third year. It

mical nautical eſtabliſhment, which had already proved ſo beneficial to Great Britian ſhould not have been adopted in France. In conſequence of this decree, the French board is now as complete as the Engliſh. It conſiſts of ten members, and has under its juriſdiction the national obſervatory at Paris, and all the aſtronomical inſtruments belonging to the republic. It correſponds with foreign aſtronomers; delivers public lectures on aſtronomy and navigation; and its proccedings are annually recited in a public ſitting.

6th. The general ſchool of the Oriental languages was eſtabliſhed by a decree of the 10th of *Germinal*, in the fourth year. This ſchool adjoins to the national library, and all the books and manuſcripts relative to Oriental literature are depoſited in it.

7th. The national muſeum of antiquities was decreed in the ſitting of the 20th of *Prairial*, fourth year. A ſchool of this deſcription was ſucceſsfully eſtabliſhed at Vienna, by Eckel; at Göttingen, by Heyne; at Leipſick, by Erneſt; and even at Stratſburgh, by the celebrated Obelin: Paris was, however, without one. This national archeology, or ſcience of antiquity, is divided into nine different claſſes: inſcriptions, characters, ſtatues, *bas reliefs*, ſculptures, paintings, moſaics, medals, civil, religious, and military inſtruments. This extenſive eſtabliſhment is under the direction of two principal profeſſors; *le Conſervateur Profeſſeur, et le Conſervateur Bibliothecaire.* The province of the former is to deliver public lectures on the ſeveral branches of antiquities, to teach the theory of medals and engravings, the hiſtory of the arts among the ancients, &c. The duties of the latter are merely of a bibliographical nature.

8th. The new modelling of the Grand National Library, was decreed in the ſitting of 25th *Vendemaire*, in the fourth year. By virtue of this decree, the place of librarian in chief was ſuppreſſed, and the whole eſtabliſhment placed under a *conſervatoire* of eight members; of whom two were appointed for the ſuperintendance of printed books; two for manuſcripts; two for antiquities; and two for engravings. From theſe a temporary director is annually choſen, who ſuperintends the whole, acts occaſionally as preſident of this aſſembly, and maintains a regular correſpondence with the conſtituted authorities relative to the concerns of the library.

9th. The augmentation of the Muſeum of Natural Hiſtory, formerly called *Le Jardin Royal des Plantes*. This eſtabliſhment was decreed the 15th *Brumaire*, third year, upon a report of Thibadeau, in the name of the committee of Public Inſtruction. Beſides the addition of large rooms, and various other buildings, there are new collections of natural curioſities and productions; and the library is much increaſed. It is open to the public three times a week. At ſtated periods all the naturaliſts in Paris deliver courſes of lectures in the various branches of natural hiſtory.

The muſeum has received greater improvements from this augmentation than from all the labours of Buffon, or from its foundation, ſince the time of Tournefort.

10th. The *Ecole des Mines* was eſtabliſhed in the *Hôtel des Monnaies*, and has for its direction the naturaliſt Le Sage. This inſtitution is unrivalled in Europe; and the collection of mineralogical curioſities ſurpaſſes whatever can be conceived. It is matter of aſtoniſhment, that notwithſtanding the vaſt burthen of expenditure to which the French government has been ſubjected ſince the revolution, it ſent, at the inſtigation of this ſchool, to St. Domingo, two mineralogiſts, who were ſhortly after joined, in conſequence of a petition from the ſociety of Natural Hiſtory, by a botaniſt, a zoologiſt, a gardener, and a draughtſman, with a view to aſcertain the ſtate of the whole iſland in its relation to the three kingdoms.

11th. The ſociety of natural hiſtory in Paris, deſervedly claſſes among thoſe which have rendered the greateſt ſervices to the cauſe of ſcience, ſince the revolution. A lecture of public inſtruction is held every ten days, which is generally given by one of the members, and which is open to all the lovers of natural hiſtory. Premiums are propoſed for diſſertations; one of which, by the late C. Herman, jun. (whoſe early deceaſe was a great loſs to the republic of letters) on the *apterous* claſs of inſects, may be ſaid to conſtitute an epocha in the annals of natural hiſtory. The ſociety has publiſhed a volume of memoirs, in folio, entitled, "*Tranſactions of the Society of Natural Hiſtory.*" It has likewiſe erected a ſtatue to the great Linnæus, in the National Garden of Plants, and, at the period when every public inſtruction, was ſuſpended, gave lectures on the different branches of ſcience belonging to its department. Several intelligent and ſkilful navigators, among others thoſe ſent in ſearch of the unfortunate La Perouſe, as well as thoſe which accompany the preſent expedition under Buonaparte, are members of this ſociety.

The above is a brief ſtatement of facts relative to the preſent ſtate of public inſtruction, the ſciences, the arts, and the progreſs of national literature in France; and although ſhort, it will ſerve to prove, that ſo far from the French nation having degenerated into barbariſm in conſequence of the revolution, as a Republic's it has carried every branch of human knowledge far beyond its former limits, and has claim to the reverence of the friends of mankind, more from its zealous exertions in this reſpect, than from the ſplendours of its martial triumphs. May the example be deemed worthy of imitation by ſome of the other governments of Europe and America. A. D.

Some account of the celebrated Commodore Paul Jones; tranſlated from a manuſcript written by himſelf.

AT the commencement of the American war (during the year 1775), I was employed to fit out the little ſquadron, which the Congreſs had placed under Commodore Hopkins, who was appointed to the command of all the armed veſſels appertaining to America; and I hoiſted, with my own hands, the American flag, on board the Alfred, which was then diſplayed for the firſt time.

I, at the ſame time, acquainted Mr. Hewes, a Member of Congreſs, and my particular friend, with a project for ſeizing on the Iſland of St. Helena, by means of our little ſquadron, which would have infallibly rendered us maſters of part of the homeward-bound Eaſt India fleet; and as the congreſs at that time, propoſed to appropriate two-thirds of the prizes itſelf, they would have thus been furniſhed with the means of carrying on the war during ſeveral years: but an event of a more preſſing nature prevented this ſcheme from being carried into execution.

The cruelties and vexations at that time exerciſed by Lord Dunmore, in Virginia, determined the Congreſs to detach the ſquadron againſt him; but Mr. Hopkins diſplayed neither zeal nor talents upon this occaſion, and loſt ſo much time that his ſquadron was frozen in the Delaware.

After a delay of two months, the ſquadron was at length diſengaged, and ſet ſail for New Providence, the principal of the Bahama Iſlands. There we found a large quantity of artillery, mortars, and other implements of warfare, of which we ſtood greatly in want in America; and I had the good fortune to render myſelf extremely uſeful to the Commodore, who was but little acquainted with military operations. It was to me he was indebted for the plan adopted by him when the ſquadron came in ſight of New Providence, and I alſo undertook to moor the ſquadron in a proper birth to execute our enterpriſe.

On our return from New Providence, we took two armed veſſels, one of which was loaded with bombs, and fell in, near Rhode Iſland, with an Engliſh man of war, called the Glaſgow, carrying twenty-four guns; but, notwithſtanding our ſuperiority both in point of force and ſailing, the commander in chief ſuffered her to eſcape, after having many men killed and wounded, both on board the Alfred and the Cabot.

The ſquadron now entered the port of New London, in Connecticut; and Hopkins, on receiving intelligence that the Engliſh frigates had been driven from Newport, took advantage of the darkneſs of the nights to repair to Rhode-Iſland.

A council of war having diſmiſſed the captain of the Providence, one of the ſhips of the ſquadron; the Commodore gave me orders in writing to take the command of her, and to eſcort ſome

troops that were proceeding from Rhode Iſland to New York, with a view of ſerving under General Waſhington. After this, I received inſtructions to eſcort a convoy of artillery from Rhode Iſland to New-York, for the defence of which it was deſtined. On this occaſion, I had two different engagements, with the Cerberus frigate; the firſt for the protrction of the veſſels under my command, and the ſecond for the preſervation of a veſſel from St. Domingo, laden with naval ſtores for the Congreſs. In the courſe of my ſervice between Boſton and New York, I had alſo many actions with ſhips of war under the command of Lord Howe; but on theſe, as on former occaſions, I was enable to preſerve my convoy, and I at length arrived ſafe in the Delaware, Auguſt 1, 1776.

On the eighth of the ſame month, the Preſident of the Congreſs preſented me, in perſon, with the commiſſion of Captain in the marine of the United States; this was firſt granted by Congreſs ſince the declaration of independence, which took place on the 4th of July on that ſame year.

Orders had been given for the conſtruction of thirteen frigates; but, as none of them were yet ready, I proceeded to ſea alone, on board the Providence, which was a veſſel of but ſmall force, as ſhe carried no more than ſeventy men, and twelve ſmall cannon. When in the neighbourhood of Bermudas, we fell in with the Solebay, and her convoy, from Charleſtown; ſhe was a thirty-two gun frigate, and formed part of the ſquadron under Admiral Parker. I was of courſe deſirous of avoiding an engagement with ſuch ſuperior force; but, as my officers and men inſiſted that it was the Jamaica fleet, and, as it was neceſſary to command by means of perſuaſion at this epoch of the war, the reſult was a ſerious engagement during ſix hours, which, towards the cloſe, was carried on within piſtol ſhot. A deſperate manœuvre was the ſole reſource left me; I attempted this, it ſucceeded, and I was fortunate enough to diſengage myſelf.

A ſhort time after this, I took ſeveral prizes, and then ſailed towards the coaſt of Nova Scotia, on purpoſe to deſtroy the whale and cod fiſheries in that neighbourhood. When near Sable Iſland, we fell in with the Milford frigate, carrying thirty-two guns, with which it was impoſſible to avoid an engagement. A cannonade accordingly took place, from ten o'clock in the morning until ſun-ſet; but the engagement was neither ſo cloſe nor ſo hot as that with the Solebay, and I at length eſcaped by paſſing through the flats, and entered a little harbour next day, where I deſtroyed the fiſhery and veſſels.

After this, I ſet ſail for *Ile Madame*, where I made two deſcents, at the ſame time deſtroying the fiſheries, and burning all the veſſels I could not carry away with me. Having accompliſhed thisI returned to Rhode Iſland, after an abſence of ſix weeks and five days from the Delaware; during this interval I had taken ſixteen prizes, without including thoſe deſtroyed,

The commander in chief, who had remained all this time in harbour, now adopted a plan propoſed by me, and which conſiſted,

1. In the deſtruction of the enemy's fiſheries at *Iſle Royale*; and

2. Of reſtoring to liberty more than 300 American priſoners detained there in the coal mines. Three veſſels were deſtined for this ſervice, the Alfred, the Hamden, and the Providence; but the Hamden having received conſiderable damage in conſequence of running on a rock, could not accompany me. I, however embarked on board the Alfred, and, taking the Providence by way of conſort, I ſet ſail, and on the 22d of November, 1776, made prize of a veſſel from Liverpool, and ſoon after the Melliſh, a large armed veſſel, having two Britiſh naval officers on board, and a captain belonging to the land ſervice, with a company of ſoldiers. This ſhip was carrying ten thouſand complete ſets of uniform to Canada, for the army poſted there under the orders of Generals Carleton and Burgoyne.

The Providence having now left the Alfred during the night, without the leaſt pretext whatever, I remained alone, and that too, during the ſtormy ſeaſon, on the enemy's coaſt; but, notwithſtanding this, and that I was alſo greatly embarraſſed with my priſoners, I reſolved not to renounce my project. I accordingly effected a deſcent, deſtroyed a tranſport of great value and alſo burned the magazines and buildings deſtined for the whale and cod fiſhery.

In addition to this, I took three tranſports and a veſſel laden with ling and furs, near *Iſle Royale*; theſe prizes were eſcorted by the Flora frigate, which happened to be at a ſmall diſtance, but which was concealed from us by a fog. Having taken a privateer from Liverpool, mounting ſixteen guns, in the courſe of next day, I inſtantly returned with my prize towards the United States; but, when in the latitude of Boſton, fell in with the Milford frigate, which I unwillingly engaged. Towards night, however, I placed the Alfred between the enemy and my prizes, and having given the neceſſary inſtructions to the latter, to make for the neareſt port, I changed my courſe, ſet up lights, and by this ſtratagem ſaved the veſſels I had captured, as the frigate continued in chaſe of me. Next day, I myſelf was fortunate enough to eſcape, after a very ſerious action, which was not terminated until dark, and even then in conſequence of a hard gale of wind.

Having returned to Boſton, December 10, 1776, the intelligence of the uniforms taken on board the Melliſh re-animated the courage of the army under General Waſhington, which at that period happened to be almoſt deſtitute of clothing. Let me add alſo, that this unexpected ſuccour contributed not a little to the ſucceſs of the affair at Trentown againſt the Heſſians, which took place immediately after my arrival.

I now paid out of my own purſe the wages due to the crews of the Alfred and the Providence, and lent the reſt of my money

to the Congreſs. That aſſembly tranſmitted me orders from Philadelphia, on the 5th of February, to undertake a ſecret expedition of great importance, the deſign of which was, to lay the iſland of St. Chriſtopher, and the north ſide of Jamaica, under contribution; after which we were to attack Penſacola. This project was firſt conceived by me, and then communicated to Mr. Morris, afterwards Miniſter of Finance; but ſuch was the jealouſy of Hopkins, the commander in Chief, that it was never carried into execution. He was, however, ſoon after ſuſpended, and then diſmiſſed from the ſervice.

The ſeaſon being now too far advanced for the execution of the ſcheme in the Weſt Indies, myſelf and crew received orders to remove on board the Amphytrite, a French veſſel, deſtined to ſail from Portſmouth, in New-Hampſhire, to France, whence we were to paſs into Holland, and take poſſeſſion of the *Indienne*, a large frigate, conſtructing there for the Congreſs; ſome difficulties, however, enſued, and I was ordered to prepare the Ranger, a veſſel mounting eighteen guns.

When General Burgoyne and his army were obliged to ſurrender at Saratoga, it was I who was the firſt to carry this intereſting intelligence to Nantes, whether I arrived on the 2d of December, 1777. In the courſe of my voyage, I took two prizes, forming part of a convoy from the Mediterranean, under the protection of the Invincible, a ſeventy four-gun ſhip, under the guns of which one of them was taken.

In the month of January, 1778, I repaired to Paris, to make the neceſſary arrangements with the American miniſters, relative to the equipment of the *Indienne;* but, as the recent intelligence relative to the capture of Burgoyne had determined the court of France to recognize the independence of America by means of a treaty of alliance, and as the Engliſh ambaſſador at the Hague, in conſequence of obtaining poſſeſſion of the papers of an American agent, found that the *Indienne* was the property of Congreſs, I acquieſced in the opinion of the American miniſters; and it was determined to cede the property to his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, this being the moſt likely method of preſerving the property.

I then returned on board the Ranger, and, as I had received information from America, relative to the force and ſtations of the Engliſh fleet in that quarter, I immediately tranſmitted a letter to Mr. Deane, one of the American miniſters at Paris, communicating the plan of an expedition with a ſquadron of 10 ſail of the line, a few frigates, and a ſmall body of land forces, with a view of completely deſtroying the enemy's naval power acting againſt the United States. This ſcheme was not adopted until it was too late, and then it of courſe became impracticable.

In the mean time I took ſeveral American veſſels under my convoy, from Nantes to the Bay of Quiberon, where M. la Motte Piquet was lying at anchor with ſix ſail of the line, a few frigates, and ſeveral merchantmen, which he was to take under his

protection to the weſtward of Cape Finiſterre. M. de la Fayette was on board this fleet, which was provided with cloathing, ammunition, and military ſtores for America.

I reached the Bay, February 13, 1778, and ſent to demand of the Admiral, *if he would return my ſalute;* and this compliment was immediately agreed to by that brave officer although neither he nor I knew at that period, that a treaty of alliance had been ſigned between France and America ſeven days before. This was the firſt ſalute received by the American flag from any power, and occaſioned much diſpute in the Engliſh Parliament.

I now ſet ſail from the Bay of Quiberon to Breſt, but did not enter the road; on the contrary, I anchored at Cammeret, where I was detained by contrary winds until the French ambaſſador at the Court of St. James's, had announced the treaty lately concluded between his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty and the United States.

On this, I immediately ſailed into Breſt water and ſaluted the Count D'Orvilliers, who returned the ſalute, and received me with all the honours due to an admiral on board his flag ſhip, *La Bretagna.*

In the month of February, 1776, the Parliament of England had authorized George III. to treat all the Americans taken at ſea, with arms in their hands, as traitors, pirates, and felons: this, more than any other circumſtance, rendered me the declared enemy of Great Britain. From the very commencement of the war, an exchange of priſoners had taken place between General Waſhington and the commanders of the enemy's army; notwithſtanding the haughty conduct of Great Britian, ſhe was obliged to ſubmit to this arrangement, and conſider the American ſoldiers as priſoners of war. It was, however, an attrocious crime to act againſt her by ſea; and England, on this occaſion, perpetrated anew all the cruelties on America, which ſhe had laviſhed on Scotland in 1745. A ferocious and vindictive people would have rejoiced to have ſeen the American ſailors cut down from the gibbit while yet alive, their breaſts opened with a knife, and their yet palpitating hearts thrown into the flames! If they did not dare to attempt this, they, however, ſhut up a number of citizens of the United States in the Engliſh priſons during five whole years, where they ſuffered all the horrors proceeding from cold, hunger, and every ſort of maltreatment. Some of theſe unfortunates were ſold on the coaſt of Africa, while others were tranſported to the Weſt Indies. The firmneſs with which theſe martyrs of liberty ſupported their hard lot, is wholly unexampled; for they preferred every kind of perſecution to ſerving on board the Engliſh navy.

Indignant at the barbarous treatment experienced by the Americans, I determined to make a grand effort in their behalf, with a view of ſtopping the barbarous proceedings of the Engliſh in Europe, as well as on the Weſtern Continent, in the latter of which they ſet fire to their houſes, deſtroyed their property, and

burned and deſtroyed whole towns. I accordingly determined, by way of retaliation, to effect a deſcent on ſome part of England, with a view of deſtroying the ſhipping. It was alſo my intention to make ſome perſon of diſtinction priſoner, whom I reſolved to detain as a hoſtage for the ſecurity of, and in order to exchange with the American priſoners in England.

Admiral D'Orvilliers, to whom I communicated this project, offered to procure for me a captain's commiſſion in the French marine, that, in caſe I met with any diſaſter, I might claim the protection of his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty; but, however advantageous this was, I determined to decline the acceptance, becauſe, in the firſt place, I was not authoriſed by Congreſs to change my flag; and, in the ſecond, ſuch a conduct might have rendered my attachment to America ſuſpected.

I accordingly ſailed from Breſt, and advanced towards Ireland, neglecting the capture of a number of veſſels within my reach, as I did not wiſh to diminiſh the ſtrength of my crew. Near to the entrance into Carrickfergus, I, however, ſeized on a fiſhing-boat, manned with ſix perſons, who proved to be pilots. The Drake, a twenty-gun ſhip, happened to be then in the road, and even within ſight, and I imagined it poſſible to obtain poſſeſſion of her by ſurpriſe during the night. With this view, I immediately gave orders for making the neceſſary preperations; but the mate, who had drank too much brandy, did not let go the anchor according to orders, which prevented the Ranger from *running foul of* the Drake, according to my intentions. As I had reaſon to believe that my appearance had not hitherto given any alarm, I deemed it prudent to cut my cable, and return into St. George's Channel. I remained there, buffetted about by the winds, during three days, until, the weather having become more favourable, I determined a ſecond time to attempt a deſcent; this project, however, greatly alarmed my lieutenants; they were poor, they ſaid and their object was gain, not honour; they accordingly excited diſobedience among the ſhip's company, by perſuading them that they had a right to determine, whether the meaſures adopted by me were well-concerted or not.

I happened to be at this period within ſight of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, at the mouth of the Solway Frith. This is a conſiderable harbour, in which there then were about 400 ſail, ſome of them veſſels of 250 tons burthen; and I had determined to take advantage of the ebbtide, when the ſhipping was dry, to deſtroy them. To effect this, it was neceſſary to land about midnight, with a party of determined men, and ſeize on a fort and a battery, which defended the port. My two lieutenants, being averſe to the enterpriſe, and yet being unwilling to diſcover their true motives, feigned illneſs. On this I determined to take the command in perſon, and with much difficulty prevailed on thirty volunteers to follow me.

With this handful of men, and two ſmall boats, I quitted the Ranger at eleven o'clock at night, and rowed towards the har-

bour; but, it being farther off than we imagined, and the tide againſt us, day broke before we had effected a landing.

I now ſent the ſmalleſt of the boats towards the northern ſide of the harbour to ſet fire to the veſſels, while I myſelf advanced with the other to the ſouth, to take poſſeſſion of the fort and battery, the firſt of which was taken by aſſault, I myſelf being the firſt to enter it through one of the embraſures. We then nailed up the thirty-ſix cannon mounted on the batteries, and advanced towards the ſouth, with a view of burning all the veſſels, when, to my infinite aſtoniſhment, I beheld the other boat returning, without having done any thing.

On this, I deemed it beſt to unite my forces, with a view of effecting, at leaſt, ſome part of our enterpriſe. In ſhort, we ſet fire to ſome of the veſſels, and it ſoon burned with great fierceneſs, and began to communicate; but, as it was now eight o'clock in the morning, and the inhabitants began to approach near us in crowds, I could no longer defer my retreat, which was made in good order. On my return on board the Ranger, the wind being favourable, I ſet ſail for the coaſt of Scotland. It was my intention to take the Earl of Selkirk priſoner, and detain his Lordſhip as a hoſtage, in conformity to the project already mentioned. It was with this view, that about noon of the ſame day I landed on that nobleman's eſtate, with two officers and a few men. In the courſe of our progreſs, I fell in with ſome of the inhabitants, who taking me for an Engliſhman, obſerved, that Lord Selkirk was then in London, but that her ladyſhip and ſeveral ladies were at the Caſtle.

On this, I determined to return: but ſuch moderate conduct was not conformable to the wiſhes of my people who were diſpoſed to pillage, burn, and deſtroy every thing, in imitation of the conduct of the Engliſh towards the Americans. Although I was not diſpoſed to copy ſuch horrid proceedings, more eſpecially when a lady was in queſtion; it was yet neceſſary to recur to ſuch means as ſhould ſatisfy their cupidity, and, at the ſame time, provide for Lady Selkirk's ſafety. It immediately appeared to me, to be the moſt proper mode to give orders to the two officers to repair to the Caſtle with the men, who were to remain on the outſide under arms, while they themſelves entered alone. They were then inſtructed to enter, and demand the family plate, in a polite manner, accepting whatever was offered to them, and then to return, without making any farther inquiries, or attempting to ſearch for more.

I was punctually obeyed; the plate was delivered; Lady Selkirk herſelf obſerved to the officers, that ſhe was exceedingly ſenſible of my moderation; ſhe even intimated a wiſh to repair to the ſhore, although a mile diſtant from her reſidence, in order to invite me to dinner; but the officers would not allow her ladyſhip to take ſo much trouble.

Next day, April 24, 1778, I prepared to return to Carrickfergus, to attack the Drake in open day; but the lieutenants were

averſe to the project, and the crew of the Ranger became ſo mutinous, that I ran no ſmall riſk of being either killed or thrown into the ſea; and but two days before, I was on the point of being abandoned, and left a-ſhore at Whitehaven.

In the mean time, the captain of the Drake ſloop of war, having been informed of our deſcent at Whitehaven, prepared to attack us; and, while every thing was getting ready, he diſpatched an officer on board his boat, with a ſpy-glaſs, in order to reconnoitre the Ranger. On this, I immediately maſked my guns, kept my men out of ſight, and diſguiſed the veſſel in ſuch a manner as to reſemble a merchantman; in conſequence of this the crew of the boat were deceived and taken. This trifling ſucceſs produced the effects of enchantment on my ſailors, who were no longer averſe from giving her battle.

The Drake, having fired ſome cannon to recal her boat, hoiſted her anchor, and came out, attended by a number of yachts and pleaſure-boats, with ladies and gentlemen on board: but, when the engagement became ſerious, they thought proper to withdraw to a reſpectful diſtance.

No ſooner did the enemy make his appearance, than *I lay to*, determined not to engage until ſhe came within piſtol-ſhot. The engagement was accordingly ſuſtained with great vivacity on both ſides, during an hour and five minutes, when, the captain and lieutenant being both mortally wounded, the the Engliſh flag was lowered, and I took poſſeſſion of her. I regretted greatly the death of theſe brave men, and committed them to the ocean with all the honours due to their valour. I, at the ſame time, diſmiſſed the ſix fiſhermen, whom I have before mentioned, whoſe loſs I repaired, and whoſe ſervices I recompenſed out of my own purſe.

The Drake was greatly damaged in her maſts and tackling, and loſt forty two men either killed or wounded during the action. I had alſo taken ſeveral other prizes; but, as my compliment of men had only amounted 123, I retained no more than two of them, which arrived in ſafety at Breſt, where I myſelf anchored with the Ranger and Drake, on the 7th of May, after an abſence of twenty-eight days, during which I had taken upwards of 200 priſoners. This expedition was of great diſſervice to great Britian as ſhe was not only obliged to fortify her ports, but alſo to permit the arming of the Iriſh volunteers, as Lord Mountmorris demonſtrated in a ſpeech in Parliament.

At the time I had been obliged to permit my people to take Lady Selkirk's plate, I determined to redeem it out of my own funds the moment it ſhould be ſold, and reſtore it to the family. Accordingly, on my arrival at Breſt, I inſtantly diſpatched a moſt pathetic letter to her ladyſhip, in which I detailed the motives of my expedition, and the cruel neceſſity I was under, in conſequence of the conduct of the Engliſh in America, to inflict the puniſhment of retaliation. This was ſent open to the poſtmaſter-general, that it might be ſhewn to the King of England

and his miniſters, and the Court of St. James's was at length obliged to renounce the ſanguinary act of its Parliament, and exchange thoſe very Americans whom they called traitors, pirates, and felons, againſt the priſoners of war, whom I had taken and carried to France.

During the courſe of the war, I found it impoſſible to reſtore the plate belonging to the Selkirk family; I, however, purchaſed it at a great price, and at length found means to ſend it by land from l'Orient to Calais by means of M. de Calonne, who tranſmitted to me a very flattering letter on the occaſion; in ſhort, I at length received a very flattering letter from the Earl of Selkirk, acknowledging the receipt of it.

I had no ſooner arrived at Breſt, than Admiral the Count D'Orvilliers tranſmitted an account of my expedition to the Miniſter of Marine, in conſequence of which it was intimated to Dr. Franklin, that his Majeſty was deſirous I ſhould repair to Verſailles, as he was reſolved to employ me on a ſecret expedition, for which purpoſe he would give me the *Indienne*, with ſome other frigates, with troops, &c. for the purpoſe of effecting a deſcent. I was inſtantly informed of this by the ambaſſador, who obſerved to me, at the ſame time, that this muſt be conſidered as a profound ſecret, it being of ſo important a nature, that it had been deemed proper to withhold a communication of it even to his colleagues.

M. de Sartine received me with the moſt diſtinguiſhed politeneſs, making me, at the ſame time, the moſt flattering promiſes; and the Prince de Naſſau was ſent into Holland to give inſtructions for the neceſſary arrangements for arming and equipping the frigate intended for me. But, in a ſhort time after this, hoſtilities took place between France and England, in conſequence of the action with *La Belle Poule*. This not a little embarraſſed the Miniſter of the Marine, and the difficulty was not diminiſhed by the intelligences brought by the prince, who aſſerted that the Dutch would not permit the *Indienne* to be equipped.

As M. de Starline had written to the three American miniſters, and obtained their conſent for my remaining in Europe, I offered to ſerve on board of the grand fleet; I alſo communicated ſeveral plans for crippling the power of England, ſuch as that of deſtroying her trade and ſettlement on the coaſt of Africa, and in Hudſon's Bay; of annihilating their fiſheries in Newfoundland; intercepting their Eaſt and Weſt India, and, above all, the Baltic, fleet, which was eſcorted by a ſingle frigate, as I learned by certain information from England. The Miniſter adopted the laſt of theſe plans, and I accordingly repaired to Breſt, to take the command of one of the frigates of that port, with two others, and a cutter, &c. then at St. Maloes; but I found on my arrival, that the Admiral had appointed a French officer to the veſſel in queſtion, and as there was not a ſingle moment to be loſt, the ſenior officer of the frigates at St. Maloes was diſpatched a-

gainſt the Baltic fleet, which he miſſed, by not ſteering ſufficiently near to the coaſt of England to intercept it.

Being greatly diſguſted with a ſeries of delays, that enſued during nine months ; I at length repaired to Verſailles, with an intention of returning to America, if I ſhould not immediately obtain a command ; for I recollected the ſaying of Old Richard, " If you wiſh that your affairs ſhould be proſperous, ſuperintend them in perſon," &c. This induced me to promiſe, that if the Miniſter ſhould at length comply with my requeſt, I ſhould call my own ſhip " Old Richard."

Accordingly, on obtaining *Le Duras* until a better veſſel could be procured, I called her ———————— She was a very ſmall and very old and infirm veſſel, that had made four voyages to the Eaſt Indies. As proper guns could not be procured at l'Orient, where the ————lay, I repaired, firſt to Bourdeaux, and then to Angoulême, where I made a contract for ſuch as I wanted. On my return, I found that the Marquis de la Fayette, who had returned from America, was deſirous to join me in the expedition, it being intended that he ſhould command a body of land-forces, he having obtained the King's command for that purpoſe.

While the neceſſary arrangements were making at court, a naval commiſſary purchaſed at Nantes a merchantman, called *La Pallas*, of thirty-two eight pounders, and a brig, named *La Vengeance*, of twelve three-pounders ; but neither of them was calculated for war : to theſe was added *Le Cerf*, a very fine cutter belonging to the royal navy, carrying eighteen nine-pounders ; with the Alliance, a new frigate, belonging to the United States ; but, as the guns had not as yet arrived from Angoulême, *The Good Man Richard* was armed from an old battery of twelve-pounders, and, as the expedition was intended againſt the enemy's ports, I mounted ſix old eighteen pounders in the gun-room, ſo that ſhe might, in ſome meaſure, be called a forty-gun ſhip. As it was found impoſſible to procure a ſufficient number of American ſailors, I determined to ſupply the deficiency by enrolling Engliſh ones, who happened to be priſoners of war in France ; and in addition to theſe, a certain number of peaſants was levied, ſo that we may be ſaid to have had as bad a crew as was ever ſhipped on board any veſſel. I was given to underſtand, however that the *choſen body of troops*, under the command of the Marquis de la Fayette, would ſerve as a guarantee for their good conduct ; but, no ſooner was the litttle ſquadron ready, than I received a letter from the Marquis, intimating that, the object of the expedition having been divulged at Paris, the King had iſſued orders to prevent the embarkation of the troops, in conſequence of which he had joined his regiment.

Thus the project, which was no leſs than that of putting Liverpool, the ſecond town in England, under contribution, failed, in conſequence of having been indiſcreetly communicated to ******

I ought alſo to remark, that, according to the firſt arrangement, my little ſquadron was to have been joined by two fire-ſhips, and 500 men of Walſh's Iriſh regiment; but the miniſter did not keep his word, for he neither procured for me the fire-ſhips, nor the ſoldiers, ſo that it became impoſſible for me to fulfil the plan I had concerted, although it was ſtill more important than that of ſeizing on Liverpool.

I now received orders to eſcort a fleet of tranſports and merchantmen from l'Orient, deſtined for different ports, between that and Bourdeaux; and after that, I was to chaſe away the Engliſh cruiſers from the Bay of Biſcay, and then to return for further orders.

After executing this commiſſion, on my repreſenting how neceſſary it was to make a diverſion in favour of the Count D'Orvilliers, then cruiſing in the Channel, with ſixty-ſix ſhips of the line, I received a *carte blanche*, during ſix weeks, without any other reſtriction than that of repairing to the Texel, by the 1ſt of October. By this time, I received intimation from England, that eight Eaſt India-men were ſoon expected on the coaſt of Ireland, near to Limerick. This was an object of great attention: and as there were two privateers at Port l'Orient ready for ſea, *Le Monſieur* of forty guns, and *Le Granville* of fourteen, the captains of which offered to place themſelves under my orders; I accepted the propoſition. But the French commiſſary who ſuperintended the naval department, acted with great impropriety on this, as well as on many former occaſions.

The little ſquadron, at length, ſet ſail from the road of Groays, on the 14th of Auguſt, 1779; but we had no ſooner proceeded to the north of the mouth of the Channel, than *Le Monſieur* and *Le Granville* abandoned me during the night, and *Le Cerf* ſoon after imitated their conduct. I was extremely anxious to cruiſe for a fortnight in the latitude of Limerick: but the Captain of the Alliance, after objecting to this, alſo left me during the night; and as I had now with me only the Pallas and the Vengeance, I was obliged to renounce my original intentions.

I took two prizes on the coaſt of Ireland; and, within ſight of Scotland, came up with and ſeized two privateers, of twenty-two guns each, which, with a brigantine, I ſent to Bergen in Norway, according to the orders I had received from Dr. Franklin: theſe prizes, however, were reſtored to the Engliſh by the King of Denmark.

When I entered the North Sea, I captured ſeveral veſſels, and learned by my priſoners, as well as by the newſpapers, that the capital of Scotland and the Port of Leith were left totally defenceleſs. I alſo underſtood at the ſame time, that my information relative to the eight India-men was correct; they having entered Limerick three days after I had been obliged to leave the neighbourhood of that port.

As there were only a twenty-gun ſhip and two cutters in Leith Road, I deemed it practicable to lay theſe two places under con-

tribution. I had indeed no other force to execute this project, than the Richard, the Pallas, and the Vengeance; but I well knew, that, in order to perform a brilliant action, it is not always neceſſary to poſſeſs great means. I therefore held out the proſpect of great booty to the captains under my command; and, as to myſelf, I was ſatisfied with the idea of making a diverſion in favour of the Count D'Orvilliers, who was then in the Channel.

I now diſtributed red cloaths to my men, and put ſome of them on board the prizes, ſo as to give them the appearance of tranſports full of troops. All the neceſſary arrangements were alſo taken to carry the enterpriſe into execution: but, about a quarter of an hour before the deſcent was to have been made, a ſudden tempeſt aroſe, and drove me out of the Forth, or Edinburgh Frith, and ſo violent was the ſtorm that one of my prizes was loſt.

This did not, however, deter me, notwithſtanding the ſmallneſs of my forces, from forming different enterprizes of a ſimilar nature: but I could not induce the Captains of the Pallas and Vengeance to ſecond my views. I was therefore obliged to content myſelf with ſpreading alarm on the coaſt, and deſtroying the ſhipping, which I did as far as Hull.

On the morning of the 23d of September, while I was cruiſing in the latitude of Flamborough Head, which I had appointed as a place of rendezvous for my little ſquadron, and where I hoped to be rejoined by the Alliance and *Le Cerf*, and alſo to fall in with the Baltic fleet; this convoy accordingly appeared, at a time when I had been abandoned by ſeveral of my conſorts, had loſt two boats, with their crews, who had run away on the coaſt of Ireland, and when a third, with eighteen men on board, was in chaſe of a merchantman to the windward, leaving me with a ſcanty crew, and only a ſingle lieutenant, and ſome inferior officers, on board.

It was about two oclock in the afternoon that the Baltic fleet appeared in view, I then happened to have the wind of it, and was about two leagues diſtant from the coaſt of England. I learned from my priſoners, that the convoy was eſcorted by the Serapis, a new veſſel, that could mount fifty-ſix guns but then carried only forty-four, on two decks, the lower battery carrying eighteen pounders, and the Counteſs of Scarborough, a new twenty-two gun ſhip.

We were no ſooner deſcried than the armed veſſels ſtood out to ſea, while the trade took refuge under the cannon of Scarborough Caſtle.

As there was but little wind, I could not come up with the enemy before night. The moon did not riſe until eight, and at the cloſe of the day the Serapis and Counteſs of Scarborough tacked and ſtood in for the fortreſs. I was lucky enough to diſcover this manœuvre by means of my night-glaſs, without which I ſhould have remained in ignorance of it. On this I immediately altered my courſe ſix points, with a view of cutting off the

enemy; which was no ſooner perceived by the Pallas, than it was ſuppoſed my crew had mutined, which induced her captain to *hawl his wind*, and ſtand out to ſea while the Alliance *lay to*, to windward, at a conſiderable diſtance; and, as the captain of this veſſel had never paid any attention whatever to the ſignals of the Richard ſince her leaving France; I was obliged to run all riſks, and enter into action with the Richard only, to prevent the enemy's eſcape.

I accordingly began the engagement at ſeven oclock at night, within piſtol-ſhot of the Serapis, and ſuſtained the brunt of it for nearly a whole hour at that diſtance, expoſed, not only to her fire, but alſo to that of the Counteſs of Scarborough, which *raked* the Richard by means of the broadſide ſhe fired into her ſtern.

It ought to be here remarked, that the Richard, properly ſpeaking, was only a thirty-four gun frigate, carrying only twelve pounders: but ſix eighteen-pounders had been placed in the gun-room, in caſe of being obliged to recur to a cannonade in an enemy's harbour. The ſea being very calm during the engagement, I hoped to be able to derive great advantage from this circumſtance; but, inſtead of this, they burſt at the commencement of the action, and the officers and men poſted at this ſervice, and who were ſelected as the beſt of the whole crew, were either killed, wounded, or affrighted to ſuch a degree, that none of them were of any ſervice during the reſt of the engagement.

In this unfortunate extremity, having to contend with three times my own ſtrength, the Richard being in imminent danger of going to the bottom, and her guns being no longer in a condition to return the enemy's fire, I had recourſe to a dangerous expedient, to grapple with the Serapis, in order, on the one hand, to render her ſuperiority uſeleſs, and on the other, to cover ourſelves from the fire of her conſort. This manœuvre ſucceeded moſt admirably, and I faſtened the Serapis, with my own hands, to the Richard. On this, the Captain, of the Counteſs of Scarborough, who was a natural ſon of the Duke of Northumberland, conducted himſelf like a man of ſenſe, and from that moment ceaſed to fire upon us, well knowing that he muſt at the ſame time damage the Serapis.

That veſſel being to windward at the moment we had grappled, inſtantly dropped her anchor, hoping by this to diſengage herſelf from us; but this did not anſwer her expectations, and the engagement, from that moment, conſiſted of the diſcharge of great guns, ſwivels, muſquetry, and grenades. The Engliſh, at firſt, teſtified a deſire to board the Richard, but they no ſooner ſaw the danger than they deſiſted. The enemy, however, poſſeſſed the advantage of their two batteries, beſides the guns on their forecaſtle and quarter-deck, while our cannon were either burſt or abandoned, excepting four pieces on the forecaſtle, which were alſo relinquiſhed during ſome minutes. Mr. Meaſe, the officer who commanded theſe guns, had been dangerouſly wounded on the head, and having, at that period, no greater object to occupy my

attention, I myſelf took his poſt. A few ſailors came to my aſſiſtance of their own accord, and ſerved the two guns next to the enemy with ſurpriſſing courage and addreſs. A ſhort time after this, I received ſufficient aſſiſtance to be able to remove one of the forecaſtle guns from the oppoſite ſide; but we had not ſtrength ſufficient to remove the other, ſo that we could only bring three to bear upon the enemy during the remainder of the action.

The moon, which, as I have already obſerved, roſe at eight, beheld the two veſſels ſurrounded by flame, in conſequence of the exploſion of the cannon. It ſo happened at this period, that the main maſt of the Serapis, which was painted yellow, appeared extremely diſtinct, ſo as to form an excellent mark; on this, I pointed one of my guns at it, taking care to *ram home* the ſhot. In the mean time, the two other pieces were admirably ſerved againſt the ——— and ſwept its forecaſtle, by means of an oblique fire. The *tops* alſo ſeconded us bravely by means of muſquetry and ſwivels, and alſo threw a multitude of grenades ſo as greatly to annoy the enemy. By theſe means they were driven from their quarters, notwithſtanding their ſuperiority in point of men and artillery.

The Captain of the Serapis, after conſulting with his officers, reſolved to ſtrike; but an unlucky accident, which occurred on board the Richard, prevented this: a bullet having deſtroyed one of the pumps, the carpenter was ſeized with a panic, and told the gunner, and another petty officer, that we were ſinking. Some one obſerved at the ſame time, that both I and the lieutenant were killed; in conſequence of which the gunner, conſidering himſelf as commanding officer, ran inſtantly to the quarter-deck, in order to hawl down the American colours, which he would have actually hawled down, had not the flag-ſtaff been carried away at the time the Richard grappled with the Serapis.

The captain, on hearing the gunner expreſs his wiſhes to ſurrender, in conſequence of his ſuppoſing that we were ſinking, inſtantly addreſſed himſelf to me, and exclaimed, "Do you aſk for quarter?—Do you aſk for quarter? I was ſo occupied, at this period, in ſerving the three pieces of cannon on the forecaſtle, that I remained totally ignorant of what had occurred on deck; I replied, hower, "I do not dream of ſurrendering, but I am determined to make you ſtrike!"

The Engliſh commander, however, conceived ſome faint hopes, in conſequence of what had been ſaid, that the Richard was actually ſinking; but when he perceived that her fire did not diminiſh, he immediately ordered his men from the forecaſtle, where they were too much expoſed, and ſtationed them below, where they kept up ſuch a tremendous diſcharge againſt the Serapis, that it at once indicated vengeance and deſpair.

It has already been obſerved, that when I commenced the action, the Pallas was at a great diſtance to windward, while the Alliance lay to in the ſame poſition. When the Captain of the former perceived that the engagement took place, he ſpoke to his

conſort; but they loſt a great deal of time, and it was not until now, that they came within gun-ſhot of the Counteſs of Scarborough, and a kind of running fight took place between the latter and the Pallas. The Alliance followed them, and on paſſing us, fired a broadſide, which as we were cloſely engaged with the enemy, did more harm to them than to us.

The battle ſtill continued with uncommon ardour between us and the enemy, whoſe ——— or burned, and her main-maſt cut away, by degrees, by our bullets; while the heavier metal of the Serapis drove in one of the ſides of my ſhip, and met with little or no reſiſtance. In ſhort, our helm was rendered uſeleſs, and the poop was only ſupported by an old and ſhattered piece of timber, which alone prevented it from giving way.

At length, after a ſhort engagement, the Counteſs of Scarborough ſurrendered to the Pallas; it was then that the Captain of the latter aſked the Commander of the Alliance, "Whether he would take charge of the prize, or ſail and give ſuccour to the Commodore?" On this, the Alliance began to ſtand backwards and forwards under her topſails, until, having got to the windward, ſhe came down, and diſcharged a ſecond broadſide againſt the fore-part of the Serapis, and the hind-part of the Richard. On this I and ſeveral other perſons begged for God's ſake, that they would ceaſe firing, and ſend a few men, on board of us: but he diſobeyed, and fired another broadſide as he paſſed along; after which he kept at a moſt reſpectful diſtance, and took great care not to expoſe himſelf during the remainder of the action, without receiving a ſingle ſhot, or having a man wounded during the whole engagement.

The idea that we were ſinking had taken ſuch poſſeſſion of the armourer's mind that he actually opened the ſcuttles, and made all the priſoners, to the number of a hundred, ſally forth, in oppoſition to my reiterated orders. This event might have proved fatal, had I not taken advantage of their affright to ſtation them at the pumps, where they diſpayed ſurpriſing zeal, appearing actually to forget their captivity; for there was nothing to prevent their going on board the Serapis; or, it was in their power to put an end to the engagement in an inſtant, by either killing me, or throwing me into the ſea.

As our three quarter-deck guns continued to play, without interruption, on the enemy, raked her hinder-parts, and damaged her maſt in ſuch a manner. that it was only ſupported from falling by the yards of our ſhip, while the tops poured in a continual diſcharge; the fire of the Engliſh began to deaden in ſuch a manner as to bereave them of all hope of ſucceſs.

A circumſtance, however, occurred, that contributed not a little to the victory of the Richard: this was the extraordinary intrepidity and preſence of mind of a Scotch ſailor, poſted in the main-top: this brave fellow, of his own accord, ſeized a lighted match, and a baſket of hand grenades, with which he advanced along the main-yard, until he had arrived exactly above the ene-

my's deck. As the flames of their parapets and ſhrouds, added to the light of the moon, enabled him to diſtinguiſh objects; the moment he perceived two or three perſons aſſembled together, he inſtantly diſcharged a hand-grenade among them; he had even addreſs enough to drop ſeveral through their ſcuttles, and one of them ſet fire to the cartridge of an eighteen pounder belonging to the lower deck, the diſcharge of which ſcorched ſeveral of the crew.

On this, the Captain of the Serapis came upon the quarter-deck, lowered his flag, and aſked for quarter, at the very moment his main-maſt had fallen into the ſea. He then came on board with his officers, and preſented me with his ſword. While this was tranſacting, eight or ten men belonging to the Richard ſeized on the Serapis's ſhallop, which had been at anchor during the engagement, and made off.

It was more than eleven o'clock, when the battle ended; it had conſequently laſted more than four hours. My ſhip had no more than 322 men, good, bad, and indifferent, on board, at the commencement of the engagement; and the ſixty of theſe, poſted in the gun-room when the gun burſt, having been of no further ſervice during the action, could not be properly conſidered as forming part the crew oppoſed to the Serapis, which had received a ſupply of Engliſh ſailors while in Denmark; and it appeared indeed by the muſter-roll, that there were upwards of 400 on board of her, when the firſt gun was fired. Her ſuperiority was ſtill more conſiderable in reſpect to guns, without mentioning her greater weight of metal, which ſurpaſſed ours beyond all compariſon. Thus, ſetting aſide the damage done by the Counteſs of Scarborough, during the forepart of the action, and alſo by the three broadſides from the Alliance, it will be eaſy to form a due judgement of the combat between the Richard and the Serapis, and ſet a proper value on a victovy obtained over a force ſo greatly ſuperior, after ſuch a long, bloody, and cloſe engagement.

The Vengeance, a corvette, mounting twelve three-pounders, and the boat belonging to the pilot, with my ſecond lieutenant, another officer, and ten men, would have been of ſingular ſervice, either in purſuing and capturing the convoy, or by reinforcing me: but, ſtrange as it may appear, the fact is, that thay remained all this tims mere ſpectators of the action, in which they took no intereſt, keeping themſelves to windward, and out of all danger; while, on the other hand, the conduct of the Alliance had, at leaſt the appearance of proceeding from a principle worſe than ignorance or inſubordination.

It muſt appear clear, from what has been already ſaid, that if the enemy's ports were not annoyed the Baltic fleet taken, and the eight Indiamen ſeized, the blame did not lie with me.

It is but juſtice, however, to obſerve, that ſome of my officers conducted themſelves admirably during the action. The Lieutenant, Mr. Dale, being left alone at the guns below, and finding

he could not rally his men, came upon the deck, and ſuperintended the working of the pumps, notwithſtanding he had been wounded. Notwithſtanding all his efforts, the hold was more than half full of water when the enemy ſurrendered.

During the laſt three hours of the action both the veſſels where on fire: by throwing water on the flames, it was ſometimes ſuppoſed that they were quenched, but they always broke forth new, and, on the cloſe of the action, we imagined it wholly extinguiſhed. It was very calm during the remainder of the night; but, when the wind began to blow, our danger became imminent, the fire having penetrated the timbers, and ſpread until it had reached within a few inches of the powder magazine. On this, the ammunition was brought on the deck, to be thrown into the ſea, in caſe of extremity; but we, at length, ſucceeded in our endeavours, by cutting away a few planks, and employing our buckets.

Next morning the weather was hazy, and not a ſingle ſail was to be ſeen. We then examined the Richard, to ſee if it were poſſible to carry her into any port. This proving wholly impracticable, all the boats were employed in carrying the wounded on board the other veſſels. This occupied much of our time, and on the ſucceeding day, notwithſtanding all our pumps had been at work, the hold was entirely full of water, and the veſſel ſoon after ſunk. On this occaſion I could only ſave the ſignal flags, and I loſt all my property, amounting to more than 25,000 livres.

On this, I inſtantly aſſumed the command of the Serapis, on which we erected *jury-maſts;* but the ſea was ſo tempeſtuous that it was ten days before we reached the Texel.

No ſooner was my arrival known than forty two veſſels forming different ſquadrons of frigates, were fitted out from the various ports of Great Britain againſt me, and two of theſe were ſtationed during three months at the mouths of the Texel and the Fly. My ſituation in Holland influenced not a little the conduct of the belligerent powers, at the ſame time that it excited the attention of all Europe. The Engliſh miniſter at the Hague addreſſed different memorials to the States General, in all of which he inſiſted that the Serapis and the Counteſs of Scarborough "ſhould be delivered up to the King, his maſter;" and he, at the ſame time, claimed me, under the appellation of "the Scotch Pirate."

Inſtead of liſtening to theſe propoſitions, the States General permitted me to land my wounded on the iſland of the Texel, which was delivered up to me for that purpoſe: on this, the Britiſh Government became furious, and Holland was reduced to ſo critical a ſituation, that the States were under the neceſſity of inſiſting, that I ſhould either leave the Texel, or produce a commiſſion from his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, and hoiſt the French flag.

The Prince of Orange, who was attached to the Engliſh intereſt, ſent the Vice-admiral Rhynſt, who was alſo Engliſh in his

heart, to aſſume the command of the Dutch ſquadron in the Texel, compoſed of thirteen two-deckers. This officer drew up his ſquadron, during ſix weeks, in ſuch a manner as to menace us; and, in ſhort, did every thing in his power to render my ſituation both dangerous and diſagreeable.

In the mean time, I had an interview with the Duke de la Vauguyon, at Amſterdam, who intimated to me, that it was the intention of the King of France that I ſhould hoiſt his flag during my ſtay in the Texel, as he imagined, that my prizes would aſſuredly fall into the enemy's hands if I tried to eſcape. I, however, refuſed this honour, as I had declared myſelf an American officer, and had given a copy of my commiſſion from Congreſs to the Dutch Admiral. It was contrived, however, at length, that I ſhould go on board the frigate Alliance, the Captain of which had been ſent to Paris, to give an account of his conduct, and where I ſhould ſtill carry my former colours, while the prizes ſhould hoiſt the French flag.

At length, the wind becoming favourable, on the 27th of February, 1779, the Alliance ſet ſail, after having loſt all her anchors, one only excepted, in conſequence of Admiral Rhynſt's inſtructions to the pilots, and it was at leaſt an hundred to one, that we ſhould fall in with the enemy. I, however, had the good fortune to eſcape, although the Alliance paſſed the Straits of Dover, within ſight of the Engliſh ſquadron in the Downs. After getting clear of the Channel, I ſoon reached the latitude of Cape Finſterre, and entered the port of Corunna, January 16, 1780.

On my return to France, I found that the French Commiſſary had made a private ſale of my prizes to the King, without conſulting me. On this, I repaired to Verſailles, along with Dr. Franklin, but was received with great coolneſs by the Miniſter of the Marine. On this account, I declined aſking him to preſent me to his Majeſty; this honour was conferred on me next day by the Prince de Beauveau, Capt. of the Guards. The public received me at the opera, and all the public places where I appeared, with the moſt lively enthuſiaſm: this, added to the very favourable reception I received from his Majeſty, afforded me ſingular ſatisfaction; and the Miniſter of the Marine from that moment paid me the moſt marked attention.

The Count de Maurepas, about this time, intimated to me, that his Majeſty had reſolved to confer ſome diſtinguiſhed mark of his bounty and perſonal eſteem on me; this proved to be a ſword, mounted with gold, on which was engraved the following flattering motto:

VINDICATI MARIS
LUDOVICUS XVI. REMUNERATOR
STRENUO VINDICI.

The hilt was of gold, and the blade, &c. were emblazoned with his Majeſty's arms, the attributes of war, and an emblematical repreſentation of the alliance between France and America.

The Moſt Chriſtian King, at the ſame time, tranſmitted a moſt admirable letter to Congreſs, in which he offered to decorate me with the Order of Military Merit. All this was extremely flattering, as Louis XVI. had never preſented a ſword to any other officer, and never conferred the croſs, except on ſuch officers as were inveſted with his Majeſty's commiſſion.

The Miniſter of the Marine, a ſhort time after this, lent me the Ariel, a king's ſhip, carrying twenty guns, with which I ſailed, October 8th, 1780, for America. The wind was at firſt favourable, but I was ſoon after in danger of foundering on the Penmarks, and eſcaped only by cutting away my main and mizen maſts. As ſoon as the ſtorm abated, we erected jury-maſts, and returned to refit; in ſhort, it was the 18th of December before I could proceed for Philidelphia.

During the voyage, I fell in with an Engliſh twenty-gun ſhip, called the Triumph, and partly by ſtratagem, and partly by hard fighting, forced her to ſtrike her flag; but, while we were about to take poſſeſſion of her, the Captain, taking advantage of her ſuperior ſailing, made off, and eſcaped.

On my arrival in America, the Congreſs, on the repreſentation of the Chevalier de la Luzerne, paſſed a law to enable me to accept the Military Order of France. The French Miniſter, on this occaſion, gave an entertainment, to which all the Members of Congreſs, and the principal inhabitants of Philadelphia, were invited; after which I was inveſted, in their preſence, with the decorations of the Order.

As the three Miniſters-plenipotentiary from America had unfortunately diſagreed, it neceſſarily follows that there would be ſome contradiction in reſpect to their reports concerning me. In conſequence of this, the Congreſs enjoined the Admiralty to inquire into the nature of my connection with the Court of France, and the reaſons which had induced me to remain in Europe, and delay the convoy of the military ſtores appertaining to the United States. In conſequence of the examination that enſued, and the report that was delivered in, the Congreſs paſſed an Act, dated April 14, 1781, in which I was thanked, in the moſt flattering manner, "for the zeal, the prudence, and the intrepidity, with which I ſuſtained the honour of the American flag; for my bold and ſucceſsful enterprizes, with a view to redeem from captivity the citizens of America, who had fallen into the power of the Engliſh, and for the eminent ſervices by which I had added luſtre to my own character and the arms of America." A Committee of Congreſs was alſo of opinion "that I deſerved a gold medal in remembrance of my ſervices."

On the 21ſt of June, 1781, I was appointed, by an unanimous vote of Congreſs, to the command of the America, a ſeventy-four gun ſhip, then building; and, on the birth of the Dauphin, I, at my own expence, celebrated that happy event by royal ſalutes during the day, and a brilliant illumination in the evening accompanied by fire works.

An unfortunate accident, ſoon after this, deprived me of the command of that fine veſſel: for the *Magnifique* of 74 guns, belonging to the Marquis de Vaudreuil's fleet happening to be loſt at Boſton; the Congreſs ſeized on this occaſion to teſtify its gratitude to his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, by preſenting him with the America to re-place her.

In the mean time, it was reſolved to place a French frigate, called *l'Indienne*, with two or three armed veſſels, under my orders, in order to ſeize on Bermudas; but, as this was never put into execution, I applied to the Congreſs for leave to ſerve on board the fleet of the Count d'Eſtaing, then deſtined for an expedition againſt Jamaica.

The Marquis de Vaudreuil received me with great diſtinction on board his own ſhip, the *Triomphant*, where I occupied the ſame cabin as the Baron de Viomenil, who commanded the land forces. When we were within ſight of Porto Rico, intelligence was received, that Admirals Pigot and Hood were preparing to intercept us; and as Don Solano, with the Spaniſh fleet, did not meet us at Porto Cabello, according to his promiſe, many of the officers becoming diſguſted with the enterpriſe, fell ſick, and I myſelf was in a dangerous ſtate; but we were relieved from our diſagreeable ſituation, by intelligence from Europe that a general peace had taken place. This circumſtance afforded me great pleaſure, as I now learned that Great Baitain, after a long and bloody conteſt, had been forced to recognize the ſovereignty and independence of the United States of America.

On this, we repaired to St. Domingo, where I received every poſſible mark of eſteem from M. de Bellecombe, the Governor; after a ſhort ſtay, I embarked for Philadelphia, penetrated with gratitude for the various marks of eſteem I had received from all the French officers during the five months I had been on board his Majeſty's ſquadron.

I was unable to re-eſtabliſh my health, during the reſt of the ſummer, which I ſpent in Pennſylvania; and I did not get well until the autumn, when I recovered by means of the cold-bath.

I then demanded permiſſion to return to Europe, on purpoſe to recover the prize money due to myſelf, officers, and ſailors, which was granted me by an Act of Congreſs, dated at Prince Town, November 1, 1783.

On this, I embarked at Philadelphia, on board a packet-boat deſtined for Havre de Grace; but, being forced into Plymouth by contrary winds, I took poſthorſes for London, and then ſet out for Paris, and was received with great cordiality by the miniſtry.

Having at length received from the Court of France the amount of the prizes, I returned to America on board a French packet-boat.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Obſervations on Sterne.

STERNE, in his Triſtram Shandy, by way of excuſe for the freedom of his own pen, mentions the indecency of a German profeſſor numbering the amorous exploits of a ſparrow. I thought this, like the Latin diſſertation on noſes, had been a creature of Yorrick's imagination; but I found the paſſage in the notes on the Carmina Priapeia, where the German commentators have inveſtigated the indecencies of antiquity with an accuracy truly aſtoniſhing; and whence probably Sterne took it, unleſs he found it where I have ſince found it, in the bookſellers' Biographical Dictionary, under the article Scioppius. The words are: 'Cum Ingolſtadii agerem, vidi e regione muſæi mei paſſerem coitum vicies repetentem, et inde adeo ad languorem datum, ut avolatus in terram deciderat."

I ſuppoſe few writers have done more injury to morals than Sterne. By blending ſentiments of benevolence and delicacy with immorality and looſeneſs, he induces ſome people to think that debauchery may be innocent, and adultery meritorious. Since his time, Novel-writers try to corrupt the principle as well as to ſeduce the imagination. Formerly, if a man felt a paſſion for the wife or the miſtreſs of his friend, he was conſcious at leaſt that, if he perſiſted in the purſuit, he was acting wrong; and if the Novel-writer invented ſuch a character, it was to hold him out as an object of deteſtation and puniſhment. Now this is ſo varniſhed over with delicate attachment and generous ſenſibility, that the moſt ſhocking acts of perfidy and ſeduction are committed not only without remorſe, but with ſelf-complacency; for we are always ready to find cauſes of palliation, for thoſe crimes we are addicted to, and to bend our conſcience to our inclination. Sterne has ſhewn this in a moſt incomparable ſermon. O ſi omnia ſic!

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Richardſon.

THE following character of that celebrated writer, whoſe novels, while they have been too much depreciated by ſome, have been much, too much exalted by others, is ſelected from Greville's Maxims.

'There is a certain writer who produces perpetual paradoxes in my mind. I am at a loſs whether he charms or offends me moſt; whether to call him the firſt of writers, or the laſt: and this one ſhould think a difficulty alſo with other people, for he has written what has had merit enough to get into all hands, and defect enough to be thrown out of all; and it is his great praiſe—his honour—that he is condemned by ſenſible men, and

applauded by weak women ; for the firſt are often as ignorant of the power of the heart, as the others are of thoſe of the underſtanding. He is in many particulars the moſt minute, fine, delicate obſerver of human nature I ever met with, the moſt refined and juſt in his ſentiments ; but he often carries that refinement into puerility, and that juſtneſs into taſteleſsneſs. He not only enters upon thoſe beautiful and touching diſtinctions which the groſs conceptions of moſt men are incapable of diſcerning, but he alſo falls upon all the trivial, ſilly circumſtances of ſociety, which can have only attractions for the nurſery. This writer poſſeſſes infinite powers both of delicacy and reaſon ; but he poſſeſſes not the judicious faculty of directing thoſe powers. He is deficient in 'TASTE. Hence he is irregular and falſe in his notions of the manners he treats of. He plainly ſhews that he has neither from nature nor education the kind of intelligence that ſhould guide him in the purſuit he attempts. His underſtanding ſeems to be hampered and confined. It wants enlargement and freedom ; or, to ſay all in one word, Taſte. His men of the world are ſtrange debauchees, his women outrageouſly Outrés, both in good and bad qualities. Parts there are, not only of the moſt refined, the moſt elevated, I had almoſt ſaid the moſt celeſtial delicacy, but even of gaiety, eaſe and agreeableneſs : but you ſee plainly the writer is not a maſter ; deficiencies, ſtiffneſs, improprieties, break in upon you at times, and ſhock you, and you greive that he does not pleaſe you more, or leſs.'

The ſucceeding criticiſm from a graver writer, and in a learned language, relates to his firſt work only ; firſt, in my opinion, in merit as well as time. I believe this preference that I give to Pamela, will be eſteemed rather paradoxical. But notwithſtanding ſome extravagancies and vulgariſms, (among which may be reckoned the making Pamela, a young woman of ſuperior underſtanding, and elegantly educated, often talk like a mere country hoyden,) it contains an intereſting picture of the manners of the great families in the country at that period, which are now totally changed by the more general influx to the metropolis, and the large fortunes made by commerce. As for thoſe cried-up works, Clariſſa and Sir Charles Grandiſon, they ſeem to me to deſcribe manners and incidents, that neither poſſeſs the probability of real life, nor the attractive ſurpriſe of fiction.

'Emiſſa eſt in lucem commentitia quædam adoleſcentulæ hiſtoria, a domino, ſpe, pretio, minis, terriculis, omnibuſque illecebris amatoriis, ad ſtuprum ſolicitatæ. Laudo quidem caſtitatem puellæ, illibatam prorſus, et inexpugnabilem. Sed lectorem quoque haud mediocri eſſe præditum decet. Nam plenæ rerum dilucidæ deſcriptiones, quarum vel ipſa mentio libidinoſa eſt, ſi virtutem non moveant ſolidam ſtabilemque, fragilem certe nihil roborant neque imbecillam.'

From ſome of theſe remarks I differ, Toto Coelo. Firſt, as to the Illecebræ Amatoriæ, it is remarkable that Mr. B—— very ſeldom treats Pamela with common kindneſs, never with flattery and attention; and that in the very few inſtances he makes the ſlighteſt motion that way, it ſeems to have its full effect; and that, ſuppoſing Pamela a real character, from the expreſſion of her feelings, when the conduct of her maſter has the leaſt tendency towards kindneſs, there appears little doubt of his ſucceſs had he purſued that method, the only one that could ſuggeſt itſelf to any but a brute. They as to the Dulucidæ Deſcriptiones, though ſome of the ſituations are rather indelicate, they are not ſo detailed as to have much influence on the paſſions.

The greateſt evil to be apprehended from Pamela is among ſervant girls; who like, poor Polly Barlow, while they are anxious to procure her good fortune, may imprudently miſtake the means of obtaining it.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On a Method of Study.

A PROPER choice of books is of the utmoſt importance to a ſtudent, becauſe the time that is employed on the peruſal of many books, from which little can be gained, is more uſefully engaged in reading only one, in which we may find contained all that we may be obliged to ſeek with much labour and perſeverance in many.

The moſt inſtructive writers are thoſe who have undertaken to inveſtigate one ſubject, and who have dedicated great part of their time to the compoſition of a particular treatiſe. In reading works of this ſort we acquire, in a few days, the fruit of many years labour. Of all the different books that are written on each branch of literature, we ought to be perfectly maſter of one; but we ſhould take care that it is the beſt, that it contains clearly and ſolidly the general rules and ideas of the things we wiſh to acacquire. This is what ought to be the ground of our knowledge, contenting ourſelves with running over, in a ſummary way, the titles and abſtracts of others, to ſee if they contain any particular that we have not already acquired. On every diſcovery of this ſort we muſt ſtop, and add a knowledge of it to that we have already gained.

A proper regulation of our time is alſo of the utmoſt conſequence. Every ſtudent, therefore, ſhould divide his hours according to the demands of his ordinary occupations; and then adhere, as ſtrictly as poſſible, to the rules he has preſcribed to himſelf. For inſtance, he ſhould dedicate three or four hours to the profeſſion he means to follow, before he goes out in the morning, and as many when he returns home in the evening. The reſt of the day he may devote to buſineſs, to relaxation, and to lighter ſtudies.

To make the moſt of a little time, it is adviſable to ſtudy in concert with a few friends ; to read together, and each to give his opinion of what he has read, and communicate the fruit of his private ſtudies, which will be thus more ſtrongly imprinted on the imagination. When one book has been read, or one art or ſcience learned ; it will be advantageous to imitate the practice of the ſtudents in divinity and philoſophy, who after attending the lectures of the profeſſors, and hearing their explanations, make abridged extracts from them. It is not only an aſſiſtance to the memory, but fixes more ſtrongly the ideas of thoſe things which we wiſh thoroughly to be maſter of. The tranſlating a book from one language to another is advantageous, as the application that is requiſite to tranſlate well, exerciſes the memory, and fixes the attention. It is alſo neceſſary to conſult the opinion of perſons of literary eminence, and enquire what books they uſe, and which they moſt eſteem in each branch of ſcience. We ſhould likewiſe ſtudy their method, and try to imitate it. This is the way to form ourſelves ; and if they are perſons of ready communication, we ſhall bring away more from an hour's converſation, than can be acquired by months of labour and ſtudy. Frequent then the meetings of literary men, take a part in their diſcourſe, and remark their different reflections, and their manner of expreſſing themſelves ; and afterwards employ half an hour every night in recollecting what has been learned in the day, what has been either ſeen, read, or heard ; and immediately conſult thoſe paſſages which have been either cited, praiſed, cenſured, explained or criticiſed. We ſhould always have a pocket-book to mark down in a few words what we wiſh to examine more deeply, to vindicate, or to criticiſe ; ſo that nothing may eſcape the memory. We ſhould alſo always carry about us ſome book of merit, but which does not require deep application, to read in moments of leiſure, and when we are occaſionally alone, by which means we ſhall find at the end of the year that much time has been uſefully employed, which would otherwiſe have been loſt. At the commencement of a courſe of ſtudy it is right to conſider ſeveral ſubjects, as if with an intention to write on them ; for ſo, many things will be remarked that might otherwiſe eſcape the obſervation. This is abſolutely neceſſary for thoſe who are intended for the bar or the pulpit.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On Calumny.

CALUMNY is a vice generally deteſted, and which every one reprehends ; but whether ſuch univerſal abhorrence es from actual diſguſt, or from a dread of becoming its object one day or other, we ſhall not now diſcuſs ; it is moſt probably the latter.

Paſcal informs us, that the church delayed giving the communion to murderers and calumniators, until the hour of death; the Council of Lateran pronounced perſons convicted of calumny (although they may have weaned themſelves of the vice) as unworthy of admiſſion into clerical orders; and the authors of defamatory libels, who cannot prove what they have advanced, are condemned by Pope Adrian to be whipped; *flagellentur.*

The illuſtrious author of the Spirit of Laws obſerves, that among the Romans the law that ſupported the citizens mutually accuſing each other was good, according to the political ſpirit of that republic, where it was every citizen's duty to be watchful of every thing relative to the commonweal. During the reign of the Emperors it produced a multitude of calumniators; it was Sylla, according to Monteſquieu, who, in the courſe of his dictatorſhip, taught them by his own example, that ſo execrable a race of men was not to be puniſhed, but rather ſometimes to be recompenſed. Happier, however, muſt be the government in which they are puniſhed.

The Athenians revered calumny, and Appelles painted a picture for that purpoſe, the deſign of which would be alone ſufficient to juſtify the admiration of his age and country for ſuch a monſter. In this excellent piece, Credulity was repreſented with long ears, ſtretching out her hands to Calumny, coming up to meet her. Credulity was accompanied by Ignorance and Suſpicion. Ignorance was repreſented under the figure of a blind woman; and Suſpicion was exhibited under the figure of a man agitated by ſecret diſquietude, and tacitly applauding himſelf for ſome diſcovery made.

Calumny, with a ferocious look, occupied the middle of the picture, ſhaking a torch with her left hand, and with her right dragging Innocence by the hair of her head, who, in the form of a child, ſeems mournfully to ſupplicate the interference of heaven in its favour. She was preceded by Envy, who with wan and meagre look, and piercing eyes, was followed by ſtratagem and Flattery at a remote diſtance, where objects were as yet diſcernible. Truth was ſeen ſlowly advancing in the footſteps of Calumny, leading Repentance with her in a mourning habit.

What an exertion of genius and ability was this picture!

The Athenians would have done well, had they deſtroyed the ſtatue erected by them to Calumny, and fixed this production of Apelles, in its place.

The Point of Honour.

THE Point of Honour, though a creature of the imagination, is nevertheleſs the idol of the greater part of mankind, notwithſtanding the pretexts which impart life to it, are capriciouſneſs and frivolity.

When a bravo has been affronted, or affronts any one, he immediately talks of ſatisfaction. A countryman having the misfortune to meet in company with three or four of our modern bravos, was very ill treated. On the following day, he received a letter, wherein the one who had offended him moſt, offered to give him ſatisfaction in an honourable way. "Surely," ſaid the countryman, "this is very pleaſant; laſt night he committed a thouſand irregularities to irritate me, and this morning he imagines to appeaſe me, by running me through the body."

In this inſtance, we ſee the conduct of the generality of mankind. In this age, that which conſtitutes a man of honour, is not in the virtue of ſhunning the commiſſion of faults, but in the audacity of ſupporting thoſe he has committed. Does it not require an uncommon ſtretch of patience, when we ſee rank ſo confounded, that men of merit and birth ſhould frequently loſe their lives in a duel, by hands more infamous than the public executioner, while the unworthy aſſaſſin ſaves himſelf and lives unpuniſhed?

The method of terminating a quarrel by a duel, is neither founded on reaſon or honour; and what is called reſentment, is but an impoſture, woven with cowardice, falſehood, and raſhneſs. If we examine the cauſes of quarrels in general, we ſhall find the greater part of them are occaſioned by ſome hot-headed men, who will never acknowledge themſelves in the wrong, and who declare themſelves men of ſpirit, bravery, and honour, with all the inſolence which cuſtom authorizes, but would think themſelves diſhonoured by ſincerely avowing they had committed a fault. Theſe are the b'peds, who have brought into faſhion the art of giving a man ſatisfaction, by threatening to blow his brains out, or actually doing it.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Spaniards.

PERSONS unacquainted with the Spaniards, conſider their gravity and dullneſs as pride; but it is not always ſo. Nevertheleſs, it cannot be denied that this nation has a certain haughtineſs, which it derives from the extent of its conqueſts, the ideas of its origin, or perhaps from the majeſty of its language. It is not only among perſons of high life that Spaniſh pride is remarkable; an artificer, a man of the loweſt rank, and even a common beggar, maintains, amidſt all his miſery, a walk, and a tone of confidence, that ſeems to place him above his condition.

We may here notice the anſwer of the beggar in Madrid to a perſon who paſſed by, and reprobated his preferring to be an idle beggar, inſtead of engaging in ſome uſeful employ: "It is not council, but money that I aſk of you," replied the haughty beggar, and turned his back with all the gravity common to Caſtilians.

In Rome it is common to ſee an innumerable quantity of poor perſons of all nations, to whom at certain hours ſome of the monaſteries give ſoup daily.

A Caſtilian who had juſt arrived, and did not know at what time the diſtribution was made, applied to a French eccleſiaſtic for information. The vanity of the Spaniard would not permit him to aſk plainly at whoſe houſe they gave the ſoup; it was a ſpecies of queſtion that appeared too mean. After endeavouring for ſome time to find a mode of expreſſion not quite ſo low, he thought it was better to aſk the Frenchman, if he had taken his chocolate? "My chocolate!" replied the eccleſiaſtic, "how do you ſuppoſe I am to pay for it? I live on charity, and am waiting for the diſtribution of the ſoup at the convent of the Franciſcans.". "Then you have not been there yet," ſaid the Caſtilian. "No," replied the Frenchman, "I am now going, it is juſt time." "I beg you will conduct me there," ſaid the Don, "and you will then ſee *Don Antonio Perez de Valcabro de Redia de Montava de Veza, &c.* give to poſterity an example of his humility." "And who are theſe people," aſked the Frenchman. "It is me," replied the Spaniard. "If ſo," anſwered the Frenchman, "you had better ſaid, an example of a good appetite."

The gravity and ſonorouſneſs of the Spaniſh language gives the rhodamontades, ſo often made uſe of by the Spaniards, more appearance of reality than when uttered in any other language.

A Florentine walking with a Spaniard in Florence, they met the grand duke with his brother the cardinal. The Florentine aſked his companion if he was not highly delighted with ſeeing theſe two princes? The Spaniard, after being repeatedly aſked, at length replied—"*En Eſpagna, tenemos quarenta como el cardinal; dies como el grand duque; dos como el papa; y uno como Dios. Los quarenta, ſon los quarenta canonigos, de Toledo; los dies, ſon los dies grandes de Eſpagna; los dos como el papa, ſon los arcobiſpos de Toledo, et de Sevilla; el uno como Dios, es nueſtro rey.*"

"In Spain we have forty like the cardinal; ten like the grand duke; two like the pope; and one like God. The forty, are the forty canons of Toledo; the ten, are the ten grandees of Spain; the two like the pope, are the arch-biſhops of Toledo and Seville; and the one like God, is our King."

A Spaniard ſpeaking of Henry III. of France, ſaid, "he was certainly a great prince, if he had not quarrelled with the Catholics, and fooliſhly taken part with the people of Navarre; he was a man that could have puſhed his fortune, until his being *major domo del rey ſu ſegnor.*"—the king his maſter's major-domo.

The rivality which formerly exiſted between the Spaniards and Portugueſe, generated an uncommon degree of hatred; an extraordinary inſtance of which has been handed down to us by the means of hiſtory, and which I ſhall here relate:

The Portugueſe, who ſupported the pretenſions of the archduke Charles to the throne of Spain, had by the ſucceſs of arms in the year 1706 penetrated as far as Madrid. The courtezans

of this city formed the deſign of ruining the Portugueſe army. In conſequence of which they at night went to the troops, and ſlept with them in their tents ; the effect of which was, that ſhortly after, ſix thouſand ſoldiers periſhed with diſeaſe.

The *Mémoires de St. Phillipe* ſay, that fidelity and love for Phillip V. induced the women to employ this criminal and deteſtable ſtratagem. Women in the moſt miſerable ſtate of diſeaſe, perfumed and painted themſelves for the purpoſe, and thus, under the maſk of love, concealed the moſt implacable hatred.

Obſervations on the Heroes of Antiquity.

I CANNOT ſay, that I wiſh with Horace to have been born in the age of heroes ; the idea appears to me very ridiculous, to deſire to have been, and to be no more. Beſides, there were fools in thoſe ages as well as the preſent, and it is not certain but I might have been one of the number. It was poſſible to be a fool with a Greek name and a long robe, equally as at this period with an Engliſh name and a coat and waiſtcoat. It ſeems to me more reaſonable to wiſh that the ancient heroes were now living, and that nature had retarded for twenty ages the productions of thoſe elevated ſouls, who were an ornament to the young world ; but it would be alſo neceſſary that the ancient manners ſhould exiſt, otherways I ſhould greatly fear the corruption of an hero's virtue in the preſent ſtate of ſociety.

I ſhould have great apprehenſions, that Socrates, Epaminondas, and Cato, would not be men of ſuch conſequence, either in London, Paris, or Amſterdam, as they were at Athens, Thebes, and Rome. When the air is but triflingly infected, it is only the moſt weak experience its effects ; but if the contagion becomes general and extreme, the moſt robuſt are alſo affected, and there is no conſtitution, however ſtrong, that can reſiſt. Educated in a taſte for injuſtice and intereſt, impreſſed in the cradle with a prejudice for luxury and voluptuouſneſs, what is there to hope for from natural goodneſs of diſpoſition ? it is only, that ſuch will be but moderately unjuſt, voluptuous, and intereſted. They, according to our ideas, would be perſons of reſpectability, but very different to what they were. It is the ſame with trees that are tranſplanted into a bad ſoil, they do not produce equally good fruit nor in the ſame quantity.

Our virtue is very different from that of the ancients : it is exhauſted in combating prejudices, cuſtoms, and bad examples ; thus employed, it has not the power of elevating itſelf to the commiſſion of great and noble actions ; on the contrary, theirs, free from its birth, was only employed in efforts for its aggrandiſement, and even to ſurpaſs itſelf. It is like thoſe convaleſcents, who in reality are not diſeaſed, but have neither, power, colour, or fleſh ; it is enough for us if we can live in imbecile innocence ;

and the exertions of ſound and vigorous virtue cannot be expected of us.

It muſt be acknowledged, there are times favourable to virtue, and others to the contrary. It is not in the leaſt wonderful to find a great captain in the ages of the Fabricius's and Scipio's, becauſe then, ſays an excellent orator, they were animated by example, and a brave man always found one more ſo, by which he was ſtimulated to emulation. Nor do I think it was in the leaſt difficult to be virtuous either in Sparta or Rome, during the firſt ages of their republic. They were born with an obligation to be great men; their virtues were common and familiar; he who was not intrepid, patient, and magnanimous, could not, like us, conſole himſelf with the reflection of his being only inferior to the great men of paſt ages; he ſuffered the ſhame of not being equal to his countrymen, to his father, brother, and even ſometimes his ſlave. What are we not to expect from an elevated ſoul, which exerts itſelf to be diſtinguiſhed among a virtuous people? To what heighth muſt he not force his generoſity to obtain diſtinction in a city, where contempt of pain and death are but the virtues of women and children? It may with truth be ſaid, the great extent of common courage was the cauſe of thoſe great efforts of heroic courage; and it is certain, that he muſt have endeavoured to ſurpaſs it, to execute ſuch ſurpriſing things.

It was not extraordinary to find ſo many perſons at Rome who deſpiſed riches, when their firſt magiſtrates charged themſelves with the regulation of their concerns, not for large ſalaries, or ſinecure places, to build themſelves magnificent houſes, or to appear in public ſuperbly dreſſed, ſurrounded with a number of ſervants, but from the ſole motive of having their ſtatue in the public place, or to receive triumphal honours. It was not then ſhameful to be poor, with the triumphers, and conquerers, and no one thought of opulence that afforded no diſtinction, or attracted the leaſt eſteem. It was not the more or leſs money for which a conſul obtained notice; it was for the number of his good actions. They then reckoned virtues, as we now reckon revenues. Men then acquired no titles but from the names of the kingdoms which they conquered. A piece of ſtone, or the branch of a tree, were all the treaſures of theſe people. Such were the riches of theſe magnanimous men—riches which virtue may poſſeſs in ſafety; and as they were not communicable, did not attract flatterers, or pernicious miniſters, to voluptuous pleaſures.

Man would be eſteemed; he loves glory, and naturally flies to where he ſees it attached. There is no doubt but the laurel, which the triumpher received in the capitol, made the Romans wiſh to be diſtinguiſhed for their virtue, the ſame as from the reſpect which rich dreſſes and pompous equipages now acquire, makes every one turn his endeavours to obtain riches. Then there was but one way to gain eſteem; it was to be virtuous. At preſent, they have a ſhorter, and more eaſy way; it is to acquire riches; and it is not at all wonderful that every one labours for

that purpoſe. It is with virtue as with the arts; honour keeps them up. We may ſay it is the nature of all human occupations. We do not engage in them but from a deſire of glory, and they become neglected, when there is no one to approve. If we conferred the ſame honours on virtue as it formerly received, we ſhould not be deficient in virtuous men; but while it is deſpiſed, we cannot think that any one will endeavour to poſſeſs it.

If the eſteem which the Grecians had for painting, produced ſuch great painters: and if, on the contrary, the contempt in which the Romans held this art, is, according to the opinion of Cicero, the cauſe why they had not a Polygnotus, or a Parrhaſius, we may ſay, that the honours which they paid to virtue in former times, gave to antiquity ſo many great men, and the contempt into which it is now fallen, is the ſole cauſe why we are defective in it. We muſt not accuſe nature for that, which can only be attributed to the times; it would be abſurd to believe, that ſhe exhauſted herſelf by her liberalities to her firſt children, or that ſhe loves us leſs, becauſe we have come later into the world. No; it is not poſſible to imagine that nature can have taken a diſtaſte to her works, and degenerates in her productions. Every day gives birth to ſome noble being, and of equal powers with the heroes of antiquity; but as I have already ſaid, the impropriety of education, and the corrupt ſtate of our manners, cloud them, and prevent them from appearing with their natural brilliancy.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On Poetry and the moſt celebrated Ancient Poets.

POETRY, ſays *M. Gravina*, is the repreſentation of truth, under the veil of fiction; and as truth is grounded on nature, fiction is the work of the imagination. The ignorance of this principle, and a ſcrupulous obſervation of rules, have occaſioned all the defects and imperfections of poetry. A poetical fiction, continues our author, works ſo powerful on the imagination, that we miſtake it for truth, and it produces the ſame effect. A poet ſhould therefore ſeek for ſuch words as contain the moſt ſenſible images of things. Whatever appears impoſſible, ought to be laid aſide, unleſs a powerful deity be brought in to effect it.

All the actions and paſſions of the perſons introduced into a poem, muſt be ſuited to their character and circumſtances, and to the place where they appear. It is for this reaſon the ancients did not approve, that the ſubject of a play ſhould take in a year or a month; they confined it to twelve hours. Thoſe poets are alſo blameable who weigh, as it were, every word, and diſcover too much art in their poems. It is proper they ſhould ſometimes appear careleſs and negligent. Thus *Homer*, like another *Proteus*, aſſumes ſeveral forms; he is ſublime when his ſubject requires, and ſometimes he flags—now he thunders, and now he

only murmurs. He ſhews himſelf to be a perfect imitator of nature on all occaſions.

Poetry was firſt corrupted in the ſchools of the declaimers. This corruption was increaſed by the writers of romances, who, departing from truth, carried their readers into a chimerical world. They were far from imitating *Homer*, who deſcribes human paſſions as they are, and never aſcribes to his hero any virtue exceeding the power of nature.

Our author thinks the firſt deſign of poetry was to give men general notions of morality, religion, and philoſophy, through the medium of fables and fictions; and he mentions *Linus* and *Orpheus*. *Homer*, continues he, following their ſteps, deſcribes the laws of nature and politics in his Iliad, and the human paſſions, in the perſon of *Ulyſſes*, in his Odyſſey. Epic poetry is the moſt proper for ſuch a deſign. An epic poem comprehends a great variety of events, and conſequently, affords many opportunities of diſplaying the different characters of men, and diſcovering the ſecret motives of their actions, which ſhews that an epic poem is much of the ſame nature with that of the drama, only the poet does not appear in a dramatic piece; beſides, this ſort of poetry conſiſts rather in action than narration, and is confined within a ſhorter time.

When a drama repreſents great men and political affairs, it is called a tragedy; when it repreſents the domeſtic tranſactions of private perſons, it goes by the name of comedy. The firſt produces diſmal events, and the ſecond affords mirth and pleaſure, which is the reaſon why the ſame nations are not equally ſucceſsful in both. When the Romans brought on the ſtage ſome hiſtories of their own nation, they had not the ſame ſucceſs, as when they repreſented a Greek hiſtory. The gravity and majeſty of the people did not allow it, as *Politian* rightly obſerves:

Claudicat his Latium, vixque ipſam attingimus umbram
Cecropiæ laudis. Gravitas Romana repugnat.
Scilicet.

Lyrick verſes, ſo called becauſe they were ſung upon the lyre, are a branch of epic poetry, and contain the deſcription of a ſingle fact, or of a ſingle paſſion and ceremony. They have different names, according to the nature of the ſubject, and different meaſures; and becauſe they were deſigned to pleaſe the people, *M. Gravina* ſays a poet ought to behave like a prudent prince, who neither deſpiſes the judgement of the vulgar, nor places too much dependance on it.

Of the moſt celebrated poets, our author gives the following characters:

Homer has painted human life in his poems. The art of peace, war, and politics, are deſcribed in his Iliad. His Oddyſſy contains the duties of private perſons, and the whole extent of œconomics.

Heſiod's ſtile is plain, and adapted to his ſubject; he is conciſe every where; in this he differs from *Homer*, who gives himſelf free ſcope.

Æſchylus has a noble ſimplicity, and appears learned, though plain. He carefully imitated nature, and admirably expreſſed the character of princes, under the perſon of *Prometheus*; it is therefore with great reaſon that *Ariſtophanes* gives him the firſt rank among the tragic poets.

Sophocles diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the beauty of his ſtyle, the novelty of his connections, the ſublimity of his thoughts and expreſſions, the exact diſtribution of the ſcenes, and a noble harmony; he inſinuates more than he ſays; he conceals his ſkill and learning, and keeps a medium between art and nature.

Euripides has an admirable and fruitful genius, and diſcovers a great facility, attended with a noble gravity. He particularly ſhews his ſkill in deſcribing characters, and making apologies; but he is inferior to *Sophocles* in his narration.

Ariſtophanes is a looſe, impious, obſcene, and mercenary poet; but he has a wonderful genius; his ſatirical ſtrokes are admirable, and he diſcovers a peculiar talent of adapting to his ſubject ſuch things as ſeem the moſt foreign to it.

Among the *Lyric* poets, *Pindar* has a lofty ſtyle, adorned with choice and noble ſentences; his encomiums upon private perſons are always ſuited to their condition, and agreeable to truth.

The verſes of *Anacreon* are eaſy and ſmooth, and adapted to his ſubject.

There is great ſimplicity in *Theocritus*, though his poems are elaborate; when he deſcribes the moſt tender paſſion, he ſtill talks like a ſhepherd, and all his thoughts ſeem to be the product of a rural life.

Moſchus and *Bion* are not leſs to be eſteemed; the epitaph of the latter on *Adonis* is replete with delightful ſweetneſs.

Among the *Latin* poets *Plautus* interſperſed the new comedy with the wit and humour of the old; he is diverting, and abounds with new and curious things, but he is ſometimes too plain.

Terence wrote in a politer age; his ſtyle is therefore more elegant, but it comes nearer the gravity of tragedy than the humour of comedy. He is very ſententious, and ſeldom rallies. *Plautus* is above him in that reſpect.

Lucretius is a very great poet, both on account of the difficulty of his undertaking, and the happy ſucceſs of his performance. He diſcovers an admirable facility, and a great deal of majeſty and ſweetneſs, even in the moſt intricate ſubjects. *Quintilian* however gave a different opinion.

Catullus ſhews an equal genius for heroic, hendecaſyllabical verſes, and for epigrams, in which he far exceeds *Martial*. His raillery is natural, and the reader is better pleaſed with his lively pictures, than with his witty conceits. He is happy in deſcribing paſſions; his verſes are very accurate, but ſomewhat careleſs when he treats of love, which is rather a beauty than a fault.

Virgil carried *Latin* poetry to the higheſt perfection. He took into his *Eneid* whole paſſages and deſcriptions out of *Homer*, part of which have been collected by *Macrobius*, but he did it with great art, and enriched the *Latin* language with the ſpoils of the *Greek*. His diction is ſublime and majeſtic. To keep up this character throughout his work, he avoided all mean ſubjects.

Our author, however, thinks him inferior to *Homer*, and ſuperior to *Heſiod*, in the Georgics, the verſes of which can never be ſufficiently praiſed; but he yields to *Theocritus* in his Eclogues.

Horace is ſubtile and eloquent. His odes come near to the beauty of thoſe that were written by the *Greek* poets. His ſatires, interſperſed with ſeveral ſtrokes of the ancient comedy, and ſeaſoned with Attic ſalt, contain a natural and lively deſcription of vices and virtues.

Juvenal is a learned and eloquent poet; but like a declaimer, he inveighs againſt the greateſt vices, and ſays nothing of thoſe that men are moſt ſubject to. One would think he rather intended to diſcover human imperfections than to mend them, and that he hated men more than their vices. *Horace* took a different method, and in this reſpect is much ſuperior to him.

Tibullus writes with great purity and elegance, and is very harmonious.

Propertius has a great genius for Lyric poetry, and is as well qualified to treat a ſublime ſubject, as to deſcribe an amorous paſſion.

Ovid would have obtained univerſal approbation, could he have commanded his wit, and publiſhed all his works, as carefully as his books *de Faſtis*.

The advantages of Converſation ſuperior to thoſe of Study.

A FRAGMENT.

STUDY augments our natural talents, but it is converſation which affords us an opportunity of diſplaying them. The mind of men has particular advantages in converſation; when converſing, we find ourſelves obliged to ſpeak and anſwer with correctneſs and propriety."

"While immured in the cloſet, we reaſon without reſiſtance, and at will, upon what ſubject we pleaſe. We have no one to contradict us. In converſation we muſt be ready to reaſon on every ſubject, and to maintain our reaſons againſt every other which may be advanced in oppoſition to us."

"Converſation is the great book of the world, which teaches the uſe of other books: Without it, ſcience is rude and harſh, nor is it in the leaſt attractive or agreeable."

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Memoirs of the famous Nicolas Machiavel.

NICHOLAS MACHIAVEL was born at Florence on the 3d of May 1469. His father's name was Bernardo, his mother's Bartolommea. They were both deſcendants of illuſtrious families, which had always borne the moſt honourable offices under the republic from its firſt foundation; and though it has been ſaid, that the family of Machiavel has been extinct for two ages, it is not above twenty years ſince one of his deſcendants was living at Florence, whoſe name was Giambottiſta, and his works proved him to have been a learned man.

Though it is known that Barnardo Machiavel, the father of our author, ſtudied juriſprudence, and that his mother Bartolommea dedicated her time to the muſes, yet it is impoſſible, at this remote period, to diſcover what education they beſtowed upon their ſon; but we may conclude, from the great number of writings which he left behind him, that he was bred to a very hardy temperament of body, to which he joined the moſt intenſe application in his ſtudies. It appears, by his writings, that he was averſe to indolence, was very active, ſtudious, and had a heart rather inclining to boldneſs than gentleneſs. Authors pretend to aſſure us, that being once ſuſpected of fomenting a conſpiracy againſt the family of the Medici, he was adjudged by the ſenate to undergo a very grievous puniſhment, which was common in thoſe times, and that he ſuffered it without betraying the leaſt impreſſion of pain or fear, with his countenance as ſerene and unruffled as uſual, which, if true, was no bad proof of that firm and undaunted ſpirit which is viſible in every page of his works.

It has been common for the two laſt ages, to conſider Machiavel as a great hiſtorian and politician, and ſome have conſidered him as a complete maſter in the art of war. Nevertheleſs, neither his hiſtory of Florence, nor his diſcourſe upon Titus Livius, nor his prince, nor his letter to pope Leo, diſplay the real bent of his genius ſo truly, as his treatiſe on the military art. I have read ſeveral books which treat this art in detail, particularly in French; and it is ſtrange, that I have never ſeen any mention of Machiavel made in them, although it is certain that the moſt important and material rules in theſe books were borrowed from *his* treatiſe on the art of war. It is true, his ideas might have been extended or refined by ſucceeding writers in proportion to the progreſs of the improvement of the art; but all of them, in ſome degree or other, have reared their fabrics upon the foundation which was laid by him, and have only improved the materials which he extracted from the ignorance of a barbarous age; nor would it be difficult to prove, that the cuſtom, now ſo univerſal, of reſting the whole ſtrength of war upon the infantry rather than the cavalry, was derived from him. This improvement holds the firſt place in the art of war; and that it ſhould have originated from Machiavel, is aſtoniſhing, when we conſider two

things; firſt, that he never was a ſoldier; and ſecondly, that in his time the infantry of an army were held in great contempt. Never to have borne arms, and yet to have publiſhed an open declaration againſt an eſtabliſhed cuſtom, and to be ſucceſsful too againſt prejudice and opinion, was a triumph worthy of the genius of Machiavel, and proves that he was not conſpicuous as an hiſtorian and politician only, but that he was eminently ſo in the art of war alſo.

To theſe three diſtinguiſhed titles we may add that of ſtateſman, that is a *practical* politician, in oppoſition to the theory of the ſtudy. How lucky was it for the world, that there were found (in I know not what library) and publiſhed, thoſe letters which he wrote during his different embaſſies at foreign courts, and thoſe which he dictated in quality of ſecretary to the republic. By the firſt we diſcover his great diligence, penetration, acuteneſs, addreſs, and art, in fathoming the human ſoul. We muſt dive deeply into theſe letters, to diſcover the extraordinary talents with which nature had endowed him, and what good uſe he made of them; how he managed and reſtrained the cruel diſpoſition of the brutal Duke Valentine, and drew forth from his deceitful ſoul the moſt ſecret deſigns, the moſt concealed plots, always oppoſing his dark impoſtures with the moſt artful ſimplicity, and fathoming his very ſoul; how he bridled the turbulent ſpirit of that other miſcreant John Paul Baglioni, continually counteracting him, and alarming his perfidious heart with ſuch terrors as would have prevented him from his daring deſigns, had it been poſſible for any human being to effect ſuch a miracle; how he knew to ingratiate himſelf into the humour of that terrible pope Julian II. to flatter him, gain his good graces, and to win him to the beſt intereſts of his republic. How unlucky it is, that we are ignorant of his negociations with the emperor and the King of France, to whoſe courts he was deputed; and that we have not in our poſſeſſion thoſe diſcourſes which he made to ſo many princes with whom he was engaged on public affairs, and of thoſe harangues by which he rouſed his fellow-citizens to act againſt the foes of his country.

By the letters which he wrote in quality of ſecretary to the republic, we diſcern how the public councils were elucidated by his underſtanding, and with what addreſs he formed all his projects, and enticed every one to act that part in them which he had allotted for them; how he directed even the inferior members of the ſtate with the moſt artful policy, here exerciſing his perſuaſion, and there his authority; encouraging, rewarding, exhorting, praiſing, blaming, reprimanding, in every inſtance exactly conforming to time, buſineſs, circumſtances, and perſons.

Let us recollect all theſe truths together; let us weigh them carefully; and let us conſider Machiavel as a ſimpleton! which many ſagacious monks have been pleaſed to do, and in particular the Jeſuit Lucchefini! In fact, we cannot ſay he was poſſeſſed of good morals;—but that he was a ſimpleton!—good heav-

en! one muſt be a monk indeed to advance ſo impoſſible a falſehood.

Excluſive of that train of cloſe and ſerious thinking, which was neceſſary to diſcharge the duties of the important employment that he held, Machiavel poſſeſſed ſo refined a gaiety, ſo much good humour, ſo various and ſo ſprightly, that he ſeemed to have two ſouls in one body; one entirely ſerious, and the other entirely comic. Let thoſe who affect to be ſo enraptured with the Decameron, read attentively his Tale of Belphegor, and let them ſay whether there is in the firſt any tale that can be compared with the latter; whether we conſider it with reſpect to the ſingular invention diſplayed in it, the caſe and humour of the thoughts, which blend ſo gracefully with each other, or the correct elegance of the ſtyle; inſomuch, that if Machiavel had taken the trouble to compoſe a number of theſe tales, it is very probable that Boccace would not have held the firſt rank as a noveliſt.

And what ſhall we ſay of his comedies? How admirably is the unity of action, time, and place, obſerved in them! What natural characters are diſplayed in them! What well-conceived intrigues, and how happily unravelled! And the whole is ſo finely expreſſed in a chaſte and lively ſtyle, with ſuch abundance of wit, and forms ſo enchanting an aſſemblage, that the attention is roufed, the heart intereſted, the ſoul charmed, and we forget that we are only reading a comedy. Let us therefore exclaim, with the reverend father Luccheſini and half a million of other monks—let us excaim, in the name of truth, "Machivael was a ſimpleton!"—"Oh! what a ſimpleton!" Simpleton indeed!"

We can diſcover, by the writings of Machiavel, that he paſt the greater part of his life in ſome ſtudy, continually engaged either in topics intereſting to mankind, or in the zealous and honourable ſervices of his country. Moſt authors who have written of him affirm, that he lived and died poor; but as the ideas of poverty and riches are relative to the reſpective circumſtances of people, it ſeems to me that the word *poor* is very improperly applied to a citizen of Florence, who, like Machiavel, (as appears by the will which he made five years before his death) poſſeſſed a good houſe, free from all charges, a vineyard, fields, and thickets, from all which he was furniſhed with every neceſſary for himſelf and family, without being obliged to the good-will of his neighbours.

I have already mentioned the time of his birth. He died on the 22d day of June 1527, in the 58th year of his age. In his laſt moments he evinced the moſt friendly diſpoſition to the Chriſtian faith, without murmuring againſt heaven or its decrees, as has been inſinuated by the miſrepreſenting Luccheſini and his abettors, which may be inconteſtibly proved by a letter written by one of his ſons to a near relation of his father's. The original letter is ſtill preſerved, and is to the following purport:

"DEAREST FRANCIS,

"I cannot refrain from tears, in telling you that my father died on the 22d of this month, of a cholic occaſioned by a medicine which he had taken two days before. He confeſſed his ſins to father Matteo, who continued with him till his death. Our father has left us in great poverty, as you ſhall know. When you return hither, I will tell you every thing.

"I am, &c.

June 1527, PETRO MACHIAVELLI."

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

La Guillotine.

THIS machine, by which the unfortunate Louis XVI. ſuffered death, was firſt introduced in France by Monſ. Guillotin, a phyſician, and a member of the national aſſembly in 1791, and is called by his name.—In Engliſh, it is termed a maiden.

It was formerly uſed in the limits of the foreſt of Hardwicke, in Yorkſhire, and the executions were generally at Halifax. Twenty-five criminals ſuffered by it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the records before that time were loſt. Twelve more were executed by it between 1623 and 1650, after which it is ſuppoſed the privilege was no more reſpected. That machine is now deſtroyed; but there is one of the ſame kind in the Parliament Houſe at Edinburgh, by which the regent Morton ſuffered.

Prints of machines of this kind are to be met with in many old books in various languages, even ſo early as 1510, but without any deſcriptions. One of them is repreſented in Holinſhed's Chronicles. That of Halifax may be ſeen in the borders of the old maps of Yorkſhire, particularly thoſe of Mole in 1720.

Guillotines are at preſent made uſe of for executions throughout all France, and criminals are there put to death in no other manner.

Father's Advice to his Son on his Entrance into Life.

YOU are now leaving us, my ſon, to make your entrance into the world: for though from the pale of a college, the buſtle of ambition, the plodding of buſineſs, and the tinſel of gaiety are ſuppoſed to be excluded; yet, as it is the place where the perſons that are to perform in thoſe ſeveral characters often put on the dreſſes of each, there will not be wanting, even there, thoſe qualities that diſtinguiſh in all. I will not ſhock your immagination with the picture which ſome men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you againſt enormities, into which I ſhould equally affront your underſtanding and your feelings,

did I ſuppoſe you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that ſuſpicious caution, which young men are ſometimes adviſed to put on: they who always ſuſpect will often be miſtaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide diſtinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the ſimplicity that diſgraces a fool: he who never truſts is a niggard of his ſoul, who ſtarves himſelf, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praiſe, ſquanders the fund that ſhould ſerve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

In the circles of the world your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not uſeful; and your attachment won to characters, whoſe ſurfaces are ſhowy, without intrinſic value: in ſuch circumſtances be careful not always to impute knowledge, to the appearance of acuteneſs, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridiciule be miſtaken for the force of argument. Nothing is ſo eaſy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life when ſerioufneſs is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it; and no wit ſo futile or ſo dangerous as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itſelf momentous. There are in moſt ſocieties a ſet of ſelf-important young men, who borrow conſequence from ſingularity, and take precedency in wiſdom from the unfeeling uſe of the ludicrous: this is at beſt a ſhallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poiſonous to ſociety. I will not now, nor could you then, ſtand forth armed at all points to repeal the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief; but let one ſuggeſtion ſuffice, excluſive of all internal evidence, or extrinſic proof of revelation. He that would undermine thoſe foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, ſeeks to beat down that column which ſupports the feebleneſs of humanity: let him but think a moment, and his heart will arreſt the cruelty of his purpoſe. Would he pluck its little treaſure from the boſom of poverty? Would he wreſt its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only ſolace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at beſt; we tread it, however, lighter by the proſpect of that better country to which we truſt it will lead. Tell us not that it will end in the gulph of eternal diſſolution, or break off in ſome wild, which fancy may fill up as ſhe pleaſes, but reaſon is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which, amidſt the night of this evil world, has cheered the deſpondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkneſs of ſuffering virtue.

The two great movements of the ſoul, which the Moulder of our frames has placed in them for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the deſire of honour, and the fear of ſhame: but the perverſion of theſe qualities, which the refinement of ſociety is peculiarly unhappy in making, has drawn their influence from the ſtandard of morality to the banners of its oppoſite; into the firſt ſtep on which a young man ventures, in

thoſe paths which the cautions of wiſdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly puſhed by the fear of that ridicule which he has ſeen levelled at ſimplicity, and the deſire of that applauſe which the ſpirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

Pleaſure is, in truth, ſubſervient to virtue. When the firſt is purſued without thoſe reſtraints which the laſt would impoſe, every infringement we make on them leſſens the enjoyment we mean to attain ; and nature is thus wiſe in our conſtruction, that, when we would be bleſſed beyond the pale of reaſon, we are bleſſed imperfectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the ſhout of the bacchanalian, that we are to meaſure the degree of pleaſure which he feels : the groſſneſs of the ſenſe he gratifies is equally inſuſceptible of the enjoyment, as it is deaf to the voice of reaſon ; and, obdurated by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight which the finer ſenſations produce, which thrills in the boſom of delicacy and virtue.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On Prejudices.

WE are ſo much influenced, both in our actions and our opinions, throughout life, by the early impreſſions our minds have receiced, that however dangerous, as well as falſe, the idea may be, that virtue and vice depend greatly on prejudices, without having any ſolid foundation on truth and nature ; yet undoubtedly their operation has a wonderful effect on the bulk of mankind. Without their influence, perhaps it would be very difficult, not to ſay impoſſible, to induce the multitude to ſubmit to any kind of government. Men of wiſdom and virtue may ſafely be entruſted with the unencumbered exerciſe of their own reaſon ; indeed the former cannot be kept from it : but perſons of weak minds and ſtrong paſſions require the influence of ſome ſort of prejudice to keep them within any bounds, and make them in any degree tolerable members of ſociety.

Yet it is very difficult to draw the line between uſeful and noxious prejudices. For inſtance, it is impoſſible to regret that the common ſuperſtitions, which, even ſo lately as in the laſt century, were believed throughout Europe, ſhould now be entirely diſſipated by the light of reaſon : nevertheleſs, the total diſbelief of all ſupernatual intervention in the ordinary ſcenes of this world, is the obvious and certain cauſe of that infidelity with regard to religious truth, which is now ſo prevalent. Without adopting all the arguments of Hume on the ſubject of miracles, an event of that kind at the preſent day however reſpectably atteſted would by its own improbability, not to uſe a ſtronger term, ſo completely invalidate the beſt teſtimony in its favour, that I ſhould have a very light opinion of the abilities of a clergyman, who ſhould now try to enforce the truth of Chriſtianity by an appeal to the authority

of recorded miracles, whoſe ſtrongeſt proof is itſelf founded on the pure and perfect doctrines of that religion, which they were produced to eſtabliſh.

Is not the ſafety of human life much inſured by the ſpecies of ſuperſtitious horror with which a murdered corpſe is generally conſidered, and by the idea that ſomething of a præternatural juſtice awaits the wilful deſtroyer of his fellow creature; and that crimes of this ſort, however concealed, will ſpeak 'with moſt miraculous organ?'

Do not the notion that connexions, which law and cuſtom forbid, are actually unnatural, and the conſequent horror that attends them, prevent diſorders in families which all the regulations that parental vigilance could deviſe would otherwiſe be often unable to guard againſt?

There is a prejudice with regard to marriage, even in the preſent day, when the myſterious reverence due to the nuptial bed is not in many caſes of real life religiouſly obſerved, which the fictitious imitator of manners is obliged to reſpect.

Let us ſuppoſe the perfect heroine of a novel, or a drama, deceived into a bad opinion of her lover (her counterpart in perfection) by his inſidious rival and ſo induced him to give the preference. Let the treachery be diſcovered, even at the alter, before the irrevocable vows are exchanged, and the deceiver ſacrificed to the reſentment of the injured lover; ſhe may rejoice at her eſcape, exult, as much as the ſoftneſs of the female character will admit, over her fallen betrayer, and immediately rewarded the conqueror with her hand: but let the deceit be carried on a few moments longer, let the nuptials be completed, and no poet will permit his heroine to marry the murderer of her huſband, by whatever villainy he becomes ſo. The lady muſt throw herſelf on the body, declare her reſolution to have ſacrificed every other conſideration to the ſtrict obſervance of her duty, had he lived, and her reſolution to fly for ever from a world where ſhe can never be happy, and bury herſelf and her ſorrows in the retirement of a convent.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Meſs. Editors.

THE application of the diſcoveries of ſcience to practical and uſeful operation, is doubtleſs laudable. Without further apology, therefore, I ſhall requeſt your inſertion of the following communication. In an age of economy, if not in the preſent, it may be of much ſervice; and I do not doubt that many of your fair readers will thank you for teaching them how to ſave a ſoiled garment, or to cleanſe a ſtained piece of furniture.

The uſes of Chemical Re-agents are very extenſive, but it is my purpoſe now to ſhow our Ladies and others concerned their utility only in removing ſtains and greaſe-ſpots. They are as follow.

1. *Removal of Ink ſtains.* The ſtains of ink on cloth, paper, or wood, may be removed by almoſt all acids; but thoſe acids are to be preferred, which are leaſt likely to injure the texture of the ſtained ſubſtance. The muriatic acid, diluted with 5 or 6 times its weight of water, may be applied to the ſpot; and after a minute or two may be waſhed off: repeating its application as often as may be found neceſſary. But the vegetable acids are attended with leſs riſk, and are equally effectual. A ſolution of the oxalic, citric, or tartarous acids in water, may be applied to the moſt delicate fabrics, without any danger of injuring them; and the ſame ſolutions diſcharge, from paper, written but not printed ink. Hence they may be employed in cleaning books, which have been defaced by writing on the margin, without impairing the text.

2. *Iron Stains.* Theſe may be occaſioned either by ink-ſtains, which, on the application of ſoap, are changed into iron ſtains, or by the direct contact of ruſted iron. They may be removed by diluted muriatic acid, or by one of the vegetable acids already mentioned. When ſuffered to remain long on cloth, they become extremely difficult to take out, becauſe the iron, by repeated moiſtening with water, and expoſure to the air, acquires ſuch an addition of oxygen, as renders it inſoluble in acids. I have found, however, that even theſe ſpots may be diſcharged, by applying firſt a ſolution of an alkaline ſulphuret; which muſt be well waſhed from the cloth; and afterwards, a liquid acid. The ſulphuret, in this caſe, extracts part of the oxygen from the iron; and renders it ſoluble in dilute acids.

3. *Fruit and Wine Stains.* Theſe are beſt removed by a watery ſolution of the oxygenated muriatic acid, or by that of oxygenated muriate of potaſh or lime, to which a little ſulphuric acid has been added. The ſtained ſpot may be ſteeped in one of theſe ſolutions, till it is diſcharged; but the ſolution can only be applied with ſafety to white goods; becauſe the uncombined oxygenated acid, diſcharges all printed and dyed colours. A convenient mode of applying the oxygenated acid, eaſily practicable by perſons, who have not the apparatus for ſaturating water with the gas, is as follows. Put about a table ſpoonful of muriatic acid (ſpirit of ſalt) into a tea-cup, and add to it about a tea-ſpoonful of powdered manganeſe. Then ſet this cup in a larger one filled with hot water. Moiſten the ſtained ſpot with water, and expoſe it to the fumes that ariſe from the tea-cup. If the expoſure be continued a ſufficient length of time, the ſtain will diſappear.

4. *Spots of Greaſe* may be removed by a diluted ſolution of pure pot-aſh; but this muſt be cautiouſly applied, to prevent injury to the cloth. Stains of *white wax*, which ſometimes fall upon the cloaths from wax candles, are removable by ſpirit of turpentine or ſulphuric ether. The marks of *white paint* may alſo be diſcharged by the laſt mentioned agents. C. D.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Life of Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.

MIGUEL Cervantes de Saavedra, the moſt celebrated literary character of modern Spain, was born about the year 1549. Neither he himſelf, nor any authentic biographer, has mentioned the place of his nativity; ſo that different parts of Spain have laid claim to that honour, with as much zeal of contention as the different places which of old were claimants for the cradle of Homer. The province of Andaluſia ſeems on the whole to poſſeſs the beſt title. His deſcent is by himſelf ſaid to have been honourable; and his writings prove that his education muſt have been liberal; but his own total ſilence as to the manner in which he paſſed his youth, and the circumſtance of his ſerving as a common volunteer in the army of Mark Antony Colonna, ſeem to prove that he had no other patrimony than his ſword and learning. When his military ſervice commenced is doubtful; it is certain, however, that embarking with the troops under Colonna, on board the fleet commanded by Don John of Auſtria, he was preſent at the famous battle of Lepanto in 1571, where he had the misfortune to loſe his left hand by a ſhot. Either in the expedition, or in his ſervice as chamberlain to cardinal Aquaviva at Rome, he obtained a certain ſhare of wealth; for in his captivity at Algiers during five years and a half, which commenced in 1574, when he was taken by a Barbary corſair, he appears to have been well furniſhed with money, which he liberally beſtowed among his fellow-captives. Severel romantic circumſtances, but of dubious authority, are recorded of him whilſt a ſlave at Algiers. A large price was paid for his ranſom, which together with his ſubſequent expenſe of living, probably in the free ſtyle of a ſoldier, entirely exhauſted his ſtore. He had already eſtabliſhed a reputation for poetical talents in his country, which was much augmented by the publication in 1584 of his "Galatea," a poem in ſix books, dedicated to Aſcanio Colonna. He likewiſe, either before or after his captivity, or in both periods, compoſed various pieces for the Spaniſh theatre, which was then nearly in a ſtate of barbariſm, and of which, in its more regular form, he is reckoned one of the fathers. A courſe of years little accounted for, now elapſed in the life of Cervantes, of the incidents of which ſcarcely any thing is known, but that he married, was reduced to great diſtreſs, and finally was lodged in a jail for debt. In this forlorn ſituation he compoſed the work which has conferred immortal honour on his name—his "Don Quixote." As to the ſerious purpoſe of it, various opinions have been given, probably with more fancy and ſubtlety than truth. Perhaps he had nothing further in view than to write a diverting and inſtructive ſatire of the extravagant tales, which, under the title of romances, over-ran the age, and prejudiced the taſte, at leaſt, if not the manners, of his country. That any thing like practical

knight-errantry was the foible of his countrymen at that time, is a ſuppoſition not warranted by the ſtate of ſociety; and a ſoldier and patriot could not wiſh to quell the gallant ſpirit of martial enterpriſe. But books of chivalry, with their monſtrous fictions and affected ſentiments, were fair game for a man of wit and ſenſe; nor could they be more agreeably ridiculed, than by diſplaying their effects on the imagination of a madman, reſolved to put their leſſons into practice. The firſt part of this work was printed at Madrid in 1605, and its ſucceſs was prodigious. It was read by all ages and ranks; its fame ſpread into foreign countries, and editions and tranſlations of it were multiplied. It ſeems to have had its full effect in correcting the public taſte, and putting a ſtop to the fabrication of romances. That it alſo lowered the adventurous ſpirit of the Spaniſh nation, and laid the foundation of the timid indolence under which it has ſince languiſhed, is probably an overſtrained concluſion. With reſpect to the author, it appears to have been the means of liberating him from priſon, and obtaining him a degree of patronage from the great; but the court and kingdom of Spain have by no act of ſolid bounty freed themſelves from the diſgrace of ſuffering their greateſt genius to ſink under the depreſſion of habitual indigence. In 1613 Cervantes publiſhed his "Novels," which are agreeable ſpecimens of that kind of writing, and became popular. They are of a ſimilar character with ſome introduced into the adventures of Don Quixote, and diſplay his inventive and deſcriptive talents in ſerious ſtory, as the other had done in burleſque. Indeed, Cervantes, though he choſe to make the fictions of chivalry the object of his ridicule, had much of the romantic in his own compoſition; and in the points of love and heroiſm was a true Spaniard, though he diſcarded the follies of enchantment and ſupernatural agency. While preparing for the preſs a ſecond part of his Don Quixote, he underwent the mortification of being anticipated by an Arragonian writer of mean genius, under the name of Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda; who not only debaſed the original by a very inſipid and abſurd application of its plan and characters, but loaded the author with much perſonal abuſe. Cervantes, however, reclaimed his right, by publiſhing, in 1615, a true ſecond part, which ſufficiently proved that the author of the firſt was alone capable of an adequate continuation, and which was received with avidity by all who had been intereſted in the genuine Don Quixote. About this time he alſo publiſhed a poem entitled "A Voyage to Parnaſſus," which was an ironical ſatire upon the Spaniſh poetry of his time, and upon the bad taſte of patrons. This was more likely to increaſe the number of his enemies, than to acquire him any ſubſtantial favours from the great. Accordingly, ſuch was his poverty at this period, that he was obliged to ſell eight plays and as many interludes to a bookſeller, for want of means to print them on his own account. The indifferent terms he was upon with the actors prevented his bringing them on the ſtage; and indeed the riſing reputation of

Lope de la Vega had eclipſed that of Cervantes as a dramatic writer. His laſt work was a novel, entitled, "The Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda," which he did not live to print. In his preface, that humour, which had illuminated the pages of his Don Quixote, ſtill flaſhes out, and diſpels the gloom of poverty and ſickneſs. He relates an adventure which befel him on a journey on horſeback to Toledo, when a ſcholar, who had joined the company, being informed who he was, leaps from his aſs in a rapture, pays him high compliments, and in the courſe of converſation recommends to him a regimen for the dropſy under which he laboured. Cervantes, however, excuſes himſelf from complying with his advice. "My life," ſays he, "is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulſe, which I find will have finiſhed its courſe by next Sunday at fartheſt, I ſhall alſo have finiſhed my career: ſo that you are come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me." An affectionate dedication of this work to his beſt patron, the count de Lemos, is dated April 19, 1617; and as he mentions in it that he had already received extreme unction, it is probable that a day or two more finiſhed the ſcene. A licence was granted in the September following to the widow of Cervantes to print this novel for her own benefit; and it was probably the only property this literary glory of his country had to leave.

To enter into a diſcuſſion of the character and merits of ſuch an original and unrivalled performance as 'Don Quixote," would carry us beyond the limits aſſigned to the preſent biographical ſketch. Perhaps a critic of the preſent day would not diſcover in it all thoſe marks of a tranſcendant genius which it had been ſuppoſed to poſſeſs; but a work which has not only become a claſſic throughout all Europe, but which has in a manner obſcured the fame of all other literature of its country, and has enriched every modern language with words and phraſes to expreſs new ideas, cannot but rank with the capital productions of the human invention. It would be an endleſs taſk to enumerate all the editions of the original, or verſions of it, in different countries. They ſtill occaſionally appear, decorated with all the art of the engraver and typographer. The other works of the author meet with few readers out of Spain. His "Novels" have indeed been conſiderable favourites, but are ſuperſeded by more modern productions. His poems and plays are excluſively accommodated to the taſte of his country; nor do they ſeem there to have ranked among maſter-pieces.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Portrait of Louis XVI.

THIS portrait of the unfortunate late king of France was recently publiſhed in a news-paper. It is ſaid to have been written in France by a gentleman, whoſe fortune and offi-

cial ſituation rendered him extremely intimate with his majeſty; and is tranſlated from the French manuſcript, in the margin of which were many remarks and corrections in the queen's hand-writing in July 1792.

Unfortunately the duration of literary productions depends in great meaſure on their bulk; therefore, with a view of giving this apparently impartial and correct deſcription of the murdered monarch a greater degree of permanence than it was likely to obtain from the manner in which it was firſt preſented to the public, I have incloſed it to you.

Louis the XVIth was born on the 24th of Auguſt 1754, and married on the 16th of May 1770, to M. A. Arch-Ducheſs of Auſtria. Though ſlender in his younger years, he gradually acquired a healthy robuſt habit, which was probably increaſed by the frequent exerciſe he took in hunting. He was rather above the middle ſize, inclining to be fat, uncouth in his gait, and deficient in what is underſtood by *perſonal accompliſhments*. His features were prominent, his countenance open, and it ſeemed to announce that honeſty was inſeparable from all his actions.

His education was committed to the late duke of Vaugyon, as governor, and the biſhop of Limoges, as preceptor—a man who was chiefly diſtinguiſhed for his piety. The king ſometimes obſerved himſelf, that his education had been neglected. His natural underſtanding was good; his judgment ſound, and free from prejudice; his memory clear, and uncommonly retentive; but until his misfortunes began, his faculties had been but little exerciſed in public affairs; and even then, the habit of being guided by the opinion of others, made him too diffident of his own.

Whether it was natural, or whether it aroſe from what he had obſerved himſelf, or imbibed from what he had heard from others, is difficult to determine; but he was miſtruſtful. The only perſon in whom he placed confidence, was the queen, whom he conſtantly conſulted; yet he frequently diſputed her advice, alledging that ſhe was influenced by others, who he imagined deceived her. He was ſometimes blunt in his expreſſions, and it was eaſily perceived either when he was offended with or prejudiced againſt any one. The queen took great pains to ſoften the harſhneſs of his manners, and to engage him to ſay things that were obliging, of which in general he was very neglectful.

Without poſſeſſing that fortitude that produces deciſion, and leads to action, he had much perſonal courage; and little occupied about his own ſafety, he was always unwilling to expoſe any one to danger on his account. He was a moſt affectionate huſband, father, and brother; a juſt, kind, but not a generous maſter. It was neceſſary ſometimes to put him in mind of thoſe who had a claim on his bounty. He was humane and charitable. The ſums he gave for the relief of perſons in diſtreſs were known only to thoſe whe conveyed them, generally his confeſſor. His reſpect for truth was ſuch, that he was never known to have deſignedly

told a falſehood. He was devout, without bigotry; a punctual obſerver of the duties and practices of religion; and in his mind deteſted thoſe who ſeemed to be vain of their impiety. An enemy to every ſort of oſtentation; parſimonious in his perſonal expences, he frequently recommended economy to others, in which he was but ill obeyed. But the ſtrong feature in his character was his love of juſtice. As an individual, he would have been univerſally regarded *comme une parfaitement hônnet homme.*

He was embarraſſed in converſation, but latterly, when he was affected, or warmed, he ſpoke with eaſe, and even energy; he expreſſed himſelf well in writing, and in very correct language; but both in ſpeaking and writing, he was conciſe.

He had an extenſive knowledge in geography; and there are ſcarcely any good maps or charts, with which he was not intimately acquainted.

He conſtantly roſe at ſeven in the morning. The hour from nine to ten was ſpent with the queen and his children. On the days that he did not hunt, there was a council held at eleven. He dined regularly at two, with only the queen. At four he retired to his own apartment. There was frequently a council held at ſeven in the evening. When there was no evening council, he ſometimes went to the play, eſpecially if a tragedy was to be repreſented, but he ſeldom ordered a particular play himſelf. He ſupped with all the royal family in the apartment of the counteſs de Provence, about a quarter after nine. At eleven he had his *couché*, either went to bed immediately, or read ſometimes till midnight; ſometimes even till one in the morning, but never later.

There were now and then what are called *ſoupés de cabinet*, when all the royal family ſupped in the king's apartment, to which a certain number of perſons were invited. The time not occupied by theſe engagements was ſpent in reading, drawing, and correcting maps from journals and manuſcripts, in directing the workmen employed to execute plans given by himſelf at Verſailles and Rambouillet, and ſometimes in conſidering memorials and petitions, although he generally gave them to his miniſters.

From almoſt the beginning of the revolution, he was aware of his danger, and impreſſed with the idea that he ſhould not ſurvive it. He deeply felt the ingratitude of ſome; lamented the indiſcretion of all; and though early in the revolution a ſovereign of more decided character might have ſtopped its progreſs, he was ſoon ſo entirely abandoned by all thoſe whoſe duty and intereſt ought to have inſured him their ſupport, that it ſeems almoſt impoſſible that he ſhould afterwards have extricated himſelf from thoſe dangers that ended in his death.

Such was the real character of Louis XVI. who, on the 22d of January 1793, was murdered on a ſcaffold in the midſt of his capital, in mockery of God, and in contempt of juſtice.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Narrative of Nouraſſin, the Perſian, an Oriental Tale.

"TO Allah the Moſt High be all honour and praiſe! Let every one bow down before his throne, to which all the powers of heaven do homage. Eblis, Eblis himſelf, though he preſume to uſurp divine honours on this lower world, pays his duty at the footſtool of the Moſt High!

"After a day's ſevere faſting, I wandered into the woods of Kurdiſtan. The paths were intricate and perplexed, and I picked my way for ſome time with caution. Flowers of the moſt enchanting hues, and the moſt exquiſite perfume, bordered the path; the lotos flower and the tuberoſe ſcented the air; the high palmetto and the feathery acacia waved over my head; and the birds warbled in delightful melody among their branches. A rapid and tranſparent ſtream diffuſed fragrance and verdure over this beautiful region; and the inequalities of hill and valley, wood and heath, added charms to this moſt delicious ſpot. Yet, though I could have wiſhed to linger here forever, I forgot not that I had to return, and carefully obſerved the windings of the various paths that croſſed the foreſt. At length, having reached an opening through which I could diſcern the glorious hues lighted up in the weſt by the departing beams of Mithra, I ſeated myſelf under a large tree, and abandoned my mind to the charms of contemplation—"Surely" thought I, "it is good for man to be here, and he needs not ſeek a fairer paradiſe, when he can enjoy ſuch a ſcene as this that now raviſhes my mind." Then when I beheld the magnolia already ſhedding its tender ſpoils on the ground, I called to mind the ſaying of Yeſef Eben Ibrahim; *When the leaves bud forth think of the deſpoiled ſtalks*—"True," ſaid I aloud, "the ſeaſon of ſpring is delightful, aud the glowing ſummer and the fruitful autumn come to fulfil its faireſt promiſe: but after all comes winter, which ſwallows up all the benefits of its predeceſſors, reſembling the wiſe adage of the ſage Rhedi-al-Uſuruf; *Ingratitude has a wide ſwallow.*

"While I thus ruminated, a gilded ſerpent came ſlowly gliding from between the paths, and while I admired the gloſſy luſtre of his ſcales, darted out his forky tongue. Springing up, I aimed a blow at him, which laid him dead at my feat. I reſumed my ſeat, and gazing on my creſt-fallen enemy, I thus pondered—"Even ſo do unſuſpected villains ſteal acroſs the path of the unthinking man, and wound him with their venomed fangs! Happy will be that world where winter comes not, ingratitude is not known, and malice has no entrance.

"Loſt in ſuch muſings, I ſcarcely heeded the gradual change from day to twilight; but when at length the hooting of the bird of night rouſed me from my reverie, I aroſe from my moſſy ſeat, and determined to retrace my way back to the city—I wandered long before I diſcovered that I had taken a wrong turn, and was every moment more enveloped in the intricacies of the foreſt.

In vain I ſtrove to return upon my ſteps: the ſimilarity of the ſcenes preſented but very feeble indications, and even had they been ſtronger, the increaſing darkneſs of night would have prevented my availing myſelf of them. At length the riſing moon ſhot her rays directly acroſs the path on which I ſtood, and I perceived that I was on the edge of a tremendous precipice—I ſhuddered at the danger I had been thus providentially enabled to eſcape, and bent my knees in thankful adoration to Allah.

"I reſted a while on a projection of rock, to compoſe my feelings after the ſhock this circumſtance had given to them; and while I ſat, the moon acquired luſtre ſufficient to ſhew me the dreadful ſcene in all its horrors. The chaſm below ſeemed as if it muſt have been formed by the convulſion of an earthquake. Huge maſſes of rock were piled on each other in all directions, and the abrupt and ſteepy ſides, were, in ſome places, covered with rude vegetation, in others bare, and full of yawning fiſſures. The depth of the gulf, my eyes, aſſiſted only by the deceitful moonlight, were unable to penetrate; but the ſilver rays were reflected in the rough waves of a foaming torrent, that rolled at the bottom, and ſeemed to ruſh along over rugged projections of ſtone. I fancied I diſcovered a path that led to this extraordinary abyſs; and urged by irreſiſtible curioſity, I reſolved to attempt the deſcent.

"The only talk in the city was of the new worſhip; and the myſterious ſecrecy obſerved reſpecting its peculiar inſtitutions, only ſerved to render the uninitiated more inquiſitive. I had heard perſons, in whoſe authority I could not depend, talk of the Valley of Horror as the ſcene appointed for the celebration of the worſhip of Eblis; but I by no means imagined that a ſpot ſo worthy of the name, exiſted in the neighbourhood of the city, undiſcovered by ſuch a wanderer as myſelf.

"This circumſtance redoubled my curioſity, and I attempted the declivity at the moſt acceſſible part. This had never, I believe, been hewn out for a path; it was merely a channel, worn by ſome ſtream, which had either ceaſed to flow, or had turned its waters into another direction. I was now obliged to let myſelf down by tough branches of the creeper amavi, and now to leap from point to point with exertion the moſt perilous. Torn, bruiſed, and alarmed, I reached at length the bottom of the abyſs, and found myſelf on the banks of a ſluggiſh river, whoſe heavy and dark-coloured waves emitted a pitchy ſmoke. The banks of the river reſembled cindery fragments of a volcano, and the ſulphureous ſmell almoſt ſuffocated me. "Surely" thought I, "this cavern muſt be the entrance to the dominions of Arimanius, and this ſtream a portion of the fiery flood that ſurrounds his palace." At length overcome by exertion and ſuffocation, I ſwooned away, and lay for an uncertain period, in a ſtate of inſenſibility. When I reſumed my powers, I was ſurpriſed to ſee a gleam of light darting through a fiſſure at a remote corner of the cavern; and, watching with attention its evident approach,

I perceived at length ſeveral figures enter, habited in long flame-coloured robes, each bearing torches, which they waved about with geſtures of the moſt frantic wildneſs. This proceſſion was cloſed by entrance of a tall perſonage, clothed in black, whoſe head was encircled with a coronet, which appeared to me of living fire. The whole train approached the pitchy river, on the oppoſite bank of which I lay. I endeavoured to hide myſelf among ſome of the ſinged ſhrubs, that were not utterly deſtroyed by the fiery exhalations, and ſucceeded in finding a place which concealed me from their view. The ſubordinate perſonages attended the figure in black, with every ſymptom of reſpect, to a ſpot where the river, by a ſudden evolution, formed a ſort of ſmall cove. Here the whole party remained for ſome time immoveable, while their countenances ſeemed expreſſive of internal abſtraction and adoration; the perſonage in black then in a loud voice, commanded the ſtranger to be brought forth.

"The terror I felt at theſe words, which I concluded to apply to myſelf, is not to be deſcribed. I lay ſtill in my hiding-place, reſolved only to yield to abſolute force, and not to betray myſelf by any ſudden emotion; and my fears ſubſided, when I perceived four of the flame-coloured attendants drag from a cavern, on the oppoſite ſide, a man who ſeemed in a ſwoon. The ſuperior uttered aloud ſome words in an unknown language, amongſt which, however, I diſtinguiſhed the name of Eblis. He then ordered the attendants to ſtrip the man, and ſeizing him by the arm, plunged him ſtill inſenſible into the pitchy flood, that rolled ſluggiſhly along. The ſhock recalled the unhappy man to his ſenſes; and I beheld him, with ſurpriſe, expreſs by his geſtures the moſt extravagant joy. Immediately the ſuperior took him by the hand; and while the ſurrounding miniſters attired him in a flame-coulourd garment ſimilar to their own, he congratulated him on being now a ſervant of Eblis.

"After a deſtined period of probation," ſaid he, "thou ſhalt be admitted to all the privileges Eblis confers upon his faithful worſhippers. The ſecrets of nature and the arcana of magic ſhall be unveiled to thee. The ſpirits which fulfil his orders ſhall be ſubmitted to thy power, and thou ſhall be enabled to accompliſh at once all thy wiſhes. But in order to arrive at ſo high a pitch of felicity, thou muſt, during the appointed interval, be truly devoted to his will; thou muſt never fail to aſſiſt at our ſacrifices, and muſt endeavour to render them, by thy preſents, worthy of being offered to our powerful divinity."

"The newly initiated made a reply expreſſive of gratitude, and eagerneſs to haſten the period of fruition. But he was diſmiſſed with the greateſt part of the votaries, through the ſame fiſſure at which he had entered; and there remained only three beſides the ſuperior. He then addreſſed them in the following terms;—

"The moment is now arrived when your ſervices are about to be accepted. Ye have paſſed the period of probation with honour, and have never omitted any endeavours to promote the cauſe

of Eblis among the children of the world. Come ye worſhippers of the immortal fire! come, and receive the reward of your labours. One ceremony paſt, and ye ſhall be admitted to the innermoſt receſſes of his palace, whoſe brightneſs is above all conception, and which ye have well merited to inhabit, by your noble diſdain of the blind prejudices of mortals. Ye have, with a ſuperior grandeur of ſoul, burſt the bands of conſanguinity, deſpiſed the weak maxims of what men call virtue, and ſought only to increaſe the the glory of the infernal fire: ye ſhall now drink of this cup, and be admitted at once to all the privileges of the moſt favoured worſhippers!"

"With theſe words, the ſuperior plunged a veſſel of adamant into the pitchy ſtream, and offered it, ſteaming with ſulphureous ſmoke, to his deluded followers. The firſt raiſed it to his lips, and having ſwallowed a part of its contents, fell to the ground in a ſwoon; the ſecond and third drank likewiſe, and met with a ſimilar fate. Quickly, however recovering, they addreſſed the ſuperior with countenances and voices expreſſive of the moſt dreadful tortures.

"How haſt thou deceived us!" exclaimed they. What is this horrible internal fire we feel? Are theſe torments to be eternal?"

"Eternal!"—replied the monſter, with a ghaſtly grin—"ye now feel in your hearts, the fire that is never quenched—the juſt reward of your labours. It is our amuſement," continued he, "to delude unwary mortals with ſpecious tales and alluring equivocations; and, by increaſing the number of the votaries, ſeem to obtain a fanciful relief. Go—the myſteries of magic, and the command of ſpirits are your's. Go, profit by what you have ſo hardly earned!"

"With theſe words, he burſt into a loud and inſulting laugh, while, with horrible howlings, the three deluded victims tore open their garments, and diſplayed their boſoms burning with unquenchable fire. After a moſt dreadful interval, the figure in black placed on each of their heads a circlet of fire like his own: and recommending patience and compoſure to them, ordered them to ſeek their own habitations, and, like him, endeavour to procure new votaries to Eblis.

"The faint rays of morning began now to ſtreak the ſky, and being once more alone in the Cavern of Horrors, I determined to attempt the aſcent, not daring to follow the ſteps of the ſtrange beings I had ſeen, leſt I ſhould be led into the dominions of Eblis. Painful as had been my deſcent into this horrible place, I found the return to the upper world ſtill more difficult; but at length, by perſeverance and extreme labour, I effected my emancipation; and ſhuddering with horror, regained the place from whence I had wandered the preceeding day. Exhauſted with toil and faſting, I had ſcarcely ſtrength to return to my own abode; but the moſt diſtreſſing conſequence of my adventure was, the total

'oſs of my confidence in my fellow-creatures, I wanted to pull off he turban, and tear open the veſt of every man I converſed vith, to aſcertain whether or not he were a votariſt of the infernal fire; but I had the happineſs, by repreſenting to many who had wavered, the facts I yet witneſſed, of fixing them more firmly than ever, in the faith of their forefathers."

Let thoſe who ſhall read the adventure of Nouraſſin, learn, not 'o be ſeduced by the wiles of myſtery, nor to liſten to the magnificent promiſes of novelty. The paths of virtue and true happineſs are plain and open, and their dictates will bear to be tried by the touchſtone of truth.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Meſsrs. Editors,

IN "my Flight to Paris in the autumn of 1790" Kotzebue, the famous German Dramatiſt, gives the following idea of Paris. I believe it to be juſt: it ſeems to be written in the unaffected manner of truth, and may amuſe ſome of your readers. X.

Idea of Paris.

I CANNOT remain longer at Paris, for were I to continue here a whole year, I ſhould never find myſelf at home, and where I am not at home, I cannot be even contented. A number of trifles, each of which taken ſeparately, might appear inſignificant, altogether make my ſtay here very uncomfortable. I do, indeed, believe that the ſame will always be felt by thoſe who have been accuſtomed to a certain uniform mode of life; or, why ſhould I not ſpeak in plain terms? who are ſomewhat preciſe, which is certainly my caſe.

I like to riſe at ſix in the morning. In Germany, I can have my breakfaſt at any time, here I muſt wait till the *garcon* at the coffee-houſe ſhall be pleaſed to leave his bed, which may not be perhaps till between eight and nine, conſequently I am kept faſting for three hours. This is ſo contrary to my uſual practice, that it gives me very unpleaſant ſenſations.

In the ſecond place. The fire warms me only in front and the room it does not warm at all. I love an equal warmth throughout. Beſides, the intolerable blaze in the chimney is extremely pernicious to the eyes.

Thirdly. Notwithſtanding that our rooms are handſomely furniſhed with ſilk and mahogany, they are only paved with ſtone. This I diſlike moſt heartily, ſince I muſt always ſit in warm boots, to prevent the chill and damp affecting my feet.

Fourthly. As the good people here do not uſually riſe till noon, ſo they do not dine till evening. This is inſufferable to thoſe who are accuſtomed to order their meals with the regularity of clock-work.

Fifthly. After having waited ſo long for dinner, it is at laſt not worth having, unleſs indeed one can be content to purchaſe a tolerable meal at the intolerable price of a louis. I, for my part, who am of opinion that half a dollar ought to furniſh the table decently, do not like to pay more. But for this I only get meagre broth with ſodden beef, a nauſeous fricaſſee, or roaſt meat of ſome kind, dried to a cinder. If it were not for potatoes, which we have regularly every day, we might often riſe hungry from table. The wine is as bad as it is dear, and the water, even when filtrated, milky, muddy, and of a ſweetiſh taſte.

Sixthly. The beds are another grievance. They are as hard as the benches in an alehouſe, and he who is of a plethoric habit, would ſtand but a bad chance in them, ſince there is nothing to ſupport his head but a little round thing much like the pillows we uſe on ſophas. I have always been obliged to lay my coat and cloak underneath it, to raiſe my head only to a level with my feet.

Seventhly. He who has been in the habit of going to bed regularly at ten o'clock, if he adhere to his practice, will in vain hope to ſleep, till he become accuſtomed to the eternal rattle of carriages, which never ceaſes till two in the morning. It ſeems as if the olympic games were celebrating under the windows, and all the *fiacres* in Paris were running for prizes.

Such are the evils experienced within doors. If a man venture out, a thouſand new ones are to be encountered.

Suppoſing the expedition is to be made on foot, he muſt wade through a black mire all the way, and expect to be run againſt, firſt by a water caſk, then by a fiſh-woman—firſt by a crier, then by a ſedan-chair—or to be ſpattered all over with mud by the carriages—or to be aſſailed by a hundred beggars—or tormented by a hundred ladies of pleaſure—or to be ſtopped by a hundred Savoyards with ſomething or other to ſell, who always take all foreigners for *Milords* ready to throw their money into the ſtreets, and whom they can conſequently dupe at pleaſure. Then, if ſurmounting all theſe obſtacles, he have got the length of one ſtreet, before he can croſs into another, it may perhaps be neceſſary to ſtop a quarter of an hour, watching an opportunity to eſcape without being run over. I, who am never more given up to fancy than when walking along the ſtreets, find theſe things intolerable.

Then, if to avoid theſe inconveniences, he get into a carriage, the chances are ten to one that in the narrow, angular ſtreets, from the concourſe of other carraiges, he may be amuſed not unfrequently with a ſtop of many minutes, ere it be poſſible to paſs; all which time is ſpent freezing to death with the winds that draw in at every corner in theſe airy vehicles, and upon the rack with impatience. And when at laſt the coachman, by great dexterity, gets through this labyrinth, and arrives ſafely at the place of deſtination, it is ſcarcely poſſible to eſcape under a quar-

ter of an hour's wrangle with him, ſince he conſtantly inſiſts upon more than is his due. It is well known that the drivers of *fiacres* never were diſtinguiſhed for their *politeſſe*, and it will hardly be ſuppoſed that in the preſent rage for liberty they are improved in this reſpect.

But one of my greateſt grievances is the air of Paris. Let the heavens be ever ſo clear and ſerene, ſtill an eternal miſt hovers over the town, nor is it poſſible to ſee any object the length of a ſtreet. The compoſition of this miſt is principally a pungent ſmoke, ariſing from the profuſion of cook-ſhops, and which, in paſſing them, has often affected my head ſo much as to make my eyes water. Indeed, the effect has frequently continued when the cauſe no longer exiſted, and I hold this ſteam, therefore, to be of an extremely pernicious quality.

Two things more yet remain to be noticed. The inſufferable egotiſm of the inhabitants, which is to me offenſive beyond expreſſion and their propenſity to fraud and impoſition.

He who does not look well to what he is about, may depend upon his being cheated of his money in all poſſible ways ; and this in ſo groſs and ſhameleſs a manner, that it cannot but excite, in every honeſt boſom, the deepeſt contempt and diſguſt at ſo profligate and mercenary a race.

I bought a little Spaniſh dog one day in the Palais-Royal. It was then of a beautiful brown colour, but it had not been many days in my poſſeſſion, before this changed to a dingy yellow, and, at length, to a perfect white. The animal, in fact, was painted. For myſelf, I cared little about the matter, but I felt indignant at having been made the object of ſuch a petty contemptible fraud.

All theſe things make Paris daily more and more inſupportable to me, and as I revolved them over in my mind this morning, I ſuddenly came to the reſolution of leaving it to-morrow.

But leave Paris without going to the National Aſſembly ? No, that cannot be. Monſieur l'Abbe de R—— had indeed repeatedly made liberal promiſes of getting us tickets of admiſſion, yet like moſt of his countrymen, had put us off with fine words only. But ſince we could not be immediately aware, that to promiſe and to perform were, with him, two things, we had been prevented ſeeking them by other means. Happily, however, a man may have any thing here for money and even tickets for the National Aſſembly are made a lucrative branch of traffic that can hardly be concealed from the repreſentatives, and which, for their own credit, they ought to ſuppreſs. Our ſervant procured us, without difficulty, two tickets for three livres each.

We were obliged to alight at ſome diſtance from the place where the ſittings are held, and had two or three courts to wade through before we reached the hall. In one of theſe we were in imminent danger of ſticking faſt in the black-mire ; and another was ſo full of water, that the Savoyards had laid planks a-

long it, which we muſt pay for going over. Perhaps they had themſelves drenched it with water with this very deſign. Theſe things began, even at the outſet, to leſſen my ideas of the Aſſembly of *their twelve hundred Majeſties.*

We now approached the room itſelf. And hark! the ſhouts of liberty reſounded in our ears. At the diſtance of at leaſt two hundred ſteps we were ſaluted with a tumultuous burſt of laughter, proceeding from the Aſſembly. We were conducted into a gallery, which was already occupied by people three deep, ſo that we did not get even a convenient place for our ſix livres. The hall is very long and wide, and on each ſide benches for the members are ranged in an amphitheatrical form. Many, however, walk about, and many alſo, ſtand in the area in the middle, or run firſt to this ſide, then to that, with tablets in their hands, in which they write from time to time.

The debate was very animated. As we entered, a young man upon the left hand was ſpeaking. He declaimed vehemently againſt the clergy, and ſpoke of a prieſt who had ſubjoined the following limitation to his oath: *conformably to what was ordained by the biſhop of Lydda.* This occaſioned a great commotion. They all began talking and exclaiming together, and bandied jokes and ſarcaſms backwards and forwards, laughing at them all the time moſt unmercifully. This tumultuous laughter, which was very often repeated, appeared to me truly unworthy the dignity of ſuch an aſſembly, honoured with the title of repreſentativs of a great nation. I confeſs, that were I a member of it, theſe witticiſms, and this mirth, would drive me out again as quickly as I was driven out now, when only an auditor. For after a ſolemn reſolution was paſſed, that the clergy ſhould ſwear without reſervation, and the Aſſembly proceeded to diſcuſſing in what manner witneſſes could be examined in future, I was ſo little intereſted that I went away. I entered the hall with great expectations, but departed with very petty impreſſions upon my mind.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Adventures of Scarmentado. A Satirical Novel, Tranſlated from the French.

MY name is Scarmentado; my father was governor of the city of Candia, where I came into the world in the year 1600, and I remember that one Iro, a ſtupid and ſcurrilous poet, wrote a copy of dogrel verſes in my praiſe, in which he proved me deſcended from Minos in a direct line; but my father being diſgraced ſome time after, he wrote another poem by which it appeared I was no longer a-kin to Minos, but the deſcendant of Paſiphae and her lover.

When I was fifteen years old, my father ſent me to Rome to finiſh my ſtudies. Monſignor Profonde, to whom I was recommended, was a ſtrange kind of man, and one of the moſt terrible ſcholars breathing; he took it into his head to teach me the categories of Ariſtotle, and I narrowly eſcaped his throwing me into the category of his minions. I ſaw many proceſſions and exorciſms, and much oppreſſion. Signora Fatelo, a lady of no rigid morals, was fooliſh enough to like me: ſhe was woed by two youthful monks, the Rev. Father Poignardini, and the Rev. Father Aconiti, but ſhe put an end to the pretenſions of both of them, by granting me her good graces; yet, at the ſame time I narrowly eſcaped being excommunicated and poiſoned. I left Rome exceedingly well pleaſed with the architecture of St. Peter's church.

I went to France, in the reign of Lewis ſurnamed the Juſt; the firſt thing I was aſked was, whether I choſe to breakfaſt on a collop of the marſhal d'Ancre, whoſe body the public had roaſted, and which was diſtributed very cheap to thoſe that deſired to taſte it. This nation was at that time torn to pieces by civil wars, occaſioned ſometimes by ambition, ſometimes by controverſy, and thoſe inteſtine broils had for the ſpace of forty years deluged the moſt delightful country in the world with blood. Such were the liberties of the Gallican church: the French, ſaid I are naturally wiſe, what makes them deviate from that character? They are much given to joking and pleaſantry, and yet they commit a maſſacre; happy that age in which they ſhall do nothing but joke and make merry.

From hence I ſat out for England; the ſame fanatical temper excited the ſame furious zeal; a ſet of devout Roman Catholics had reſolved, for the good of the church, to blow up the king, the royal family, and the parliament with gun-powder, and thereby free the nation from thoſe heretics. I was ſhewn the ſpot where the bleſſed queen Mary, daughter to Henry VIII. had cauſed bheve five hundred of her ſubjects to be burnt alive. A pious Hibernian prieſt aſſured me it was a very laudable action: firſt, becauſe thoſe they had burned were Engliſh; ſecondly, becauſe they were wretches who never took any holy water, and did not believe in St. Patrick.

From England I went to Holland, in hopes of finding more peace and tranquillity among a more phlegmatical people. At my arrival at the Hague, I was entertained with the beheading of a venerable old patriot, the prime miniſter Barnavelt, who was the moſt deſerving man in the republic. Struck with pity at the ſight, I aſked what his crime was, and whether he betrayed the ſtate? He has done worſe, replied a preacher with a black cloak, he believes that we can be ſaved by good works as well as by faith.

You are ſenſible, that were ſuch principles ſuffered to prevail, the commonwealth could not long ſubſiſt, and that a ſevere law is neceſſary to refute ſuch ſcandalous errors. A deep Dutch politician

told me with a ſigh, that ſuch commendable actions could not laſt for ever. Alas, ſir, ſaid he, our people naturally incline towards toleration; ſome day or another they will adopt it; I ſhudder at the thought: believe me, ſir, purſued he, 'tis a mere chance that you actually find them ſo laudably and zealouſly inclined as to cut off the heads of their fellow-creatures for the ſake of religion. Such were the lamentable words of the Dutchman; for my own part, I thought proper to abandon a country where ſeverity had no compenſation, and therefore embarked for Spain.

I arrived at Seville, in the fineſt ſeaſon in the year. The court was there, the galleons were arrived, and all ſeemed to proclaim joy, abundance, and profuſion. I eſpied at the end of a beautiful alley, full of orange and lemon-trees, a vaſt concourſe of people round an amphitheatre richly adorned; the king, the queen, the infants and infantas, were ſeated under a ſtately canopy, and over againſt that auguſt family, another throne, higher and more magnificent, had been erected. I told one of my travelling companions, that unleſs that throne was reſerved for God, I could not ſee the uſe of it; but theſe words being overheard by a grave Spaniard, I paid dear for having uttered them. In the mean time, I imagined we were to be diverted with a carouſal, wreſtling, or bull-baiting, when I perceived the grand inquiſitor aſcend that throne, and beſtow his bleſſing upon the king and people. Then appeared an army of monks, filing off two by two; ſome were white, others were black, grey, and brown; ſome were ſhod, and ſome barefooted; ſome had beards, and ſome had none; ſome were with cowls, and ſome without. Then came the executioner, followed by about forty wretches, guarded by a world of grandees and alguazils, and covered with garments, upon which were painted flames and devils. Theſe fellows were Jews, who would not altogether be compelled to abandon the law of Moſes, and Chriſtians who had married their god-mothers, or perhaps refuſed to worſhip Nueſtra Dama d'Atocha, or to part with their money in favour of the brothers Hieronymians. Prayers were ſaid very devoutly after which all thoſe wretches were tortured and burnt, which concluded the ceremony, to the great edification of all the royal family.

The ſame night, while I was going to bed, two meſſengers from the inquiſition came to my lodgings with the holy Hermandad. They embraced me tenderly, and, without ſpeaking a word, carried me out of the houſe, and conducted me into a dungeon not incommoded by heat, adorned with a curious crucifix, and a mat inſtead of a bed. After I had been there ſix weeks, the father inquiſitor ſent his compliments, and deſired to ſee me: I obeyed the ſummons: he received me with open arms, and after having embraced me with more than paternal fondneſs, told me, he was very ſorry they had put me in ſo bad a lodging, but that all the apartments happened to be full, it was impoſſible to give me a better; adding, however, that he hoped I ſhould be better taken

care of another time. Then he aſked me very lovingly, whether I knew why I was put in there. I told the reverend father I ſuppoſed it was for my ſins. Well, my dear child, replied he, but for what ſin? make me your confidant, ſpeak. I did all I could to bethink myſelf of ſome miſdemeanor, but in vain; upon which he made me recollect my imprudent words: in ſhort, I recovered my liberty, after having undergone a ſevere diſcipline, and paid 30,000 reals, I went to take leave of the grand inquiſitor; he was a very polite man, and aſked me how I reliſhed the holidays they had given me? I told him they were delightful, and at the ſame time went to preſs my companions to quit this enchanting country. They had time enough, during my confinement, to learn all the great achievements of the Spaniards, for the ſake of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous biſhop of Chiapa, by which it appears that ten millions of infidels were murdered in America, to convert the reſt. I imagined that biſhop might exaggerate a little, but ſuppoſe the victims were but half that number, the ſacrifice was ſtill admirable.

Notwithſtanding the diſagreable adventures I had met with in my travels, I determined to finiſh my tour, and accordingly I embarked for Turkey, fully reſolved never more to intermeddle with other people's affairs, nor give my judgment about public ſhews. Theſe Turks, ſaid I to my companions, are a ſet of unbaptized miſcreants, and of courſe more cruel than the reverend fathers of the inquiſition. Let us be ſilent among the Mahometans.

I arrived at Conſtantinople, where I was ſtrangely ſurpriſed to ſee more Chriſtian churches than in Candia; but much more ſo to ſee alſo a numerous train of monks, permitted to offer their prayers freely to the Virgin Mary, and to curſe Mahomet, ſome in Greek, others in Latin, and ſome in Armenian. How reaſonable are the Turks! (exclaimed I) whilſt the Chriſtian world ſtains a ſpotleſs religion with blood, theſe infidels tolerate doctrines which they abhor, without moleſtation or inhumanity. The Grecian and Latin Chriſtians were at mortal enmity in Conſtantinople, and like dogs that quarrelled in the ſtreets, perſecuted each other with the utmoſt violence. The grand vizir protected the Greeks, whoſe patriarch accuſed me before him of having ſupped with the Latins, and I was moſt charitably condemned by the divan to receive one hundred blows with a lath upon the ſole of the foot, with permiſſion, however, to be excuſed for 500 ſequins. The next day the grand vizir was ſtrangled; and the day following, his ſucceſſor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not ſtrangled till a month afterwards, condemned me to the ſame puniſhment, for having ſupped with the Grecian patriarch; and, in ſhort, I was reduced to the ſad neceſſity to frequent neither the Latin nor the Greek church. To make myſelf amends, I determined to keep a miſtreſs, and I pitched upon a young Turkiſh laſs, who was as tender and wanton a *tête a*

tête as ſhe was pious and devout at the moſque. One night in the ſoft tranſports of her love, ſhe embraced me paſſionately, calling out *alla, alla, alla.* Theſe are the ſacramental words of the Turks. I took them to be thoſe of love, and therefore cried out in my turn *alla, alla, alla;* upon which, ſhe ſaid, heaven be praiſed, you are a Turk. In the morning the iman came to circumciſe me, but as I made ſome difficulty, the cadi of our quarters, a loyal gentleman, very kindly told me he purpoſed to impale me. I ſaved my foreſkin and my backſide with a thouſand ſequins, and flew into Perſia, firmly reſolved never to go to the Latin or Grecian maſs in Turkey, nor ever more to ſay *alla, alla, alla,* at a rendezvous.

At my arrival at Iſpahan, I was aſked which I was for, white or black ſheep? I anſwered, that the fleſh of a white or black ſheep was equal to me, provided it was tender. It muſt be known that the factions of the white and black ſheep ſtill divided the Perſians, who imagined I meant to laugh at both parties, inſomuch that I had ſcarce entered the city gates, but I had a ſad affair to extricate myſelf from, which I did, however, with a good number of ſequins, by means of which I got ſafe out of the hands of the ſheep.

I went as far as China with an interpreter, who informed me that it was the only country where one might live freely, gaily, and peacably. The Tartars had rendered themſelves maſters of it with fire and ſword, and the reverend fathers the Jeſuits on one ſide, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, ſaid that they drew ſouls towards God every day, without any body's knowing it. Sure there never was a ſet of more zealous converters, for they perſecuted one another by turns; they ſent to Rome whole volumes of calumnies, wherein they reciprocally called each other infidels and prevaricators. There was particularly a terrible quarrel among them about the method of making a bow.

The Jeſuits taught the Chineſe to ſalute their parents after the manner of their country; and the Dominicans, on the contrary, held that they ought to bow to them after the manner of Rome. I happened to be taken by the Jeſuits for a Dominican, and they told his Tartarian majeſty that I was the pope's ſpy. The ſupreme council immediately ordered the the prime mandarin, who ordered a ſerjeant, who ordered four guards to arreſt and bind me, with all the ceremony uſed on ſuch occaſions. I was brought after one hundred and forty genu-flections before his majeſty, who aſked whether I really was the pope's ſpy, and whether it was true that his holineſs intended to come in perſon to dethrone him; I anſwered, that the pope was a prieſt, three ſcore and ten years of age; that he lived four thouſand miles diſtant from his ſacred Tartaro-Chineſe majeſty: that he had about two thouſand ſoldiers, who mounted the guard with a paraſol; that he never dethroned any body; and, in ſhort, that his

majeſty might ſleep in quiet. This was the laſt unfortunate adventure I met with in the whole courſe of my travels. I was ſent to Macao, where I embarked for Europe.

I was obliged in order to refit my ſhip, to put into an harbour on the coaſt of Golconda. I laid hold on that opportunity to go and ſee the court of the great Aureng-zeb, ſo much renowned for its wonderful magnificence: he was then at Delhi, and I had the good fortune to ſee him the day of that pompous ceremony, in which he received the heavenly preſent ſent him by the ſheriff of Mecca, viz. the broom with which they had ſwept the holy houſe, the Caaba and the Beth alla. That broom is a ſymbol, which only ſweeps away all uncleanneſs of ſoul. Aureng-zeb had no occaſion for it, ſince he was the moſt pious man in all Indoſtan. 'Tis true he had cut his brother's throat, poiſoned his father, and put to death by torture about twenty rayas, and as many omrahs, yet nothing was talked of but his devotion, which they ſaid was without equal, except that of his moſt ſacred majeſty Muley Iſmael, the moſt ſerene emperor of Morocco, who never failed to cut off ſeveral heads every Friday after prayers.

To all this I ſpoke not a word, my travels and adventures had taught me to bridle my tongue, and I was very ſenſible it was not mine to decide between the piety of the emperors of India and Morocco.

I had not yet ſeen Africa; but whilſt I was debating with myſelf, whether it was better to ſatisfy this laſt inclination, or ſail for Italy, my ſhip was taken by the negroes, and I was of courſe carried thither. Our captain railed againſt the captors, aſking them the reaſon why they thus outrageouſly violated the laws of nations? they replied, your noſe is long, and ours is flat; your hair is ſtraight, and our wool is curled; you are white, and we are black; conſequently we ought, according to the ſacred and unalterable laws of nature, to be ever enemies. You buy us on the coaſt of Guinea, as if we were not human creatures, then treat us like beaſts, and with repeated blows compel us to eternal digging into the mountains in order to find a ridiculous yellow duſt of no intrinſic value, and not worth a good Egyptian onion; therefore, when we meet with you, and are the ſtrongeſt, we make you our ſlaves, and force you to till our ground, or elſe we cut off your noſe or ears. We had nothing to ſay againſt ſo wiſe a diſcourſe. I was employed to till the ground of an old negro woman, having no inclination to loſe either my noſe or my ears; and after a twelvemonth's ſlavery, I was redeemed by ſome friends I had written to for that purpoſe.

Having thus ſeen the world, and all that is great, good, and admirable in it, I reſolved to return to Candia, where I married, a little after my arrival. I was ſoon a cuckold, but plainly perceived it to be the moſt harmleſs and tolerable ſituation in life.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Picture of London.

LONDON is, of all places, the moſt convenient and retired, for a man of ſmall fortune. There, every ſort of neceſſary is to be had in the ſmalleſt quantities: and, provided a man has a clean ſhirt, and three pence in his pocket, may talk as loud in the coffee-houſe as the ſquire of 10,000 a year. No one aſks how he lives, or where he dined. It is not ſo in the country.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Friendſhip in Exiſtence. A Tale. From Literary Miſcellany.

IN a rainy journey in a poſt chaiſe the other day, I amuſed myſelf with tracing many analogies between the progreſs of human beings through life, and that of the drops of rain from the top of the glaſs to the bottom. It was fortunate for me that this idea preſented itſelf to my mind; for the rain was ſo violent that it precluded all entertainment from without: but the ſpeculation I had thus engaged in, offered me ſufficient occupation within. I obſerved certain drops ſtart from the top with equal advantages. An accident impedes one, and its courſe to the bottom is ſlow, irregular, and crooked;—another, on the contrary, is forwarded by ſome lucky acceſſion, and rolls down in a ſwift ſtraight current; while a third, perhaps, which ſeemed to have a thouſand proſperous events in its way, which it was ſcarcely poſſible to miſs—a large bubble immediately beneath it, which muſt ſend it ſpeedily to the end of its journey, or a new drop of rain ſo cloſe to it, that it could hardly fail of joining its current,—falls in with a ſmall drop of rain ſo cloſe to the left-hand of its regular courſe is retarded, turned aſide in its career, and reaches no farther than to the middle of the pane, where it dries up in obſcurity; another ſets out brilliantly, and promiſes to perform its journey in a ſtraight and regular line; when, behold, an overwhelming torrent pours precipitately upon it, and buries it in a ſuperior current; while a fifth, from ſmall and unobſerved beginnings, never deviating from the right way, and collecting with dilligence all the little tributary bubbles which lie in its road, ſuddenly calls the attention to the rapidity with which it now reaches the end of its labours.

Many fanciful reſemblances might here be traced to the courſe of events in life—Chances, equally ſtrange, occur in the purſuit of honour, riches, and happineſs. In events which depend not on our own endeavours, we may trace the ſame ſimilitudes. One is hurried rapidly off the ſtage by diſeaſe;—another withers and

dies at the root in the midſt of life; another lingers through ſlow and laſting diſorders, and reaches by a painful and crooked courſe, the extreme of old age; while another, who ſets out with a full ſtock of health, and every proſpect fair and blooming round, is ſuddenly driven off the ſtage by accident or misfortune!

Eumenes and Lyſander were ſchoolfellows. A ſimilarity of age, of diſpoſition, and of talent had united them in a ſtrict and affectionate friendſhip: they went through their ſchool exerciſes with alacrity and credit, and removed together to Cambridge, where, notwithſtanding ſome trifling diſparity of purſuits, their mutual friendſhip ſtill continued unabated.—When they quitted Cambridge, however, they loſt ſight of each other. Lyſander, who was intended for the law, removed to chambers in Lincoln's inn, whence, after eating the proper quantity of mutton, he was called to the bar, and went the weſtern circuit.—He had ſtudied hard, and roſe to ſome degree of conſideration among his compeers; nor was he only eminent as a counſellor—he ſhone alſo in the courts of faſhion and elegance. He was univerſally allowed to be the beſt partner of any member of the circuit; and after two or three revolving ſeaſons, he brought back with him to London the fair daughter of a wealthy banker in the weſt of England.—His patrimonial fortune enabled Lyſander to ſupport a family. He took a good houſe in Queen-ſquare, regularly attended the courts and the circuits, while his beloved Leonara preſented him with a babe every year.

Buſineſs now flowed in apace, his hours were all employed, and ſcarcely ever had he a moment to enjoy in the company of his wife and children; however, he conſoled himſelf with the reflection that money came as faſt as buſineſs, and that Heaven certainly had ordained him a few years of ſevere toil, that he might enjoy the evening of his days in peace and indolence.

It was with Lyſander, however, as with moſt men: the deſire of accumulation increaſed with the power. When he had laid by a ſufficient fortune to ſupport his wife and children genteelly after his death, and to enable him to live the reſt of his days in peace and indolence, he thought he might as well leave them affluent as comfortable; and two more years of application would accompliſh this object. He was now a judge, and preſided one year upon the northern circuit.

As riches had increaſed, Lyſander had grown luxurious, and had experienced the natural conſequences of luxury, gout and corpulency. His medical adviſers recommended more exerciſe than a chariot, and he agreed to ride part of the circuit on horſeback, derogatory as it might appear to the dignity of a judge; but he conſidered that health was worth more than dignity, and that, as his chariot would be on the road, his importance would ſtill be preſerved.

One morning, when a cloudleſs ſky gave promiſe of a day without rain, Lyſander ſent his carriage forward betimes, and determined to ride the whole ſtage, which was indeed romantically beautiful. All things, however are uncertain in this beſt of all poſſible worlds, and nothing more ſo than the weather. Some thin vapours diſperſed themſelves over the ſky, they congregated, they became an immenſe maſs of clouds, and in the middle of a large common, Lyſander perceived that they would ſpeedily fall in torrents. What a misfortune for a rich gouty Judge, who had his chariot at ſome diſtance on the road, to be overtaken by ſuch a ſtorm in ſo unſheltered a ſpot! There was no help for it, however, and the clouds were unpolite enough to keep their promiſes. A few preluſive drops gave the firſt alarm. Lyſander mounted a thick great-coat; but coverings were but as gauſe before the fury of the ſquall; he was preſently wet to the ſkin, and the uncivil ſky looked as if it never intended to clear any more, nor was there any town, village, or even habitation within ken.

At length, after riding ſome time, greatly annoyed by the fickleneſs of our Engliſh climate, but unable to think of any remedy for it except never venturing on horſeback without the chariot at his ſide, he ſaw a low white cottage peeping through the trees, and ordered his ſervants to haſten forward, and obtain a ſhelter for him there. He ſoon followed his attendants, and entered the cottage with an air of conſcious ſuperiority, pulling off his drenched garments, and demanding ſome covering while theſe were dried. The man, woman, and three or four young people buſtled about with alacrity: the judge was ſoon equipped with ſome dry habiliments, coarſe indeed, but clean and whole; a comfortable fire was made up, the ſoaked garb of dignity was hung before it; a table was ſet forth, covered with a clean white cloth, and a loaf of houſehold bread, a pot of butter, a ſlice of cheeſe, and a jug of ale ſet upon it. The civility was extreme, and the welcome undoubted; ſo Lyſander, who in ſpite of his dignity and his drenching, found himſelf hungry, drew near to the table, ate ſome of the bread, and thought it excellent, added butter and cheeſe to it, felt more appetite than he had often experienced at a loaded table, and, in ſhort, made an excellent meal. He then would have ſent his ſervant to fetch his chariot, and ſome of his own cloaths: but the maſter of the cottage ſaid, they might alſo be hungry and bread and cheeſe would not detain them long.

It was undoubtedly, derogatory to a Judge's dignity to remain longer in a mere cottage than was abſolutely neceſſary, and this was no more; for the room they were in had a brick floor, whited wall, adorned with pewter and copper utenſils, and the table was only of deal: however, Lyſander made his dignity for once give way to his hoſt's hoſpitality, though he felt ſome few uneaſy ſenſations while his ſervants were eating in the ſame room with himſelf. What, however, was to be done? There was no

other room in the manſion, and Lyſander was not inhuman: at length, however, the ſervants had ſatisfied their appetite—the rain was a little abated, and they departed in queſt of the chariot, and their maſter's dignity.

A little fatigued, and feeling inclined to quieſcence by the potency of the ale, Judge Lyſander leaned back in his wicker elbow chair, and ſurveyed the habitation. He had already performed this operation three times, when a delicate fair young woman caught his eye. He was ſurpriſed to find not merely beauty, but grace and elegance in a cottage; and it occurred to him that the other human beings that ſurrounded him, might be as worthy of his regards as the ſhining pewter plates that decorated the ſhelves. He now therefore turned his attention to the young people, found they poſſeſſed an air of ſuperior dignity, if it were poſſible to apply ſuch a word to the inmates of a cottage, and that their manners were ſuch as would not diſgrace a Court. He then looked at the father and mother, who had for ſome time, (obſerving that their gueſt had noticed them ſo little) been gazing at him, and converſing in a low voice together. In the mother he ſaw the countenance of diſcretion, the remains of elegance ſubdued by ſtation, an illumined eye that beſpoke a cultivated mind, and a dreſs though ſuited to a cottage, yet ſuch as diſplayed the true gentlewoman. His ſurpriſe every moment increaſed! He looked at his hoſt, and in the thin pale man who ſat at the oppoſite ſide of the fire, he ſaw—Eumenes!

The diſcovery was no ſooner made, than all the better feelings of Lyſander's heart were rouſed, and he was in an inſtant in the arms of his friend. The young people gazed in ſurpriſe; the eyes of the mother betrayed her emotion; thoſe of Lyſander and Eumenes overflowed. As ſoon as the firſt tranſport was over, "I told you," ſaid Eumenes to his wife, "I told you he had a warm, affectionate heart."

"How is it, dear Eumenes," ſaid Lyſander that I ſee you here? when we parted in early youth, your proſpects were as fair as mine, your patrimony as large, your talents more brilliant—how is it that our fortunes are ſo different?"

"Fortune, to be ſure," replied Eumenes, "has not ſmiled on me; but inſtead of ſplendour, I poſſeſs happineſs—inſtead of dignity, virtue."

"They are not, I hope neceſſarily incompatible," anſwered Lyſander.

"Pardon me, my friend," ſaid Eumenes, "I ſpoke at the moment with the ſilly pride of a diſappointed man—at leaſt ſo it muſt have appeared to you; but believe me, I meant no miſanthropic reflections—I doubt not but your happier lot combines all thoſe advantages."

"Of that yourſelf ſhall judge, Eumenes," replied the Judge, for that lot you muſt conſent henceforth to ſhare or it will loſe all its advantages to me. I will introduce your wife to my Le-

onora, your children to mine ; they ſhall renew the friendſhip of their fathers—perhaps cement it by ſtill cloſer ties."

In this warmth," returned Eumenes, " I recognize my own Lyſander—but you ſhall hear my ſtory!

" You may remember that at Cambrige I felt a ſtrong bent for the ſtudy of phyſic, and at the very time that you devoted yourſelf to juriſprudence, I was attending medical lectures, and amuſing my leiſure hours with poetry. When we ſeparated on leaving Cambridge, we loſt ſight of each other, not, I am perſuaded, from an abatement of attachment on either ſide, but from the difference of our purſuits. I ſpent one year at Edinburg, and another at Leyden ; and having obtained a ſufficient ſtock of medical knowledge, I fixed myſelf in a diſtant town, having firſt taken out my diploma. I found it difficult to ſubſiſt, for the ſituation of the town was healthy and the apothecary of the place had, from time immemorial, been in poſſeſſion of the title of Doctor. Either nobody was ſick, or nobody choſe to ſend for me ; and my patrimony had been very much leſſened in the purſuit of medical education.

" This deficiency I had made no doubt of ſpedily ſupplying when I began to practice ; for I was conſcious of knowledge and I had never been reckoned deficient in benevolence. To amuſe my leiſure hours, of which I had enough, I wrote verſes, but the inbabitants of—had no turn for verſes, and I determined to change my quarters. I removed to another town, and ſucceeded a phyſician of ſome eminence, in a great part of his practice fees now flowed in with tolerable rapidity. I was alſo courted as a companion, and Felicia peruſed my verſes with pleaſure : —they even made me an intereſt in her heart, and a lingering hectic complaint of which I had the happineſs to cure her, endeared us both to each other.

" Felicia's father was rich, but I was getting into very good practice. Unfortunately the old gentleman wiſhed ſome more time to elapſe before he gave me his daughter. I told him he was wrong, for that till I could call her my own, I ſhould be leſs able to attend to buſineſs. The truth of this reaſoning availed nothing with the obſtinate old man, and I loſt my time and my practice. I was no longer thought worthy of the hand of Felicia, and it was diſpoſed of to a dealer in ſugar.

" Enraged with Felicia, her father, and phyſic, I gave up my thoughts wholly to the Muſes, and produced a play. There was no theatre in—, and I reſolved to publiſh it. While it was in the preſs, I was once more called in to a patient.—This was a crabbed old woman, who had a lovely niece. Now the bright eyes of this certain Emilia ſoon obliterated all the traces Felicia had left in my heart and the obſtinacy of the old lady's complaint gave me time to obtain a ſhare of her favour. At length the old aunt recovered, and Emilia very conveniently fell ſick. My viſits therefore continued ; but the watchful old maid perceived the purpoſe

of my heart, and Emilia was conſigned to the care of the apothecary, an old man of ſixty, and father of a numerous family. I made my propoſals in form, and was told Emilia's hand was deſtined for a couſin of her's then in India, and that if it were not, it ſhould never be given to a poet.

"Emilia liked this arrangement no better than I did, and as ſhe could not conceive that ſhe owed implicit obedience to this old aunt, with whom ſhe had not reſided above a twelvemonth, and as ſhe knew nothing very favourable of the couſin in India, ſhe agreed to diſappoint the old lady's ſchemes, and give herſelf to me. As ſhe was two-and-twenty, and her little fortune under no reſtrictions, this was attended with no difficulty, and Emilia became my wife. The old lady's vengeance, however, deprived me of many of my patients, many more objected to a writing doctor, and a circumſtance, in which the preference was given to an ignorant young man, who had neither ſtudied at Edinburg nor at Leyden, diſguſted me with phyſic.

"About this time an uncle of mine died, and left me £5000. We calculated on our future mode of life, and found that the intereſt of our money would enable us to live without the aſſiſtance of medicine. We took a ſmall houſe in a beautiful village, depoſited our fortune in a capital mercantile houſe, and for many years enjoyed all the comforts of leiſure and independence. We brought up our girls to ſuit any ſtation, and I have two boys fighting for their country. Our income, which ſome fortunate circumſtances had increaſed, was regularly remitted to us by my mercantile friend; but about four years ago the houſe broke, and we were involved in ruin!

"Sick of the world, we retired hither, grieved only for our children, who, however, ſupport the demolition of all their more brilliant proſpects with dutiful reſignation. For my part," continued Eumenes, "I am ſatisfied for myſelf:—I have not long to live; diſappointment and uneaſineſs have preyed upon my health, and a few months will terminate my life. My wife and children might perhaps live to thank the friendſhip of Lyſander.—"

"And they may depend upon it!" exclaimed Lyſander; nor did he break his promiſe. Poor Eumenes was, indeed, ſoon after conſigned to the grave, ending in obſcurity a life, whoſe morning promiſed more unclouded ſunſhine. The widow and orphans were removed to Lyſander's houſe, where a more intimate connection took place between the children than had ever ſubſiſted between the parents; and Lyſander joyfully became the father of two of the daughters of Eumenes.

Not always do thoſe, who ſet out in life with equal proſpects, enjoy the ſame good fortune; nor does proſperity univerſally harden, nor adverſity uniformly ſour the human heart.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Anecdotes of Heroism.

WHEN Thurot effected a landing in Ireland, in the ſeven years war, while the French and Engliſh troops were engaging in the ſtreets of Carrickfergus, a young child got between the combatants; which a French ſoldier obſerving, quitted his rank, and led it out of danger; and while he was employed in this humane action, both parties ſuſpended their fire.

October 26, 1762, Captain Clark of the Sheerneſs, 24 guns, was chaſed into Villa Franca by a French ſhip of 64 guns, and two frigates. La Minerve, one of the French frigates, ſtruck on a rock and was wrecked; but the whole crew, except 25 men, were ſaved by the Britiſh ſeamen.

When James II. was going by ſea to Scotland, he was wrecked, but got aſhore in the boat. The ſeamen on board, when they ſaw him ſafe, gave three cheers, though the ſhip was ſinking.

The ſame prince, when he was informed that the French fleet had beaten the Engliſh in Bantry Bay, though it was in his own cauſe, could not help exclaiming: 'It is the firſt time then.' And afterwards being a ſpectator of the burning of the French ſhips that were run aſhore after the battle of La Hogue, he cried out, 'None but my brave Engliſh could do this.' What a pity that ſuch ſeeds of patriotiſm ſhould have produced ſuch bad fruit!

In the war for the Spaniſh ſucceſſion, while the Earl of Peterborough was treating at one of the gates of Barcelona about the ſurrender of that city, ſome of the Spaniſh troops on his ſide forced their way in, and began to pillage. The magiſtrates upbraided the Earl with treachery. He anſwered, 'Only admit the Britiſh troops, and you will ſee if we are perfidious enemies.' They complied. He marched into the town, drove out the Spaniards, and, returning to the gate, finiſhed the capitulation without taking any advantage of being in actual poſſeſſion of the place.

In the hotteſt of the fire at Lincelles, General H—— ſaw a ſoldier ſtanding out of the ranks, and firing at the enemy with an immenſe broad gold-laced hat and red feather on his head. He rode up to him, and made him, very reluctantly, take it off. Some of the men being in want of cartridges, the ſame ſoldier produced his pockets full of them, which he had taken from the French ſoldiers, as he had the hat from an officer. After the battle was over, he aſked permiſſion of the general to wear the hat for a couple of days, which was granted; but before night he bartered his trophy for ſtrong beer.

At the ſame battle, a ſoldier who had his leg ſhot off was carried off the field, by two of his comrades, on a hand barrow. One of them, on perceiving him motionleſs, ſaid to the other,

'Zounds! I believe it is all over with Jack.' On which the wounded ſoldier roared out, 'It's a d—d lie,' and began ſinging 'God ſave the king!" Colonel S——, who was cloſe by and heard it, got the king's letter for him.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Analyſis of the Word "CHARACTER."

IN a moral ſenſe it ſignifies an habitual diſpoſition of the ſoul, that inclines to do one thing in preference to another of a contrary nature. Thus a man who *ſeldom* or *never* pardons an injury, is of a revengeful character. Let it be remarked, we ſay *ſeldom* or *never*, becauſe a character reſults not from a diſpoſition being rigorouſly conſtant at all times, but from its being generally habitual, and that by which the ſoul is moſt frequently ſwayed.

Mr. *Du Clos*, in his reflexions upon manners, very judiciouſly remarks, that the greateſt part of the errors and follies in the conduct of mankind happen becauſe they have not their minds in an equilibrium, as it were with their characters. Thus *Cicero* was a great genius, but a weak ſoul, which is the reaſon of his being elevated to the higheſt pinnacle of fame as an orator, although he could never riſe above mediocrity as a man. Similar obſervations might be made on many other celebrated perſonages.

There is no member of ſociety more dangerous than a man without a character; that is, a perſon whoſe ſoul has not any one diſpoſition more habitual to it than another. We readily confide in a virtuous man, but are diſtruſtful of a villian. The man without a character is alternately the one and the other, nor are we able to determine which: therefore we can look upon him neither as a friend or an enemy. He is a ſort of amphibious being, if we may be allowed the expreſſion, that is, not ſpecifically adapted to live in any one element. This calls to our remembrance that admirable law of *Solon*, that declared all thoſe perſons infamous, who were of no party in times of ſedition; becauſe he knew full well, that there are no objects more to be feared in ſociety than men undetermined from a want of character.

National Character.

AN action, or an anecdote of a nation, often gives us a clearer idea of its character than all the reflections an hiſtorian can ſuggeſt for that purpoſe.

The regent Duke of Oleans once aſked a ſtranger, what were the different characters and diſpoſitions of the various nations in Europe? "The only manner in which I can anſwer your Royal Highneſs, is to repeat to you the firſt queſtions which are aſked among the ſeveral nations, in regard to a ſtranger who comes

among them. In Spain, they aſk, Is he a nobleman of the firſt rank? In Germany, Can he be admitted into the chapters? In France, Is he in favour at court? In Holland, How much money has he? And in England, Who is that man?

The lively Vigneul-Marville in the *Marvilliana*, characterizes the different European nations thus:

The Spaniards, he ſays, have a deal of cruelty in their manners which they acquired from the Arabians and the Moors, who are mixed with them; they alſo poſſeſs the violence of the Moors and their ſpirit for chivalry; and they ſtill retain ſomewhat of the Roman gravity, from the colonies of that nation which they formerly received into their country.

The French have loſt the ferocity of their anceſtors. They are gallant, and brave; and their intercourſe with other nations has refined them very much to what they were two centuries back.

The Engliſh poſſeſs, and always will retain, that hardineſs which diſtinguiſhed the ancient people of the North, but which they now molify by their travels into Italy and France.

The Hollanders, from their intercourſe with other nations, and the many learned ſtrangers which become reſident among them, have quitted their natural groſsneſs.

The Italians have inherited from the antient Romans, politeneſs, and delicacy of genius; and from the Greeks corrupt manners, lying, and deceit.

The Germans, above all other Europeans, have varied leſs from their original ſtate. They ſtill poſſeſs the ſtrength and courage of their anceſtors, their heavineſs of genius, and inclination to labour; and, which is very evident, particularly in their literary productions.

The moſt certain way of diſcovering the real manners of a people, is to view them in the moſt populous ſtates, and that part of the nation who has the leaſt intereſt in diſguiſing themſelves. Go to China, and you will ſee two porters, when they have joſtled each other in a narrow ſtreet, take their loads off their backs, make a thouſand excuſes to each other for the accident they occaſioned, and on their knees will aſk each other pardon for the offence. On the contrary, in London, or in Paris, two porters on ſuch an occaſion will quarrel, and finiſh their diſpute with blows.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Letter from Paris.

AN intelligent traveller, who occaſionally addreſſes a London friend, and dates from Paris, conveys much information, in a very agreeable manner.

PARIS, JULY 27.

"I AM convinced that, ſince the revolution, *literature* has declined in France, for there are few good writers; and the department of the Belles Letters, is that for which little can be done, when the favourable time and circumſtances are wanting. In the arts and ſciences, there has, I believe, been no falling off, at leaſt in the latter. Indeed I am inclined to think, that what is termed *ſcience*, in contradiction to the Belles Letters, is a very hardy plant. It enjoys the intellectual, almoſt to the excluſion of the moral faculties. The head alone is concerned, the heart not at all. They were not, therefore, ſo much affected by the furious tempeſt of the revolution. *Archimedes* ſolved problems while the Romans battered his town about his ears, but no man can convince me that Euripedes could have written a tragedy; Ariſtophanes, a comedy; Boileau the *Lutrin*; or Pope Eloiſa to Abelaid, or the Rape of the Lock, in the ſame ſituation.

"This town, it muſt be allowed, has collected an amazing booty in what regards the fine arts. The Louvre is certainly one of the grandeſt repoſitaries of *ſtolen* goods in the world. I call it ſtolen goods; for I can never admit that the right of conqueſt extended ſo far as to juſtify the French in robbing Italy and Flanders, Holland, &c. &c. of what was dearer than the ſoil itſelf, the monuments of their genius, the boaſt of their country, the example and the inſtruction of unborn ages. As it is agreed, however, that though one homicide makes a murderer, thouſands a hero, the magnitude of the theft in the preſent inſtance, ariſes to the dignity of heroiſm. *Tant pis.*

"Be this as it may, however, now that the collections are in Paris, they are to be ranked among the intereſting and valuable curioſities of this metropolis. They will be viſited by every lover of the arts with enthuſiaſm, by idlers as a matter of courſe. The appartments in the Louvre now contain the fineſt pictures in the world, the fineſt ſpecimens of ancient and modern ſculpture. Whether the collection in one ſpot of ſo many *chef d'œuvres* be favourable to the progreſs of taſte and ofart, the profeſſors and the connoiſeurs, &c. are better judges than me. In my ſimplicity, I am diſpoſed to think it will not be very favourable to the arts. The progreſs of true taſte in every fine art is ſlow. That muſt be the reſult of the compariſon of many models, the ſtudy of many and various objects. But if a ſmall *enceinte*, like the Louvre, is to combine whatever has been deemed moſt perfect, it will be viſited too mechanically. It will excite no enthuſiaſm; pictures are ſeparated from their hiſtory, ſtatues from their connection; evey thing from its propriety. The ſtudent has too much before him to let his own mind work. He is made an arteſt by force of imitation, not by force of reflection, of cautious compariſon in various ſtages of improvement. It is to be feared, therefore, that ſuch collections, which form in themſelves a perfect ſchool, to the excluſion of farther ſtudy, travel and compar-

iſon, will have a bad effect. It will produce imitators, not artiſts. Forms of the art will be propagated, but the art will decline. Such is the opinion of one very unlearned in theſe matters.

"Nevertheleſs, the poſſeſſion of ſuch treaſures muſt tend to diffuſe a good ſtyle, if not a perfect taſte throughout the country. I think I already diſcover the improvement which theſe models produce. Every eye is accuſtomed to perfect forms; every ornament of domeſtic furniture; every room, every ſtaircaſe, every ſaloon is decorated with figures after the *antique*. As I ſaid before, there will be imitators without end. The effect will be, to make people fond of the beautiful in every kind; taſte will be refined, and from luxuries will deſcend to neceſſaries. Thoſe who have the beſt models of pictures and ſtatues, will, *cæteris paribus*, have the fineſt of all thoſe manufactures which embelliſh the perſon, the dwelling, &c. It is important, therefore, for a nation, in regard to its manufactures, to cultivate a fine taſte in the arts.

"What then, is the concluſion I draw? It is, that ſince France has, by every means, acquired ſuch treaſures; it is fit that other nations ſhould begin to form national collections. This, by creating national, as well as individual competition, would redound to the univerſal improvement of the arts. Here the collections are, on ſtated days, open to all the world, and always to artiſts. The library, which now contains ſo extenſive a collection of books and manuſcripts, is managed on the ſame liberal principles. It is the ſame with the garden of plants, the cabinet of natural hiſtory, &c. Thus all ranks are invited and encouraged to view the monuments of art, and to conſult the repoſitaries of learning. A general taſte for ſcience and the arts will be diffuſed, which will tend much to refine the people and to improve every elegant branch of manufacture. It is ſurely time that ſomething were done in England to balance theſe advantages. There is no national collection, in any kind, in any manner, employed to the general encouragement of art. While ſo much money is laviſhed by the guardians of the public purſe upon dangerous and ruinous enterpriſes, a judicious application of ſums comparatively ſmall, might lay the foundation of eſtabliſhments in the arts that would give us a ſchool of our own, and enable us to maintain a generous rivalſhip with other nations."

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Grey Caps for Green Heads, No. II.

Detractor.

Son. A SPLENETIC Detractor, excellent at miſrepreſenting, mis-underſtanding, and miſ-interpreting his neighbour's thoughts, words and actions, made it his buſineſs to raiſe falſe reports, or by repeating others lies to adopt them as his own.

He dealt much in malicious inſinuations, and in ſiniſter and covert reflections; uttering his calumnies and ſlanders in ſuch ambiguous words, and half ſentences, as left worſe to be gueſſed at than he durſt expreſs.

All his ſtories began with a—it is whiſpered, or an—I have heard, &c. And he never ſeconded a commendation, but meerly to ſmooth the way to ſome malicious remarks upon the parties defects, concluding ſtill with an oh! but; or an, I could wiſh one thing amended, which one thing he took care ſhould blur all his former commendations.

When by the parties preſence his tongue happened to be bound to its good behaviour, his mein, eyes, tone of voice, malicious ſmiles, myſterious ſilence, or equivocal and ill meaning expreſſions, diſcovered the rancour of his envenomed mind.

Where he knew nothing of a perſon he would ſeem to ſpeak riddles, as if he could tell ſtrange ſtories if he would; and after racking his invention to the utmoſt, cry, but he is my friend, and therefore I muſt hold my peace.

He had ever an envidious eye upon the clergy, and men eminent for virtue, watching their halting, and if any the leaſt obliquity could be ſpied, uſed them worſe than the vileſt malefactors.

At length Wiſeman, who was come to ſee Youth, his kinſman, aſked the difference between ſmiting with the ſword, and a killing tongue; whereat Detractor being dumb-founded, threw down his club, and left the room.

Father. Be not an Argus abroad, and a mole at home. Think it no part of your buſineſs curiouſly to ſearch into other mens lives, but narrowly inſpect your own errors. It is much better to mend one fault in your ſelf, than to find an hundred in your neighbour.

It is a maxim in heraldry, that all animals born in arms, or enſigns, are to be interpreted according to their moſt innocent and noble qualities: as, if a lyon be the charge of an eſcutcheon, valour and watchfulneſs are thereby repreſented, not cruelty and rapine; and if a ſerpent, not venom and malice, but wiſdom and ſubtilty.

Chriſtianity teaches us the ſame rule in blazoning our neighbour's characters; and Solomon tells us He that uttereth a ſlander is a fool.

Yet, alas! ſome can no more live a day without calumny and detraction, than Mithridates could without poiſon; but like the looking-glaſſes in the temple of Smyrna, repreſent the faireſt and beſt featured face, exceedingly ugly and deformed: without conſidering, that whoſo ſells his neighbour's credit at a low rate, makes the market for others to buy his own at the ſame price.

Give no ear to ſuch as ſeek to purchaſe your favour by malevolent reports.

Officious tale-bearers are a peſt to government, converſation, ſocieties, relations, and families.

What miſchief is it the craft and ſubtilty of a double tongue cannot work upon a credulous fool?

Plautus ſays, tale-bearers ought to be hung up by the tongue, tale-hearers by the ears.

One begins a whiſper, another makes it a report, and a third enlarges it to a dangerous calumny, a fourth adds ſomewhat of his own, which is augmented and devulged by a thouſand.

"On eagle's wings immortal ſcandals fly,
"While virtuous actions are but born and die."

He whoſe guilty conſcience reflects diſmal images of himſelf is willing to put the like ugly ſhape upon others, and to conclude all men the ſame, were they cloſely inſpected; and when he can see but the leaſt glimmering of a fault, takes it as a proof of his hypotheſis, and with an envious joy, calls in as many ſpectators as he can.

The miſchief is, mankind being apter to believe evil than good, even doubtful accuſations leave a ſtain behind them, and often prove indelible injuries to the party accuſed.

Believe nothing againſt another, but upon good authority; neither report what may hurt another, unleſs it be a greater hurt to conceal it.

ENVIOSO.

Son. A pale, lean, ghaſtly, carcaſs, quickened with envy, that would have willingly loſt one eye, ſo his fellow might looſe both, was ſtill putting in caveats againſt mens good thoughts of others; and had a tongue ſo like Detractor's, his mouth was ever full of obloquy.

His neighbour's welfare, or his own woe, cauſed the like ſourneſs in his looks.

His mind had the vapours, a ſweet report of any raiſed in him the like paſſions ugly women have, when the beautiful are courted in their preſence, and would throw him into convulſions and agonies.

Commend a good divine, he would cry hypocriſy; a philologer, pedantry; a poet, rhiming; a ſchoolman, dull wrangling; a ſharp conceit, roguiſhneſs; an honeſt man, plauſibility. Or, indeed, commend any, but himſelf, and he was ſtill furniſhed with a piſh! before-hand.

The news of his kinſman being preferred at court mortified him extremely; the more it was talked of, the more waſpiſh he grew: ſay what you would, either the place was not fit for the man, or the man for the place.

Mean while that gentleman entering the room, the extreme violence Envioſo did his nature, in paying a hollow gratulation, ſet all the company a laughing.

Father. Envy is a common diſeaſe, as old as Cain, and almoſt natural to us; ſcarce too great ſcholars in an age, but with bitter invectives fall foul on each other, and their adherents; Scotiſts, Thomiſts, Reals, Nominals, Plato, and Ariſtotle, Galeniſts, and Paracelſians, &c. It holds in all profeſſions, producing wrath, grief, detraction, diſdain, murmuring, hatred, &c.

"Invidia eſt umbra virtutis,"

Themiſtocles being young, ſaid, He had not done any notable thing, becauſe he was not envied.

Plutarch tells us, that upon Ariſtide's baniſhment, a plebian who had moved for oſtraciſm, being aſked what diſpleaſure Ariſtides had done him, anſwered, none, neither do I know him; but it grieves me to hear every body call him a juſt man.

Againſt envy furniſh yourſelf with divine precepts. Balance your heart with love, charity, meekneſs and patience.

Be content with your condition. Say with holy Jacob, Lord, I am not worthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies; and pray often in the voice of the church, from envy, hatred and malice, good Lord deliver us.

Flatterer.

Son. A Flatterer, with a ſleering countenance, that had an art of making fools madmen, ſeemed to dedicate all his faculties to the ſervice of a youth that ſat next him, whoſe mein, ſtrength, courage, wit, or eſtate, were ever the ſubjects of his talk; which was always full of wondering interjections, and ſuperlative titles, accompanied with ſuch an exceſs of good words, as people generally uſe to cover ſomething that is to gain admittance under a diſguiſe.

His cunning conſiſted much in fanning youth's vanity to a flame, by ſetting him at every turn a talking of himſelf; to which diſcourſe, how impertinent ſoever, Wheedle gave an applauſive attention, ſtill throwing praiſes in Youth's way, and never finding any fault with him but for his virtues: as, dear ſir, you are too good, too juſt, too honeſt, &c.

Father. Praiſe makes a wiſe man modeſt, a fool arrogant. But Flattery is compounded of the moſt ſordid hateful qualities incident to mankind, viz. lying, ſervility, and treachery.

A man that flatters his neighbour ſpreads a net for his feet.

"Mel in ore, verba lactis,

"Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

A pretence of kindneſs is the univerſal ſtale to all baſe projects by it men are robbed of their fortune, women of their honour.

This every one knows, and that a ſupine credulous facility expoſes us at once to be a prey and a laughing-ſtock; yet the heart has no avenue ſo open to any thing as to flattery, which, like ſome enchantment, lays all its guards aſleep.

He that reviles me, it may be, calls me fool; but he that flatters me, if I take not good heed, will make me ſo.

When flattered remember the Spaniſh proverb.

"Menca la cola el can

"No por ti, ſino por el pan.

The dog wags his tail, not for thee but for the bread.

If we did not flatter ourſelves, the flattery of others could do us little harm.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Cavern of Strozzi.

Continued from page 211, *of No. II.*

FROM an adjoining cavern, which ſeemed to be the gaoler's apartment, a lighted torch was brought; its glaring light preſented me a ſpectacle which while I live I ſhall never forget. My hair ſtood erect with horror, and my blood curdled in my veins, Within a receſs of the rock there lay chaned a wretched victim, half naked, whom, by his white covering, but more particularly by his ſighs, I knew to be the priſoner I had before ſeen. His hollow care-worn eyes, and his chained arms were mournfully turned towards an object, which at firſt I had not remarked; but which, I afterwards obſerved with horror, was the dead body of a female. Each of the five perſons I had accompanied had a different attitude. Terror had diſcompoſed the features of the three firſt, and upon the fourth was traced a ſtupid inſenſibility. But how ſhall I deſcribe the expreſſion painted on the countenance of the perſon who had taken me by the hand, and whom, as I had imagined, I ſoon perceived to be a woman?

Her hat, which had fallen from her head, diſcovered her flowing treſſes of extraordinary beauty; her brows were knit, and diſplayed at once the fury of hatred, and the flames of love; her large blue eyes, which darted forth revenge, were moiſtened by the tears of pity; her reſpiration was loud and interrupted; and her whole frame exhibited marks of unuſual diſorder: every muſcle of her countenance was contracted, and every fibre of her heart palpitated. Torn by contending paſſions, ſhe wiſhed to ſpeak, but her thoughts found no utterance; her lips murmured a few unintelligible words; her whole ſoul was expreſſed in her looks; ſhe by turns caſt them with a tender ſoftneſs on the priſoner, and with a malignant pleaſure upon the dead body.

This painful ſituation could not continue long; a ſhower of tears put an end to it; then approaching the priſoner as he lay, "Antoni," ſaid ſhe, "you are ſilent: do you no longer hate me? or, to add to my miſery, are you become inſenſible?

Alas! I have too much offended you to pretend to your love; I have too ſeverely puniſhed you not to merit your hatred;—deteſt me; tell me you abhor me; it is only by rending my wounds you can aſſuage them; Oh Heaven! he no longer hears me: it is for her," pointing to the body, "he preſerves all the affections of his ſoul.—Though dead, and a prey to the worms, ſhe has all his love; and I, who have been ſo often praiſed for my beauty, am diſdained, deſpiſed, unheeded! Why am I not as ſhe is? Why is ſhe not as I am? I ſhould then poſſeſs

thy love, ſhe thy hatred. Antoni! Antoni! knoweſt thou who I am? I am thy miſtreſs,—thy perſecutor! take this hand, which wiſhes to join thine, and which thou haſt hitherto rejected. Acknowledge it has revenged itſelf of thy contempt." At theſe words, raiſing the covering which partly concealed the body, ſhe ſhewed its boſom, horribly ſtained with blood, and pierced with a large wound in which a poniard remained plunged; then, with a malignant ſmile, ſhe ſaid, "Behold what I have done!—She adored you;—you preferred her to me; with theſe hands I murdered her! Why does ſhe not awake, that I may deſtroy her again? It is by her blood I would quench the flame that conſumes me. How lovely ſhe was when I plunged the dagger in her breaſt! What joy was it to ſee my rival ſuppliant at my feet, entreating life, and obtaining death. Do you not hate me? Man, more ferocious than myſelf, who hath revealed to thee the ſecret how to puniſh me?

Her tears here began to flow, interrupted with bitter ſighs, and ſhe fell ſenſeleſs into the arms of thoſe who ſurrounded her. In the mean time the priſoner had not uttered a word. His looks were fixed, his eyes dry, and he appeared neither to obſerve nor comprehend any thing. By degrees his pitileſs enemy recovered her ſenſes: ſhe approached Antoni with more tranquility, and placed herſelf on his bed, with her back turned towards the body of her rival; and addreſſing the object of her love, "Antoni," ſaid ſhe, "I will not diſſemble my crimes, nor the injuries I have done you: I have deprived you of a miſtreſs you adored, and, by a refinement of cruelty, till now unheard of, have condemned you to die with grief near her ſad remains. You deteſt me:—you ought ſo to do, I cannot complain; nay, I ſhould deſpiſe you if you hated me leſs. But every thing on earth has its limits; love becomes extinct, and hatred loſes its violence. For myſelf, who have ſo cruelly offended you, I will put a period to my vengeance. Shall you who have ſuffered ſo much, not lay aſide your griefs?—Continue to mourn the loſs of Zanette.—She lived but to love you—ſhe died becauſe you loved her:—you owe her eternal regrets; but can you mourn her loſs no where but in this tomb? Why reſiſt my offers, and refuſe to accept the conditions propoſed to you?—Do you think it will be more intolerable to live within my arms, than to periſh in thoſe of one who no longer lives?—Is it more pleaſing to breathe the air of a peſtilential cavern, than to enjoy the delights of a palace?—Antoni you have offended me, and I am revenged upon you. You have, in your turn, revenged yourſelf on me. We are both young, amorous, and Italians: let us pardon a crime which reſults from circumſtances, and perhaps the nature of the climate, and let a happy marriage reſtore us, if not to happineſs at leaſt to tranquility."

"Tranquility," replied Antoni, in mournful accents, "can never be our lot:—remorſe will prey upon your heart,—regret will conſume mine.—Leave me: I will never accept the hand ſtill reeking with the blood of her I loved. Oh my dear Zanette!" he ex-

claimed, "I will be faithful to thy ſhade, and in the arms of Death will I ſeek a ſpouſe."

Antoni was ſilent. The lady roſe, and ſaid ſomething to thoſe who accompanied her; then addreſſing the priſoner, ſhe added, "I leave you; your deſtiny is in your own hands.—In five days you ſhall ſee me again; when, if you ſtill diſdain Olympia, your ſcorn ſhall not remain unpuniſhed."

Antoni caſt a look of contempt upon her.—Ricardo walked before with his torch.—I took care to be the laſt; and ſeizing the hand of the wretched priſoner, ſaid to him in a low tone of voice,—"In five days you ſhall be revenged."

I left the cavern in a manner no leſs ſecret and unobſerved than I had entered. I afterwards ſeparated from Olympia and her retinue, who regained their bark; and I paſſed the reſt of the night and the following day in meditating the means of puniſhing guilt, and avenging innocence.

I began in ſome meaſure to unravel the ſcene of iniquity: what I had beheld afforded ſome clue to my conjectures. My mind began to comprehend the meaning of the myſterious lines in the library; part of which had been explained by what I had heard from Antoni. Whatever obſcurity remained in my mind with reſpect to this adventure, I knew enough, I knew too much, not to foreſee it would terminate in a tragical cataſtrophe, if I ſuffered it to remain hidden in the darkneſs of the Cavern. There was no hope that the heart of Olympia, ſo long hardened, would at laſt relent: every thing was to be feared from ſo infamous a woman to whom guilt was pleaſure. On the other hand, admitting the poſſibility of an union between two individuals of ſuch oppoſite characters, it could only be at the expence of their mutual tranquillity, as well as inviolation of every principle of morality. By ſuch an union the innocent Antoni would have been condemned to admit to his bed the murderer of his miſtreſs; and the guilty Olympia would receive the hand of Antoni as the price of blood for having deſtroyed her rival. Such a violation of the ſimple dictates of morality would neceſſarily excite between them an hatred the more violent, as it would be concealed; and it was eaſy to determine what would be the fatal conſequences of it. In order, therefore, to prevent the dangers of a refuſal on the one hand, and the guilt of ſuch unnatural marriage on the other, I judged I had but one method to adopt.

The government of Venice has, from time immemorial, reſided in the hands of the moſt illuſtrious families. To the nobles alone belong the exerciſe of the ſovereign power, and thoſe officers of of ſtate by which it is ſupported; but in order to form a counterpoiſe to an authority which might degenerate into Tyranny, the Legiſlature has created a tribunal as auguſt as terrible, whoſe office it is to preſerve the balance between its power and ariſtocracy. This ſupreme tribunal, which is known by the name of the *Council of Ten*, becauſe it is compoſed of that number of

ſenators, unites the high function of protecting the Republic againſt the attempts of ambition, to the no leſs important one of detecting and puniſhing guilt.

A religious terror and profound myſtery attend the operations of this ſtate inquiſition, which, by its omnipotent majeſty, equally ſtrikes terror into the noble Doge and the humble citizen. There are none whoſe thoughts they do not diſcover, none of whoſe actions they are ignorant. By means of its faithful agents it obtains information of the moſt hidden ſecrets; it puniſhes concealed crimes. Its judgments are pronounced in darkneſs, and its executions are performed in ſilence, a man who is the object of its vengeance diſappears from ſociety as by enchantment, and ſociety is only informed of his crime by hearing of his condemnation.

The Ten never pardon; but though it is certain they are inflexible, they are not unjuſt: the blood they ſhed is always the impure blood which has communicated its corruption to ſociety. It is forbidden, under the moſt heavy penalties, in any manner to ſpeak of this tribunal: it no leſs puniſhes thoſe who praiſe, than thoſe who ſpeak irreverently of it: its commands enjoin only ſilence. In a word, terror precedes it, myſtery accompanies it, and death ſtalks in its rear.

It was to this council I reſolved to denounce the facts I had witneſſed; but they appeared to me of ſo particular a nature, that inſtead of adopting the common mode, which conſiſts in throwing the accuſation in the mouth of the brazen lions placed at the veſtibule of the palace of the Ten, I determined to inform them perſonally.

In the evening I quitted the cavern and the Iſland of Strozzi, reſolved to return to it as the deliver of innocence. But in order to obtain this object in a manner as eaſy as infallible, I the next day endeavoured to obtain ſome information reſpecting Olympia, and after various enquiries made by myſelf, and through the medium of my friends, the following is what I collected of that extraordinary woman.

Deſcended from the moſt illuſtrious Houſes of Venice, and reckoning among her anceſtors a long ſeries of Doges and Senators, Signora Olympia Giuſtiniani received an education ſuitable to her birth, which early developed her character: a diſplay of brilliant talents and rare attractions accompanied her earlieſt years, and ſhe was cited as a model of perfection, at an age when others are ſcarce out of their infancy. It would have been difficult to have found a more beautiful and noble countenance, a more dignified air, or manners more ingenuous, and at the ſame time more commanding: ſhe poſſeſſed the charms of Venus, and the dignity of Juno. At eleven years of age ſhe formed the pride of her family: there was no feſtival ſhe did not embelliſh with her preſence; no aſſembly ſhe did not grace with her enchantng talents; whether ſhe ſang at the Conſervatorio, or dan-

ced at the Ridotto, or appeared at the public promenade, ſhe was ſure to attract a crowd of admirers, paying homage to her charms. Happy the young ſenator who obtained the honour of her hand! more happy he whom ſhe diſtinguiſhed by a look!

It is the cuſtom among the grandees of Venice to place the young Signoras deſtined to the marraige ſtate, in convents; there for the ſpace of one or two years they are inſtructed in the duties that ſacred obligation impoſes.

It appears at firſt rather ſingular that young ladies ſhould be immur'd within the ſolitary cloiſter, in order to learn how to deport themſelves in the marriage ſtate; but the aſtoniſhment ceaſes when you are informed that the wiſdom of the ſenate has baniſhed from the convents thoſe obſcure ideas, thoſe myſterious ſolemnities, thoſe ſuperſtitious practices which characterize a religion ill underſtood, and that in their ſtead it only tolerates the exerciſe of a mild beneficent, and enlightened piety.

Olympia was only fourteen years of age when ſhe entered one of thoſe aſylums. Her abſence left a void in the gaieties of public life, which none other was capable of filling. It ſeemed that the graces and pleaſures had quitted the city to take refuge in the ſolitude of her who had given them birth.

The feſtival of St. Mark, the patron and protector of the Republic, arrived; there is no authority, no political inſtitution, which does not celebrate it with pomp; and the convents are not the laſt among the number. All Venice was ſoon informed that in the courſe of this ſolemnity Signora Olympia, of the Convent of Santa Trinita, would ſing an anthem of her own compoſition, accompanied on the organ. Great was the concourſe of people aſſembled on the occaſion: in two hours the church of the Convent of Santa Trinita was filled, and at five the ceremony commenced.

After the ſermon, which was ſcarce attended to, ſo great was the impatience to hear the noble ſongſtreſs, a finely executed prelude on the organ announced her preſence: all were ſilent, and every ear was rivetted with attention. Olympia ſweetly touched the keys with her harmonious fingers, and drew forth moſt enchanting melody; but, when her voice accompanied the ſounds of the inſtrument, it filled the vaulted roofs of the temple with its raviſhing harmony. The euthuſiaſm of the auditors exceeded all bounds; and, forgetting the ſacredneſs of the place, they teſtified their gratification by loud and repeated plaudits.

At the appointed time the Nuns drew the curtains which concealed them from the eyes of the public, and delighted their eyes with the object that had enchanted their ears. Olympia advanced, full of grace and dignity, and ſung, without any accompaniment, a ſacred hymn; but as ſhe proceeded in the divine ſtrain, her voice experienced a ſenſible alteration,—She was ſeized with an univerſal tremor, and was unable to finiſh. This accident was attributed to her extreme ſenſibility and the effect

of her exertions, but her weakneſs was to be aſcribed to a different cauſe.

Among the numerous and brilliant youths whoſe attention ſhe attracted, ſhe remarked a young lord whoſe eyes were more particularly fixed on her's.

She could not reſiſt the emotion ſhe felt, and it increaſed as ſhe obſerved the ſame eyes conſtantly rivetted on her,—Love, which Olympia was as yet unacquainted with, at this moment took poſſeſſion of her heart; it penetrated her ſoul; eſtabliſhed its dominion, and reigned tyrant over her: an inſtant kindled the flames of deſire in the young Signora's breaſt, and the moſt terrible of paſſions devoured the ſoul of her who was deſtined to become the victim of each of them.

From that time calmneſs and tranquillity left her; the pleaſures derived from the ſtudy of the fine arts, and the exerciſe of her talents, became inſipid to her. Wholly abandoned to her paſſion, and the irreſiſtable impulſe of love, Olympia forgot the duty ſhe owed her rank: deſcending from the dignity of a virtuous lady to the licentiouſneſs of a woman of intrigue, ſhe firſt ſolicited the heart of the Cavalier who had conquered her's. He was a young Neapolitan Lord, named Laurentini, adorned with every gift of nature and of fortune, but whoſe principles were looſe, and whoſe character was unſteady. The declaration of Olympia promiſed him an agreeable adventure, and the conqueſt of her heart added one name to the liſt of his ſucceſſes; however, as the mind of Olympia was as cultivated as her love was ardent, ſhe failed not to make a deep impreſſion on the heart of Laurentini—She kept him conſtant for ſome months by the attraction of her charms, and continued her conqueſt by the diſplay of her accompliſhments.

But at the end of a certain period, while the paſſion of Olympia increaſed, that of Laurentini, ſatiated with the delights of love, became leſs ardent. One day upon a frivolous pretence, he wrote her a farewell letter, and prepared to leave Venice. Olympia for the moment abandoned herſelf to deſpair, but recalling all the energies of her ſoul, ſhe formed the deſign of retaining by force a lover who had deſerted her through treachery.

She had the liberty whenever ſhe pleaſed, of going from the convent of Saint Trinita to her father's houſe. It was in conſequence of this priviledge ſhe had managed all her interviews with Laurentini. When ſhe had recovered the ſhock occaſioned by her perfidious lover's letter, ſhe repaired to the palace of Giuſtiniani, and having aſſembled the ſenators, her father, and her brothers, diſcovered her amour to them, and terminated a confeſſion which had irritated them by words that appeaſed their anger.

"I am to blame," ſaid ſhe, "but it is not impoſſible for him who has been the cauſe of my error to repair it. The blood of Laurentini is illuſtrious, and without diſgrace may be allied to

mine. Though you may be aſhamed at my weakneſs, you need not bluſh at my marriage. This very evening the lover of your daughter may became her noble ſpouſe, and you may embrace a ſon and a brother in him whom you now regard as an enemy."

The father of Olympia applauded his daughter's plan. She accordingly wrote to Laurentini, and diſſembling her thoughts, earneſtly intreated him for the laſt time, to favour her with a viſit,—Fearful leſt he ſhould not conſent to it, ſhe felt compoſed when her lover returned for anſwer, he would meet her; and ſhe waited his coming with the utmoſt tranquillity.

It was uſually in a cloiſter, not far from a little chapel; that theſe lovers held their place of meeting. Olympia had ſworn that this place, which had been the witneſs of her frailty, ſhould likewiſe witneſs her courage, and had determined that where ſhe had received an injury, ſhe ſhould find reparation.

At ten in the evening the family of Giuſtiniani, accompanied by a chaplain, and conducted by Olympia, repaired to the cloiſter; they inſtantly formed their plan; but hearing the haſty ſteps of ſome one approaching, they concealed their lighted torches in the chapel.

Olympia loaded her lover with the moſt bitter reproaches, and at the ſame time laviſhed on him the moſt tender careſſes; then pretending ſhe wiſhed to retire from the damp of the evening, ſhe perſuaded him to enter the chapel, and embracing Laurentini, "My life," ſaid ſhe, with a moſt tender accent, "if you love me, as you have often ſworn, why not, ere you leave me, honour me with the ſacred title of wife? If I have granted you the favors, why not accord to me the rights of marriage? Are you weary of an unhappy girl whoſe only glory was her love, and who has nothing left but her ſhame? O God! if Laurentini rejects me, who ſhall protect me?"

Laurentini proteſted that at his return, which would ſoon take place, he would haſten to fulfil the wiſhes of his miſtreſs as well as his own. "If ſuch is thy intentions," added ſhe, "why not do it immediately?

Laurentini objected, "That at ſo late an hour it would be difficult to find a prieſt to unite them."

"I have provided one" exclaimed Olympia; "you have only to conſent, and the prieſt is ready."

"But what will your father ſay?" reſumed Laurentini.

"I have," added ſhe, "revealed our love to him, and he conſents to our happineſs."

The youth made no objection but preſerved ſilence.

On a ſudden Olympia made a ſignal;—torches and arms glittered through the chapel—the family of the Guſtiniani ſurrounded the lovers: Laurentini ſeized his ſword, but was immediately diſarmed. The father of Olympia reproached him with ſeduction of his daughter;—the whole family repeated his com-

plaints, and assured Laurentini he should not leave the chapel with any other title than that of the husband of Olympia.

Whether the Neapolitan yeilded to love or fear, he only recovered from the surprise into which this unexpected scene had plunged him, to present his hand to Olympia. The chaplain advanced to the altar, and began the ceremony; joy brightened the countenance of the family of Gustiniani, but I cannot describe the horrid expression traced on the features of Olympia.

The holy minister having received the solemn engagements of the lovers, pronounced the sacred words which forever united them, and in the face of heaven made them one; when Olympia, disengaging her hand from that of her lover, drew a poniard from beneath her robe, and plunged it in the heart of the unfortuanate youth, who uttering a piercing cry, fell upon the pavement of the sanctuary. "Receive," she exclaimed, in a lofty tone of voice, "recieve the reward of thy treasons!—now haste thee to Naples, and say how a woman, an Italian, and an offended lover can revenge herself.—If thou hadst refused my hand, I should have punished thy perfidy: fear has made thee accept it, and I punish thy cowardice."

No one knew what became of Olympia during the four years that succeeded this dreadful catastrophe. It was supposed she had been secretly disposed of by the authority of the Ten; when, two months after the death of her father, she appeared at Venice more beautiful than ever. As her history had hardly transpired, and but very few were acquainted with it, she was received with general acclamations. She assured every one she had been a long voyage, and she mentioned the distant regions she had traversed; but it is most probable that the high authority of her father had preserved her from the last degree of human punishment, and that she had passed the period of her absence from Venice in the state prison.

Though this adventure had no connection with the present history, yet as it materially tended to elucidate the character of Olympia, I was extremely gratified at having informed myself of it. Furnished with the knowledge of these circumstances, I presented myself at the palace of one of the inquisitors of the state.

Having obtained from Signor Rozzellino (the name of that senator) a private audience, in his cabinet, I entered into a detail of the extraordinary events I had witnessed in the Cavern of Strozzi, without omitting the slightest circumstance: I mentioned to him the accident, or rather the miracle, by which they have been revealed to me; I added to my narrative that of the tragical history of Laurentini, and urged the necessity of promptitude and celerity in the present instance, in order to prevent Olympia sacrificing a second victim.

Rozzelino listened to me with as much gravity as attention. I carefully observed his countenance, but could not perceive that the name or the crimes of Olympia produced the slightest altera-

tion, so difficult is it to develope the real affections of a statesman's soul through the mask with which policy covers his features.

"I return you thanks in the name of the state," said Rozzelino, when I had finished speaking, for disclosing crimes which militate against its safety; you have preferred to the character of an infamous informer, who acts in the dark and behind the back of of the person he accuses, that of a loyal denunciator, who dares the enemy of the laws to meet him face to face in the awful presence of justice.—Depart. Though the Government of the Republic is armed with the necessary terrors, to maintain its authority among the great, and secure the dependence of the people, yet it knows how to esteem virtue, and appreciate good actions. I shall this instant inform the president of the council, and I promise you an audience this evening. Good magistrates ought not to sleep when guilt is awake, nor repose when it ought to be punished. Be not alarmed at the forms which surround the inquisition: submit to the orders of the guards, who will be with you at eleven in the evening, and follow them with confidence. The sight of the sword of justice may appal the criminal, but cannot terrify the innocent man, whom it is only drawn to protect.

I left Signor Rozzelino, and retired early home. I thought I perceived a plain man in his appearance, but extremely cautious in his manner, following, and studiously endeavouring not to lose sight of me. I was by no means surprised at it; I concluded that after the secrets with which I had entrusted the government, my actions no longer depended on myself, but that the police and its spies had the disposal of them.

The dial pointed to seven minutes after eleven at night, when three knocks were struck against the gate of the hotel in which I lodged, and a command to open it in the name of the Council of Ten, announced to me the arrival of the officers. They were soon at my door, which I opened with silence and respect; they were five in number. The foremost, drawing from beneath his cloak a small ebony rod with an ivory head, gently touched me with it in the name of the Most Serene Republic and dread inquisition, and made a sign for me to follow him.

We descended the staircase without meeting any one: at the bottom a gondola awaited us; we entered it, and in less than a quarter of an hour we landed before the palace of the council; then the chief of the guards placed a bandage before my eyes; and in this manner, preceded by him and surrounded by the rest, I crossed several galleries, and at last found myself in the hall where the inquisitors were sitting.

By the silence which reigned I judged that they had not all met and that I should only have to answer one person. In fact after a few moments, a mild but sonorous and distinct voice addressed me, and desired me to sit down.

"You were," said the voice, "this morning at the palace of the senator Rozzelino, and entrusted him with the important secret of

the crimes you have witneſſed. Are you deſirous of changing that confidental information into a legal denunciation?"

"Yes, Signor," I anſwered.

"Then take the oath upon the Holy Evangeliſts and the crucifix, that whatever you ſhall ſay ſhall be the truth."

"My faith does not allow me to ſwear upon the image of Jeſus; but if you pleaſe I will ſwear upon the Evangeliſts."

I thought I heard ſome voices whiſpering together, and I took the oath, at the ſame time extending my hand upon the Evangeliſts.

"Commence your recital," reſumed the voice, "and ſpeak ſufficiently ſlow that the ſecretary may write down the principal circumſtances."

I heſitated a moment, in order to collect my ideas, and deliver them with the greater preciſion; then raiſing my voice, I repeated what I had ſtated in the morning to Signor Rozzelino, and which the reader has been informed of.

When I had finiſhed, the voice enquired of the ſecretary if his tranſcript of what I had ſaid was finiſhed, and he having anſwered in the affirmative, began to read it. It perfectly agreed with my recital: then having aſked me if I perſiſted in my denunciation, and having invited me to ſign it, an order was given to take the bandage off my eyes.

The ſpectacle which at that moment ſtruck my ſight had ſomething in it terrible and awful.

The room in which I was ſeated was ſpacious, and ſupported by a range of circular pillars, from the capital of which, to within three feet of the floor, hung a black drapery. Two large chandeliers, ſuſpended by chains from the ceiling, gave glaring and mournful light, which reflected on the countenances of the Inquiſitors. At the bottom of the room, under a ſcarlot canopy, with plumes of black and white feathers over it, was placed a large marble figure of Chriſt, and beneath it was a long table, covered with a black carpet, round which were ſeated, upon Gothic chairs, the ten Inquiſitors and the Secretary of State, clad in long gowns of black ſattin, embroidered with crimſon. Several officers and guards ſtood around them, with their wands in their hands; and I, with a guard on each ſide of me, was placed upon a ſeat at a diſtancce from the reſt, fronting the crucifix, about ten paces from the table.

The Secretary preſented my denunciation to me, which I ſigned: then the preſident of the Inquiſitors ſhewing me a volume in folio, and opening the frontiſpiece, aſked me if I recollected it.

I anſwered that I believed it to be the deſcription of the Cavern of Strozzi, and that it belonged to the Dominicans of the library of St. Mark; then taking from my pocket the card on which I had tranſcribed the tranſparent words of the ninth page, and which were repeated on every thirteenth page, I read it to the Council, at the ſame time entreating it to verify my conjectures. I was ad-

mitted to this proof, and obtained the ſame confirmation as in the firſt inſtance.

After ſeveral formalities unneceſſary to repeat, the Council decreed that within three days at the fartheſt, three of its members ſhould repair to the iſland of Strozzi, accompanied by a ſtrong guard, and that I ſhould direct the expedition. The Council congratulated me on what it was pleaſed to denominate my *virtuous courage;* and ordered that until the day of juſtice, I ſhould be kept as an hoſtage in one of the apartments of its palace, but at the ſame time treated with every poſſible degree of reſpect.

On the morning of the day appointed for proceeding to the iſland, I was deſired to hold myſelf in readineſs to depart at ſix in the evening. I felt the higheſt ſatisfaction, not ſo much at the approach of the termination of my own captivity, as becauſe it enabled me to contribute towards the deliverance of the unfortunate Antoni, and puniſh his deteſtable enemy.

At the appointed hour two guards came to me, and conducted me to a covered bark, in which were three Inquiſitors, two of their attendants, and a detachment of ſoldiers completely armed. The principal Inquiſitor, who was Signor Rozzelino, gave his orders, and diſtributed maſks to each of us: after which we rowed off. We were ſoon in ſight of the iſland, but inſtead of landing on the ſide of Venice, where Olympia was to diſembark, we doubled the bay, and landed in a ſmall creek to the eaſt. Though the night was very dark, and the reflection of the ſtars ſcarce pointed out our road, Signor Rozzelino would not allow us to light torches, but ordered us to obſerve ſilence, and proceed without the leaſt noiſe.

When we arrived near the cavern, I adviſed the Inquiſitors to place ten guards at the entrance, with orders to ſtop and ſecure thoſe who ſhould attempt to force the paſſage. Having taken this precaution, we entered the Cavern: I pointed out to the Inquiſitors the protecting willow which had concealed me while I inſpired the priſoner with hope and courage. At length we found ourſelves before the entrance to the inner-cavern; I recollected the ſignal, and ſtruck it with my dagger: the ſame voice immediately pronounced the watch-word *Treaſon!* we anſwered by that of *Vengeance!* (a word under the preſent circumſtances perfectly applicable) and the Cavern was opened to us.

Before we entered I deemed it prudent to ſecure thoſe who were within; but in order to prevent the effuſion of blood I had recourſe to ſtratagem, and with a loud voice pronounced the name of Ricardo. The gaoler, who had opened the entrance, repeated it, and the echoes of the ſubterraneous vault having conveyed it to Ricardo, he forthwith made his appearance. As he held a torch, the light of which reflected on us, and ſhewed that we were maſked, the two goalers evinced their inquietude, which increaſed to the higheſt degree of terror, when having ſurrounded

them, we declared they were our priſoners, and ordered them to point out the dungeon of Antoni.

It was curious to behold theſe wretches, whoſe countenances had before exhibited the features of ferocious boldneſs, now altered by fear, and preſenting the picture of diſconcerted guilt. Pale and terrified, they proceeded along the Cavern without uttering a ſingle word: and when they were before the gate of Antoni's dungeon, Ricardo's hands trembled in ſuch a manner that he could ſcarce turn the key.

At the deplorable aſpect of the wretched Antoni, faſtened by a chain to an infectious carcaſe, and agonized with woe, the Inquiſitors ſtarted back with horror. With difficulty they reſtrained the violent indignation with which they were tranſported, and it was not till after ſome minutes they could recover their calmneſs and gravity. I addreſſed the priſoner, and taking off my maſk, "You behold," ſaid I, that my promiſe has not been made in vain: it is no longer a week individual who intereſts himſelf in your cauſe—Heaven has referred it to the ſupreme authority—it is the Republic itſelf that comes to deliver you."

"Yes," continued Signor Rozzelino, unmaſking himſelf, "you ſee before you the Council of Ten, repreſented by three of its members, appointed for the protection of innocence, and the puniſhment of the guilty: it will this day fulfil its two-fold office:—be free Antoni,—Olympia ſhall now wear your chains."

Antoni could not believe either his eyes or ears.—Surpriſe, doubt, and ſorrow were painted on his countenance.—Yielding however to the laſt of theſe ſentiments, which more than any other overflowed his heart, he could only expreſs himſelf by tears and geſtures. Now he raiſed his humid eyes, and his arms oppreſſed with chains, towards Heaven; and now he pointed to the body of his dear Zanetta. It may be eaſily conceived none of us could remain inſenſible to ſo afflicting a ſcene; but one of a far different nature was paſſing without.

Olympia and her eſcort, after having landed as uſual, advanced towards the Cavern; but at the inſtant they entered it, they were ſeized and ſecured. The name of the Inquiſition, which had ſtruck her aſſociates dumb, had excited in that high ſouled woman every ſentiment of fury and every deſire of revenge. Not only her prey had eſcaped her at the moment ſhe was on the point of devouring it, but ſhe had herſelf fallen into the power of a dreadful tribunal, with which ſhe was not unacquainted, and from which ſhe could have no hope of mercy.

The guards had been previouſly ordered to conduct her into the preſence of the Inquiſitors, in the dungeon of Antoni. They forced her there, foaming with rage; her dreadful ſhrieks made the cavern reſound; her diſhevelled hair ſtood an end; her boſom heaved; her eyes were inflamed, and nearly ſtarted from their ſockets; and her whole countenance was hideouſly diſtort-

ed. Like an enraged tigreſs, ſhe endeavoured to fall upon Antoni, to tear him with her hands, but ſhe was reſtrained by dint of force :—deſpairing, ſhe threw herſelf on the earth, and gave vent to the violence of her rage. In this dreadful ſtate appeared the incomparable beauty, who had been the pride of her family, and the admiration of Venice.

Rozzellino, after having promiſed Antoni that the remains of Zanetta ſhould be honourable interred, conducted him to the gondola of Olympia. I requeſted leave to accompany him, which was granted me. We were placed and detained as priſoners, till the reſult of this affair, in the Caſtle of Ulchria, in the Gulph of the Adriatic. Olympia, with her accomplices, were ſent to the priſons of the Inquiſition, and confined in dungeons.

If curioſity in the firſt place, and compaſſion afterwards, were my ſentiments with regard to Antoni, an intimate acquaintance with that excellent young man inſpired me with others more laſting, and worthy of him. In Antoni was united whatever was calculated to charm : on a countenance peculiarly intereſting were traced all the affections of a ſoul attuned to ſenſibility :—his eyes, which grief had ſomewhat impaired, ſtill ſparkled with the rays of genius. It was eaſy to perceive that it was to theſe gifts of nature he owed all his misfortunes.—He related them to me, and expreſſed his gratitude in the moſt ardent terms ; I wiſhed to deſerve it, and proffered him my friendſhip. A ſentiment like this, when it has misfortune for its foundation, gives riſe to ſenſations the moſt delightful : I hope death alone will deprive me of thoſe ſweet affections which gave birth to my attachment for Antoni.

Ten days after our entrance into the fortreſs of Ulchria, the ſenator Rozzelino viſited us. He recommended us to wait with patience a few days longer, while the proceſs againſt Olympia was preparing. The next day we each received an official citation from the Chancery of the Ten, which required us, within three days, to attend at the bar of the Council. Antoni could not behold the time approach without horror : the idea of having to appear againſt her who, by tearing Zanetta from him, had deprived him of what was dearer than life, almoſt bereft him of his ſenſes.

On the morning of the appointed day, the Council delegated one of its officers to attend us ; and we were conducted, without any other formalities, to the gallery which communicated with the hall of its deliberations. In a quarter of an hour after we were ſummoned ; and the Council, after having received our homage, deſired us to advance to our ſeats.

We ſeated ourſelves ; and the only alteration I remarked was, that the figure of Chriſt was concealed beneath a black veil.—With regard to the reſt, though it was broad day light, the place was lighted by the two chandeliers, as it had been when I was before there in the night.

On our right nearly oppoſite the table, was a receſs, the curtain of which the preſident withdrew, and preſented to our ſight the Signora Olympia, ſeated on a ſtool, and two guards on each ſide of her, with drawn ſwords. At this ſight Antoni changed colour; and even I could not reſtrain my emotion at contemplating the humiliating ſituation of a woman whom I had before beheld in ſo cruel and menacing an attitude. The paleneſs of her countenance was particularly remarkable: one might have judged by the diſtorted appearance of her countenance, of the agitation of her ſoul. She raiſed her eyes from time to time, and looked ſternly now upon the tribunal, and now upon Antoni; having met mine, the ſingular expreſſion of all her features at that moment ſhocked me, and I turned from beholding her with horror and affright.

An officer of the Council having commanded ſilence, the Chief of the Inquiſitors addreſſed the reſt. He traced the motives which had induced the tribunal to proſecute, in ſo extraordinary a manner, the Signora Giuſtiniani, a noble Venetian lady, and widow of Signor Carlo Laurentini. He diſtinctly recapitulated the crimes alledged againſt her; read the different interrogatories put to her in the courſe of her examination; all of which ſhe had poſitively denied; ſtated that thoſe interrogatories having been unproductive of any ſatisfactory information, the uſual queſtion was to be put to Olympia, after which the two perſons at the bar (Antoni and myſelf) were to be heard.

The ſame Inquiſitor then deſired Antoni to retire to an adjoining room; which he having done, and the Council having ordered me to ſpeak, I repeated my denunciation from begining to end. It would be impoſſible to deſcribe the impreſſion it made on Olympia: not only her features but her geſtures, her whole body, expreſſed the ſentiments of her ſoul:—Inquietude, anxiety, grief, ſurpriſe, paſſion, fury, rage and deſpair were ſucceſſively painted throughout her whole frame; but I had ſcarce cloſed two thirds of my recital, when a ſettled compoſure chaſed from her countenance the clouds which had obſcured it.

I finiſhed.—Olympia was aſked if ſhe had any thing to anſwer. "I ſhall anſwer," ſaid ſhe, "when Signor Antoni is called: it is in the preſence of both I ſhall explain myſelf."

Antoni was called—He was pale and dejected. The ſight of him doubtleſs awakened in the ſoul of Olympia the moſt tender regrets; for I obſerved her eyes ſtream with tears.

I went out in my turn; and after ten minutes, during which I walked alone in a ſpacious Gothic hall, adorned with portraits of the Doges, I reflected upon the ſingularity of ſo uncommon an adventure, in which I formed ſo diſtinguiſhed a part. I was then called in.

Leave was given to Olympia to ſpeak, who thus addreſſed the tribunal:—"If," ſaid ſhe "there exiſted no other means of hear-

ing the truth from me than the dread of your tortures, you ſhould ever remain ignorant. I know how to die, but I know not how to deceive; and while I can fall an innocent victim, I would not periſh as a condemned criminal. A ſentiment ſtronger than that of my own reputation at this moment animates me; that ſentiment, which I have before experienced, but which I believed to be extinct in my breaſt, impels me to diſguiſe nothing from you. Antoni, this moment is a joyful one for you; but you would be unworty of your triumh if you could not applaud yourſelf for it. You were my victim:—contemplate me now; you have nothing to reproach me with. It is not to the auguſt aſſembly of the Ten I need recal the firſt adventure which conducted me before it. If, when I preſented to its view the effect of thoſe paſſions which ſwayed me, it had manifeſted its juſtice rather than its clemency, the juſt puniſhment I ſhould have then experienced would have preſerved my ſoul from the weight of additional guilt, my hands from a ſecond murder, and your ears, from the painful recital of it.—May the horror with which it has inſpired you, and the pain you felt at beholding the effects of my rage, expiate your culpable indulgence, and induce you to remember that it is not leſs dangerous to pardon a criminal, than atrocious to puniſh an innocent perſon!

"It was in this ſame hall before theſe ſame ſenators, I appeared covered with human blood. The tears of a father whom you revered, waſhed the murderous ſtains from before your eyes. From your mouths, accuſtomed to pronounce the ſevereſt decrees, I heard the ſweet aſſurance of mercy; inſtead of condemning me to the ſcaffold, you ſent me to the groves of Peſchia; doubtleſs, that by contemplating the beauties of nature my ſoul might be purified. The opinion of ſome was, that a ſecret execution ſhould cut ſhort my days; others wiſhed to prolong it in cloſe confinement. My family ſpread the report that I was gone abroad, and from motives of partiality towards my father and myſelf, Laurentini's death remained unrevenged.

"Though the tribunal had abſolved me, my conſcience had not. The blood ſtained ſhade of a lover, murdered by my hands, was inceſſantly before me. Remorſe, like a devouring vulture, gnawed my heart.—Oh! if it were known what pain and torment attend guilt, the world would practice virtue from motives of choice and ſelf intereſt.

"More than two years had expired, during which time I had been confined within the precincts of the Caſtle of Peſchia, wearied with grief and remorſe. The effervescence of a warm climate increaſed that diſpoſition I had received from nature, and perhaps the worſt of my torments was, that I was obliged to retain thoſe fires which conſumed me. Often, while indulging my ardent reveries among the ſhady groves, I perceived a ſhepherd, ſeated under a ſhade of a beech tree, with a young village

maiden. The ſight filled my heart with ſorrow, and my eyes with tears. I wandered alone through the thick groves, reflecting that if my cruel hand had ſpared my lover, I might have taſted the ſame pleaſures as theſe ſhepherds.

"It was about this period when an old woman, who furniſhed the Caſtle with cream and cheeſe, requeſted my permiſſion to preſent her niece to me, whom ſhe intended ſhould ſucceed to her buſineſs; I willingly conſented; and one morning as I ſat at my toilet, I ſaw the good Genova, followed by a young country laſs, whom ſhe told me was her relation, and begged to recommend her to my protection.—'She is a poor orphan,' ſaid ſhe, 'who has nothing to depend upon but her innocence and your kindneſs, Signora.'—I promiſed it to her, and the young perſon ſaid ſhe would do all in her power to merit it.

"If I was ſtruck with the uncommon beauty, the decent, yet noble air, and the captivating graces of the neice of Genova, I was ſtill more ſurpriſed when ſome days after I converſed with her: ſhe not only expreſſed herſelf in the moſt poliſhed and elegant language, but the ſubjects on which ſhe ſpoke, evinced an underſtanding far above the vulgar.

"One time in particular, when I was contemplating her, whilſt with her delicate fingers ſhe was preſſing the teats of a cow, and was filling a large bowl with milk not more white than her own boſom, on a ſudden ſhe ſtarted from her work, and attentively examined the milk. By the ſuffuſion which covered her countenance, I perceived ſhe was agitated by a ſecret emotion. I aſked her the cauſe.—'Alas,' ſhe exclaimed, 'if this animal is not ſpeedily relieved, in an hour or two at fartheſt ſhe muſt die.'—This was not the time to enquire further; but when, by a decoction of balſamic herbs, which ſhe herſelf culled, ſhe had ſtopped the progreſs of the diſorder ſhe had obſerved, I aſked her what ſymptoms had diſcovered it to her? She anſwered 'that it was the livid colour and mottled ſtreaks in the milk.'—Purſuing afterwards this propoſition, ſhe entered into a chimical analyſis of the nature, qualities, and properties of that liquor, the cauſes that might alter it, and the inductions to be drawn by that means relative to the health of the animal that had produced it.

"My aſtoniſhment and admiration increaſed at hearing ſuch ſcientific obſervations from one whom I ſhould have ſuppoſed only capable of ſpeaking the ruſtic idiom of her native village. 'Explain,' ſaid I, 'by what miracle you poſſeſs ſuch information. If Genova had not aſſured me you were her niece, I ſhould have thought you a divinity diſguiſed in ſylvan habits:—your appearance and your knowledge would juſtify ſuch an opinion.

'It is doubtleſs,' ſhe replied, 'to your partiality I am indebted for the favourable compariſon you have made between the little knowledge I poſſeſs, and the extreme ignorance you have obſerved throughout this part of the country. Like them, Signora, I am but a plain country girl, but I have had the happineſs to find in the

lover who has gained my affections, a man of ſenſe, who has inſtructed me.—It is to his leſſons I am indebted for what knowledge I poſſeſs, as it is to his tenderneſs I owe the happineſs I enjoy.'

"This frank confeſſion made me deſirous of learning further details. Zanetta (for I need not conceal her name) anſwered me without reſerve: and the following is the ſubſtance of what I learned from her. She thus addreſſed me:—

"The venerable Chryſoſtome, Curate of Peſchia, is an old man, equally pious and benevolent: his whole life is divided between the ſervice of the altar, and the relief of the wretched. Incapable himſelf of thoſe frailties which diſhonour human nature, yet is he compaſſionate to thoſe of others: he is indulgent to his fellow creatures, as ſevere to himſelf. He regards the peaſantry, whoſe ſpiritual miniſter he is, as his own family, and on all occaſions ſhares his ſlender patrimony with them. In ſhort, he poſſeſſes every virtue that can adorn a prieſt, without thoſe defects which degrade the man. I ſhould not think it neceſſary to deſcribe his character to you, if it were not to convince you how worthy he is of that confidence which the firſt Lords of Italy repoſed in him.

'One day a ſplendid carriage, drawn by a ſet of beautiful horſes, and accompanied by a numerous and ſuperb retinue, ſtopped at the parſonage-houſe of Peſchia. A young man got out, whoſe countenance more diſtinguiſhed him than the richneſs of his apparel, and proved him to be a nobleman of the firſt rank. Having introduced himſelf to Signor Chryſoſtome, he remained with him above two hours: after which he returned to his carriage, and took the road to Venice, having previouſly beſtowed on the good Curate every teſtimony of eſteem and friendſhip. I have ſince learned what paſſed at this interview, and will inform you.

'At one of thoſe aſſemblies which have rendered the Carnival of Venice ſo famous and attractive, the young Lorenzi, the only ſon of Prince Fiducci Cornaro, and laſt of one of the moſt nobſe families of the Republic, became enamoured of a young and beautiful girl, of the province of Bergama. The charms of her features and the graces of her manners were characteriſtic of the endowments of her mind. Lorenzi, who knew not before what love was, now felt that paſſion in its utmoſt exceſs. His miſtreſs did not diſcourage his addreſſes; ſhe allowed him to hope, and when ſhe left him, conſented to encourage his future attentions.

'The young lover delayed not to profit by her condeſcenſion; but he found that Fortune had not been ſo favourable as nature to the idol of his heart. Florina (for ſo ſhe was called) was the daughter of a tradeſman of Bergama, who through the recommendation of one of the officers of the Senate of Venice, had obtained a ſituation under that aſſembly, and had been dead

about five years.—His widow had retired to the country, and lived upon the produce of her labour, which conſiſted in making ſilken fillets, with which moſt of the Italians confine their hair, in the ſame manner as the Spaniards of Andaluſia. Florina aſſiſted her mother. She ſeldom went out.—ſaw no one, but lived a modeſt and recluſe live. Once a year, in Carnival time, her mother took her to the Ridotto; but, as her age and infirmities did not allow her to mix in the diverſions, ſhe entruſted her daughter to one of the inferior conductors of the feſtival, with whom ſhe was acquainted.

'It was thus ſhe became acquainted with Lorenzi. Her young and inexperienced heart beat in uniſon with the one ſhe had captivated: a ſecond interview compleated her defeat.

'From that time an intimate, though imprudent and diſproportioned, connection was formed between them, which was the ſource of many a bitter regret. Lorenzi and Florina, abandoned to an amorous paſſion, doubted not but it would be crowned by marriage; the vanity of the mother was flattered at ſeeing her daughter the miſtreſs of a grandee, and ſhe ſecretly hoped ſhe ſhould ſoon call him her ſon-in-law.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Anſwer to a Father's Inquiries relative to the Education of Daughters.

Meſs. Editors.

"A Father's" Queries in your laſt number embrace important parts of Female Education. With your permiſſion, I offer him my ideas upon the ſeveral ſubjects of his inquiries.

Quere 1ſt. Is the accompliſhment of muſic worthy the time, pains, and coſt expended in its acquirement?

The anſwer to this queſtion muſt neceſſarily be modified to each particular caſe. If the young lady has a muſical ear, if ſhe is fond of taking leſſons, if her father be wealthy, and if the habits of her family permit her to devote ſufficient time to acquire accurate knowledge of the ſcience and conſiderable ſkill in practice, the queſtion certainly ſhould be anſwered in the affimative. Muſic is an elegant accompliſhment; it creates the moſt refined pleaſure, ameliorates the manners, ſoftens the heart, and in the hours of ſolitude raiſes the animal ſpirits, and refreſhes the mind after the fatigue of ſevere thinking. In ſociety this charming ſcience delights the gentleman and the boor, ſmoothes the aſperities of temper, and unites in friendſhip and harmony the variant diſpoſitions of mankind: ſolaces the aged, and charms the young; pacifies the paſſionate, and invigorates the ſpiritleſs. The lady who poſſeſſes this accompliſhment, enjoys many hours of innocent and profitable amuſement. At thoſe periods of dull-

neſs, when the mind ſinks into fretful ſloth, or when the ſeveri" ties of fortune depreſs the hopes of the heart, muſic acts the taliſ" man, and by its magic gives new vigour to the ſoul, and exhibits new proſpects of ſucceſs. For theſe reaſons it is not only pleaſing, but uſeful; and where circumſtances permit, and inclination induces, ſhould be cultivated.

But in caſes in which the young lady is inſenſible to the finer ſounds of harmony, is unable to diſtinguiſh concords and diſcords, and ſits down to the harpſichord with indifference; in caſes where the income of the parent cannot afford the high price of the tuition, or the habits of the young lady's family are ſuch that time enough could be allowed her to learn only the elements of the ſcience, and attain but little ſkill; money time, and pains would be injudiciouſly expended in its acquirement.

I think the cultivation of the fine arts very beneficial to the individual and the community; but it is extremely imprudent to attempt to teach thoſe who cannot learn. It may be aſked how a parent, who generally is biaſſed in judgment of the child's talents, can decide whether the young lady has a muſical ear? The queſtion may be anſwered by being avoided. If the parent cannot decide, the muſic-maſter can, as alſo many muſical friends. Should their deciſion be againſt the young lady's ear, it would be ſhameful extravagance to keep a teacher in pay, and waſte in an idle purſuit the moſt important period of life. This, however, is a very common thing. There are many young ladies within the knowledge of the writer, who have expended many months and dollars in learning this pleaſing ſcience, who can now ſcarce go through the gamut. How much better would it have been, to have devoted this time to the improvement of their minds, and employed this money in the the procurement of the means? No unhallowed hands ſhould touch the ſacred lyre.

The writer of this does not wiſh to diſcourage any one from attempting to obtain this pleaſing accompliſhment. He would on the other hand highly applaud and ſtimulate every exertion conducive thereto. He has often wiſhed a larger portion of our young gentlemen and young ladies endeavoured to attain this elegant art. He has no doubt that five out of ſeven have muſical ears, and that we have ſo few young people accompliſhed in this reſpect, becauſe their attention is diverted to purſuits more trifling and leſs innocent. He would only guard againſt a loſs of time, pains and expence, and wherever it is apparent the young lady will not ſucceed in her attempt to become miſtreſs of the ſcience, he would adviſe the parent to diſmiſs the maſter and ſell the inſtrument. But in caſes where there is a taſte for muſic let it be cultivated, if the parent can afford the price. Let not all the nations of the earth reproach us for want of accompliſhments. Let us cultivate the fine arts and prevent the ſtigma. Let us thank thoſe parents, who duly appreciate the talents of their children, and waſte no time in uſeleſs purſuits.

Quere 2d. Is it to be deſired that young ladies ſhould be inſtructed in Drawing, Painting, &c.

The anſwer to this queſtion is very eaſy. If the young lady has a taſte for them, or can be made to have a taſte for them, let theſe arts be cultivated. The price of tuition in this caſe ſhould not be regarded by the rich or the middle rank of citizens. The accompliſhment carries with it its own reward; and even by the cloſe calculation of a Dutchman, it will be found that the money expended in the acquirement of theſe arts will pay an intereſt of fifty per cent. The rich will be repaid by a thouſand pieces of ornamental furniture, which would have coſt treble the ſum; the poor female may obtain a ſupport by the ſale of her productions. It is certainly to be regretted that there are not more means for the orphan daughters of indigent families to obtain an honeſt livelihood. Dependance diſpirits the ſoul and demeans the heart, ſubjects the innocent ſufferer to a thouſand injuries, and deſtroys the pleaſures of life. In many caſes this vile dependance or a baſer proſtitution is the only alternitive; for the education given to girls in the middle and poorer claſſes of ſociety is ſuch, that they are ſeldom able to obtain a ſupport without entering into a degrading ſervitude. Let them, then, be educated in every branch of needle work, embroidery, painting, and all thoſe arts, by which they may obtain an honeſt and honorable ſubſiſtence.

The ſubjects of this inquiry, Drawing and Painting, will not conduce, it may be ſaid, to the gaining of a ſubſiſtence in a country where the fine arts are not encouraged. To this it may be replied, that though the higher and more noble exertions of genius in the improvement of theſe arts may not be ſufficiently rewarded, yet the ſmaller beauties, exemplified in little decorations and ornamental furniture, would be, if they were to be found, in great demand, and produce a tolerable income. Fire-ſcreens, tranſparent paintings for window blinds, ſketches of the beauties of nature and art, in our country, if well executed would produce a handſome price; at leaſt they would afford a reſource, in ſome degree productive of advantage, if others fail. Painting and Drawing alſo are neceſſary in embroidery; and it is to be conſidered that in moſt families the time devoted to theſe purſuits is redeemed from what is generally loſt in idle viſits or trifling occupations. Another important conſideration is, that the attention to theſe elegant accompliſhments creates a taſte for the other fine arts, and that a taſte for the fine arts refines the mind, and adds much to the rational amuſements of life. For theſe reaſons I think it adviſeable that young ladies in the richer and middle claſſes of ſociety, who can be made fond of the purſuit, ſhould be inſtructed in the elegant accompliſhments of Drawing and Painting. A thouſand other inducements might be mentioned, but the above are ſufficient for the gentleman, for whom this anſwer is principally deſigned.

Queres 3d and 5th. Should young ladies be permitted to read any novels, and if any, what ones? If novels are to be forbidden young ladies, what courſe of reading is it adviſeable they ſhould purſue?

Theſe interrogatories may be anſwered under one head. Without heſitation I declare it as my opinion that ſome novels ought to be read. Novels give that kind of knowledge of the world in early life which only a round of diſſipation and conſiderable experience can produce. But I ſhould be very careful in ſelecting the novels which I put into a young lady's hands. Thoſe only which recommend a correct ſyſtem of morals, and paint life as it is ſhould be choſen. A liſt of theſe would include Richardſon's, Fielding's, Goldſmith's, Madame D'Arblay's, Mrs. Weſt's and ſome few more modern. From no book that I ever read, have I gained half ſo much knowledge of mankind as from the Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon. It is true his character is more perfect than is to be found amongſt men, yet his obſervations and the remarks of the other perſonages, convey much inſtruction. Tom Jones is a more exact deſcription of life and it contains much correct knowledge of the world; but as it diſplays vice as well as virtue, and often dreſſes the former in all the charms in which ſhe is ſometimes arrayed, it ſhould be the laſt put into the young lady's hands. Youth cannot eaſily diſcern the nicer ſhades of morality, or the tendency of brilliant actions; dazzled by the ſplendor of vice, it often admires where it ſhould condemn. The order in which I think novels ſhould be read, is the following. Firſt the Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon, then the other novels of Richardſon. The Vicar of Wakefield next, then Cecilia, by Madame D'Arblay and Evelina. The Goſſip's Story by Mrs. Weſt, may next be read, and afterwards the novels of Fielding. I am very far, however, from adviſing that this courſe ſhould be followed up briſkly. One novel in ſix months is ſufficient, but let the novel be read two or three times; let the young lady read for inſtruction as well as amuſement. Let her ſcan the conduct of the ſeveral perſonages, and decide where it was right and where wrong, and adduce the reaſons of her opinion. Let ſome intelligent perſon converſe with her upon the ſubject. Between the novels other books ſhould be read. In the choice of literature for ladies, thoſe volumes ſhould be ſelected whoſe contents will be of moſt uſe to their readers. I am of opinion that knowldge of the world is of the firſt conſequence to a lady next to religion, becauſe it will protect her from impoſition, and guide her conduct correctly in all ſituations in life. Next to this is that general information reſpecting nature, hiſtory, and mankind, without which one would appear extremely ignorant. And laſtly thoſe common topics without a knowledge of which converſation could not be ſupported. I take it for granted that the young lady is firſt to be inſtructed in arithmetic and all the domeſtic arts which it is neceſſary a lady ſhould know. For the attainment of a knowledge of mankind I think the Britiſh claſ-

ſics well calculated. Theſe will at al ltimes afford much inſtruction. The plays of Shakeſpear and the eſſay on Man may be read. But let the two laſt be always read in company with an intelligent perſon who has capacity as well as inclination to explain and inſtruct. Some of the plays and the novels beforementioned will be ſufficient under this head. As this kind of knowledge cannot be acquired ſo early and is not wanted ſo ſoon, let a little natural hiſtory, an explanation of the received ſyſtem of aſtronomy, the Geography of America, a general knowledge of Europe, and an abridgement of civil hiſtory be firſt attended to, and while this courſe of ſtudy is purſued now and then introduce one of the novels abovementioned. When the young lady becomes eighteen years of age let her read the Britiſh Claſſics, Shakeſpear, Pope and Milton, Alexanders' Hiſtory of Women, Thompſon's Seaſons, Giſborne's Duties of the Female Sex, and the beſt articles of Female Biography. Young's Night Thoughts may be read at all times. I would alſo recommend the Sermons of Saurin, Blair, Porteus, and thoſe of the late Dr. Clarke of this town. When the lady has read the abovementioned volumes, ſhe will be able to ſelect her own books. I ſhall therefore ſay no more upon theſe heads.

Quere 4th. At what age ſhould young ladies be introduced into company, and what accompliſhments ought they previouſly to poſſeſs?

My ideas upon this ſubject will I think appear rational. I would not introduce a young lady into company at any particular period. She ſhould be introduced gradually. Erroneous opinions then moſt probably will not be formed, an ardent deſire for continual viſiting will be prevented, and much time be preſerved. Nothing can be ſo injurious to a young lady as to engage her in a round of viſiting. She becomes vain, diſcontented at home, fond of dreſs, centres her pleaſures in large companies, becomes deſirous of flattery, and forms a hatred of domeſtic employment and mental improvement: all her thoughts are continually employed in chooſing the dreſs in which ſhe means to appear at the next ball, her head runs upon it all day and her dreams all night. In ſhort ſhe becomes good for nothing but running from one houſe to another and ſpending her time in idle prattle. Let her be introduced ſlowly, let her never be four evenings in a week in large circles, let her be as fond of ſolitude as of company. Virtue and merit grow in ſolitude. Yet let her be enough in company to poliſh her manners, to be eaſy, ladylike, unembarraſſed, converſant in the amuſements of genteel life, and entertaining, and ſprightly in converſation. But let her introduction from infancy to womanhood be in regular gradations, let her be able to ſupport every ſtep ſhe takes and fill with dignity the ſtation in which ſhe is placed. Let her never be farther advanced than her mind and merits deſerve. She ſhould not be

allowed to viſit married circles generally till ſhe is eighteen years of age: ſhe ſhould be a miſs till then.

The above ſentiments I offer to a father anxious for his childrens happineſs. Many perſons might have anſwered them better, but none more ſincerely. To him and them I offer my beſt wiſhes, for his welfare and their improvement.

Yours, &c.

M. F. B.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On the Character of Dennis the Critic.

From D'Iſraeli's Miſcellanies.

IT is an obſervation frequently made, by men of letters in converſation, whenever ſome renowned critic is mentioned, that "he was a very ill-natured man." An obſervation which is fully verified by facts; ſo that ſometimes we are nearly tempted to ſuppoſe, that ill-nature is the ſpirit of criticiſm. The verbal or minor critics, are perſons of the ſlendereſt faculties, and the moſt iraſcible diſpoſitions. What can we hope from men who have conſumed thirty pages in quarto, on the ſignification of one little word, and after this inſane diſcuſſion, have left the unhappy ſyllable to the mercy of future literary frenzy?

But there is a ſpecies of critics, who rather attach themſelves to modern, than to ancient writers; and who purſue and ſettle on a great genius, as ſummer flies attack the tails of the beſt fed horſes. The more fervid the ſeaſon, and the plumpet the horſe, the livelier is the attack. They are born for the torment of the ingenious, and the gratification of the malicious of their age. It has too often happened, that a ſuperior writer has been mortified during his whole life, by ſuch a painful ſhadow. The anceſtors of theſe critics appear to have flouriſhed in the days of Terence, and this poet has diſtinguiſhed them by the honourable title of *Malevoli*. Zoilus, who has left them his name, the patriarch of "true criticiſm," as Swift calls their talent, fell a martyr to their cauſe; for this great man was either burnt, or crucified or ſtoned.

In the perſon of Dennis, we may contemplate the character of theſe diſturbers of literary repoſe. The mind of this Critic was endowed, not with refinement, but with ſubtlety; not with correctneſs, but with minuteneſs; not with quick ſenſibility, but with critical erudition. A prominent feature in his character, was that intellectual quality, called common ſenſe, which would have rendered him an uſeful citizen. A virtue in a ſadler, but a vice in a critic. In literature, common ſenſe is a penurious faculty, of which all the acquiſitions are mean, and of little value. If we allow him theſe qualities, we muſt utterly deny him that ſen-

ſibility of taſte which feels the charms of an author, by a congeniality of ſpirit; that quick apprehenſion, which may occaſionally point out the wanderings of genius, but which oftener confirms the pleaſures we feel, by proving their propriety; nor had he that flexibilty of intellect, which yields to the touch of the object before him; before he ventured to be pleaſed, he was compelled to conſult Ariſtotle.

His learning was the bigotry of literature. It was ever Ariſtotle explained by Dennis. But in the explanation of the obſcure text of his maſter, he was led into ſuch frivolous diſtinctions, and taſteleſs propoſitions, that his works deſerve inſpection, as examples of the manners of a true mechanical critic; the genius of Homer would ſink blended with the dullneſs of Dennis.

Several ſingular coincidences alone gave the ephemeron critic his temporary exiſtence. Criticiſm was a novelty at that period of our literature. He flattered ſome great men, and he abuſed three of the greateſt; this was one mode of ſecuring popularity; becauſe, by this contrivance, he divided the town into two parties; and the iraſcibility and ſatire of Pope and Swift, were not leſs ſerviceable to him, than the partial panegyrics of Dryden and Congreve. If inſulted genius had not noticed Dennis, Dennis in vain would have inſulted genius. Sometimes his ſtrictures, though virulent, were juſt; even Zoilus, doubtleſs, detected many defects in Homer. But ſuch criticiſms are only a kind of plate-powder, very uſeful to repoliſh the works of genius. The performances of our critic appear never to have been popular; and this fact is recorded by himſelf. Of the favourable opinion he entertained of his own powers, and the public neglect they received, when not ſupported by the malignant aid of ſatire, the following paſſages will ſufficiently prove. He obſerves in his Tracts, "If I had writ only the firſt treatiſe, I believe, that upon reading it, you will be of opinion, and far be preſumption from that belief, that I had deſerved better of the commonwealth of learning, than the authors of ſo many ſonorous trifles, who have been *too much encouraged*, while *I have been too much neglected.* The poſition, which is the ſubject of it, viz. That religion is that which gives principally to great poetry its ſpirit, its ſublimity, its vehemence, and its ſtrongeſt enthuſiaſm, is *very clearly proved.*"

One more ſpecimen may be neceſſary. He adds, "that though criticiſm has flouriſhed for 2000 years, deſcending from antient Greece and Rome, to modern France and Italy, yet that neither Greece, nor Rome, nor France, nor modern Italy, has treated of this important point; but that it was *left for a perſon who has the honour of being your lordſhip's countryman*, to aſſert it, and demonſtrate it. If what I have ſaid may ſeem to ſome perſons, into whoſe hands theſe ſheets may happen to fall, to have too great a tincture of vanity in it, your lordſhip knows very well, that *perſons ſo much and ſo long oppreſſed as I have been*, have been always allowed to ſay things concerning themſelves, which in *others* might be *offenſive.*"

There is a degree of vanity and vexation in theſe extracts, of which the former is only excuſable for the latter. His vanity we know was exceſſive, and this oppreſſion, of which he complains, might not be leſs imaginary than his alarm of being delivered over to the French, for the compoſition of a tragedy that could never be read. Dennis undoubtedly had laboured with a zeal, which could never meet a reward; and perhaps, amidſt his critical labours, he turned often, with an aching heart, from their barren contemplation, to that of the ſocial comforts he might have derived from his paternal ſaddles.

His occaſional ſtrictures on popular works had certainly a tranſient ſeaſon. Such criticiſms were aſſiſted by the activity of envy, and by the ſupineneſs of indolence. Theſe alſo were his beſt productions, but I muſt ſtill affirm that they were the beſt productions of a dull writer. A beautiful tragedy may be compoſed, which may ſerve the purpoſes of the Denniſes; and its errors may fill their voluminous pamphlet; but alſo, it is very poſſible to conſtruct a tragedy which would famiſh the Denniſes, and at the ſame time be deſtitute of whatever can impart delight to the lover of poetry.

Dennis aſpired alſo to original compoſition. His verſe is the verſe of one who has learnt poetry, as the blind we know may practice the art; a mechanical operation performed by ſubſtantives and adjectives. His ſentiments are wild, and his lines irregular; turgid expreſſions in rumbling verſe; the painful throes of a muſe, who is made to produce monſters againſt the deſigns of nature. Such verſifiers are well deſcribed by Denham in this line; their works are

"Not the effect of poetry, but pains."

Yet Dryden, with the uſual partiality of friendſhip, deludes Dennis by eulogies on his poetry, and, in one of his Letters, publiſhed by our author, adviſes him to apply himſelf to the pindaric. After this, I believe, Dennis produced his long rambling Ode in praiſe of Dryden, which, perhaps, equals the worſt of Cowley's.

His proſe has at times animation, particularly when he warms into abuſe. His conceptions, indeed, were never delicate; but ſometimes their groſſneſs is ſtriking; as what he ſays of Puns, in one of his Letters, "There is as much difference between the ſilly ſatisfaction which we have from a quibble, and the raviſhing pleaſure which we receive from a beautiful thought, as there is betwixt a faint ſalute, and fruition."

His criticiſms are often ſo many caſtles in the air, for almoſt in every work he is propoſing and explaining ſome fantaſtical ſyſtem. In his long treatiſe on modern poetry, he labours to ſhew, that the ſtrong intereſt which the ancients felt in their poetry, was derived from that uſe of religion, which their poets employed; and therefore, he concludes, that if religion is introduced into our poems, modern poetry will rival the ancient. But how falſe this

ſyſtem is, criticiſm and experience have now poſitively decided. Polytheiſm indeed was a religion well adapted to poetical fancies; ſince nothing can be more poetical than an endleſs train of beings, diverſified in their characters, and diſtinguiſhed by their emblems. The brilliancy of imagination, the gaieties of deſcription, and the conflict of the paſſions, alike formed a human intereſt in the deities of the ancients. But the unity of our religion teaches only the leſſon of obedience, and throwing a veil over the myſterious deity, would conſider deſcription as impiety, and ſilence as the only expreſſion of the human paſſions.

Having concluded what I had to obſerve, on the literary character of Dennis, I ſhall now conſider his moral one. The leſſon may not prove uninſtructive, for we ſhall have an opportunity of contemplating how an ill-natured critic, is an ill-natured man, and that the perverſions of the head, are often ſo many particles of venom which fly from the heart.

The magiſterial deciſions of criticiſm, communicated a perſonal importance to this author. Accuſtomed to ſuſpend the ſcourge over the heads of the firſt writers of the age, it appears, that Dennis could not ſit at a table, or walk down a ſtreet, without exerting the deſpotic rudeneſs of a literary dictator. The brutal violence of his mind, was diſcoverable in his manners; an odd mixture of frantic enthuſiaſm, and groſs dulneſs. Pride now elevated, and vaunting, now depreſſed and ſore. How could the mind that devoted itſelf to the contemplation of maſter-pieces, only to reward its induſtry, by detailing to the public their human frailties, experience one hour of amenity, one idea of grace, one generous expreſſion of ſenſibility? Pope's celebrated deſcription of the perſonal manners of our critic, is an exact repreſentation:

> Lo! Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak;
> And ſtares tremendous with a threatening eye,
> Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.

It is recorded of Dennis, that when he read this paſſage at a bookſeller's, he involuntarily exclaimed—By G— he means me!

Dennis had ſo accuſtomed himſelf to aſperity, and felt with ſuch facility and force, the irritation he gave and he received, that without having left on record but the ſuſpicion of one immoral action, (for it is ſaid he ſtabbed a man at college) we ſuſpect the improbity of his heart, when we recollect the licentiouſneſs of his pen. But this has ever been the characteriſtic of this race of critics. They attach to the writer they attack, an inveteracy, which is not permitted by common humanity. From their darkened cloſet, they ſuppoſe, that the affairs of civil life are ſuſpended, in an aweful pauſe, for their deciſions; and they think when they have diſcovered the want of unity in a tragedy, that, in conſequence, the ſame want is immediately to take place among the public. A critic reſembling Dennis, was Gaçon, in France. This Zoilus reproached La Motte with his blindneſs, and Dennis

cruelly cenſured the feeble frame of Pope. Young, in his ſecond Epiſtle to Pope, ſarcaſtically alluded to Dennis, in theſe words,

"My narrow-minded ſatire can't extend
To Codrus' form, I'm not ſo much his friend;
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory."

Gaçon wrote "ſatyrical diſcourſes on all kinds of ſubjects" and compiled a volume of calumnies againſt the poet Rouſſeau, which he entitled an Anti-Rouſſeau; *Anti* was long a favourite title to the works of ſuch critics. Whenever there appeared a great genius, he immediately found an antipode.

An anecdote, little known, relative to Dennis, will cloſe his character. It appears, that the Provoked Huſband was acted for his benefit, which procured him about a hundred pounds. Thomſon and Pope generouſly ſupported the old critic, and Savage, who had nothing but a verſe to give, returned them poetical thanks, in the name of Dennis. When Dennis heard theſe lines repeated (for he was then blind) his critical ſeverity, and his natural brutality, overcame that grateful ſenſe he ſhould have expreſſed, of their kindneſs and their elegance. He ſwore "by G— they could be no one's but that *fool* Savage's." This, perhaps, was the laſt peeviſh ſnuff from the diſmal torch of criticiſm, for two days after was the redoubted Dennis numbered with "the mighty dead."

Criticiſm has thus been often only the natural effect of bad diſpoſitions; when ſevere, if founded on truth, it is not blamed; but this truth includes the idea of a critic convincing his reader, that he has a juſt taſte for the beauties of a compoſition; for that cenſure which only takes a partial review of a work, muſt be defective. There is a duty we owe to the public, when we defend the cauſe of taſte, but at the ſame time, there is a duty we owe to the author. A ſkilful cenſor will perform his taſk by a happy combination of humanity and criticiſm; and it is elegantly ſaid of Boileau, by Voltaire, that the honey which this bee extracted from the flowers, ſoftened the ſharpneſs of the wound he inflicted.

A critic is only the footman of a man of genius; he ſhould reſpect his maſter, and not ſuffer the torch of criticiſm, which he carries before him, to ſcorch but only to illuminate.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Life of Sir William Blackſtone.

TO be able to produce flowers in a path confeſſedly rugged, to render the drieſt ſubject not only inſtructive, but inviting, implies no ſmall ſhare of genius and talents; and was reſerved for ſir William Blackſtone to perform. Before his time juriſprudence was ſtudied only as qualifying for a profeſſion, but his labours rendered it a claſſical purſuit. The illuſtrious Bacon had

the glory to bring down philoſophy to the level of common underſtandings, and to render her captivating; Blackſtone made the legal polity of his country amiable and popular, by the ſimple neatneſs in which he clothed it; and medicine in the ſame manner has been ſtripped of its myſterious jargon, by men to whom poſterity will do juſtice, when envy ſleeps with them in the grave.

This elegant lawyer was a native of London, and born in Cheapſide. His father was a very reſpectable citizen, but died before the birth of this his fourth ſon; his mother was of a genteel family in Wilts; but ſhe too departed this life, before he could be duly ſenſible of his loſs. The care of his education, therefore, devolved on his maternal uncle, who placed him early at the Charterhouſe; and he was afterwards admitted on that excellent and liberal foundation. In this ſeminary he purſued his claſſical ſtudies with uncommon aſſiduity and ſucceſs, and gave indications of thoſe talents and that induſtry which ſhone in his future life. When only fifteen years of age, he was found properly qualified to be removed to the univerſity: and accordingly was entered a commoner of Pembroke college, Oxford, with a charter-houſe exhibition. But being at the head of the ſchool, and deſervedly, favoured by his maſter, he was permitted to continue ſome months longer a ſcholar at the Charter-houſe, that he might have the honour and emolument of ſpeaking the uſual oration on the anniverſary commemoration of the founder. About the ſame time, he obtained Mr. Benſon's gold medal for verſes on Milton; and was conſidered by all who knew him, as a very promiſing genius.

Purſuing his academical ſtudies with unremitted ardour, he ſoon became as much admired at the univerſity as he had been at ſchool. The Greek and Latin poets were his favourites; but they did not engroſs all his attention. Logic, mathematics, and other ſciences, were cultivated by the young ſtudent with diligence and alacrity; and poſſeſſing a mind formed for acute inveſtigation, and a taſte for extracting the ſweets of every ſubject he ſtudied, he converted the moſt dry into an amuſement, the moſt abſtruſe he ſtript of its veil and its aſperity. He evinced a particular paſſion for architecture; and when no more than twenty years of age, drew up the elements of that ſcience for his own uſe only; but which was conſidered by judges, as a preſage of his future celebrity.

Hitherto, however, he had been ſtudying for an ornament, or for private gratification. It now was requiſite to determine on ſome profeſſion in life, in which he might render his talents ſubſervient to his advancement. Accordingly he quitted the flowery paths of polite literature, in which he had ſtrayed with the higheſt intellectual delight; and devoting himſelf to the ſtudy of the law, entered himſelf of the Middle-temple, in November, 1741. On this occaſion he wrote a very beautiful ode, entitled, "The Lawyer's Farewel to his Muſe." We cannot reſiſt the temptation of making an extract from this claſſical piece; and we regret that our limits do not permit us to tranſcribe the whole.

As by ſome tyrant's ſtern command,
A wretch forſakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam,
An endleſs exile from his home ;
Penſive he treads the deſtin'd way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to ſtay ;
Till on ſome neighb'ring mountain's brow
He ſtops, and turns his eyes below ;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a laſt tear, and bids adieu :
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft ſtop, and often look behind.

* * * * * * * * *

Shakeſpeare, no more, thy ſylvan ſon,
Nor all the art of Addiſon,
Pope's heav'n-ſtrung lyre, nor Waller's eaſe,
Nor Milton's mighty ſelf, muſt pleaſe :
Inſtead of theſe, a formal band,
In furs and coifs around me ſtand ;
With ſounds uncouth, and accents dry,
That grate the ſoul of harmony,
Each pedant ſage unlocks his ſtore,
Of myſtic, dark, diſcordant lore ;
And points, with tottering hand, the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding cloſe retreat,
Is JUSTICE doom'd to fix her ſeat ;
There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wond'ring world in awe ;
And there from vulgar ſight retir'd,
Like Eaſtern queens, is more admir'd,

O let me pierce the ſecret ſhade,
Where dwells the venerable maid !
There humbly mark, with rev'rent air,
The guardian of Britannia's law ;
Unfold with joy her ſacred page,
Th' united boaſt of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform appears,
The wiſdom of a thouſand years ;
In that pure ſpring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the ſordid ſcribe ;
Obſerve how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right ;
See countleſs wheels diſtinctly tend,
By various laws to one great end !

While mighty Alfred's piercing ſoul
Pervades and regulates the whole.

In 1744, Mr. Blackſtone was elected a fellow of All Souls; and from this period divided his time between the college and the Temple. To the former, he performed ſome very eſſential ſervices, and was entruſted with the management of its moſt valuable concerns.

In Michaelmas term, 1746, he was called to the bar; but poſſeſſing neither a confident eloquence, nor a prompt delivery, he did not make any conſiderable figure there. However, with his abilities, a patron alone was wanting to ſecure his ſucceſs. His real merits were only known to a few: although both ſolid and ſtriking, they required, notwithſtanding, to be ſet off by extrinſic circumſtances. After attending the courts for ſeven years, and, perhaps, with as deep a knowledge of the laws of his country as any council of his age, he found that, with all his diligence, and with all his merit, he could not open the way to fame; and having previous been elected recorder of Wallingford, and taken the degree of Doctor in civil law, he reſolved to give up the conteſt at Weſtminſter, and to retire to an academic life, and the limited practice of a provincial counſel. Blackſtone is not the only great lawyer who has found the difficulty of riſing in early diſtinction. In all the profeſſions, a young adventurer requires ſome adventitious helps—ſome lucky incident to develope talents, or powerful friends to force them into notice.

It was, however, fortunate for his fame, and we may add for his country, that he gained the learned leiſure which Oxford allowed. Having for ſome years planned his lectures on the laws of England, he now began to execute this immortal work. In 1754, he publiſhed his "Analyſis," which increaſed his fame as legal ſchollar; and four years after, being elected Vinerian profeſſor of the common law, he read his celebrated introductory lecture, which to the pureſt elegance of diction united the moſt recondite knowledge of Engliſh juriſprudence. Every ſucceeding lecture increaſed his reputation; and he became the deſerved object of admiration among the legal ſtudents, and was conſidered as an ornament to the univerſity in general.

Being now generally known as a man of talents, in 1759 he purchaſed chambers in the Temple, and made another effort at the bar. He, however, continued to read his lectures at Oxford with the higheſt eclat; and they become ſo much talked of, that it is ſaid the governor of a great perſonage requeſted a copy of them for the uſe of his royal pupil. Be this as it may, it is certain Dr. Blackſtone was now daily advancing in fortune and fame. In 1761, he was returned to parliament, and appointed king's counſel, after refuſing the office of chief juſtice of the court of common pleas in Ireland. The ſame year he married a daughter of James Clithero, eſq. of Boſton-houſe, in Middleſex, by whom he left ſeveral children! and vacating his fellowſhip, the chancellor of the univerſity appointed him principal of New-Inn-hall.

The following year he was made ſolicitor-general to the queen, and choſen a bencher of the Middle temple. The celebrated "Commentaries on the Laws of England" began to be publiſhed in 1765, and were completed in the four ſucceeding years. The reputation he gained by this work was unbounded; and, in conſequence, it was minutely criticiſed by ſuch as envied his fame, or diſliked ſome principles he had laid down. In a work of ſuch a multifarious nature, it was impoſſible for the moſt acute and impartial to be wholly exempt from error. Some paſſages, which had occaſioned much animadverſion, he ſoftened in ſubſequent editions; and others which had been objected to, as inimical to conſtitutional liberty, he left to defend themſelves. Mr. Chriſtian, who has publiſhed an edition of this claſſical and ſtandard book, points out ſeveral inacuracies; but the baſis, and indeed the general execution, muſt be as durable as the Britiſh conſtitution, of which it treats, and let us add—may both be perpetual!

In May, 1770, Dr. Blackſtone was knighted, and appointed a judge in the court of king's bench; and the following month removed to the ſame ſtation in the common pleas. Having now obtained the ſummit of his wiſhes, he reſigned all his other appointments, and fixed himſelf wholly in London. Though never diſtinguiſhed as a very fluent ſpeaker, he was juſtly eſteemed an able and upright judge, and did honour to the bench. But he did not confine his talents entirely to his vocation: whenever his leiſure permitted, he was employed in ſome plan of public utility, either enlarging the bounds of legal knowledge, or promoting the intereſt and welfare of ſociety.

A life devoted to intenſe ſtudy early brought upon him the infirmities of age. His conſtitution was broken by the gout, and nervous complaints, the effect of ſedentary purſuits. About Chriſtmas, 1779, he was ſeized with an aſthma, which was rendered more dangerous by obeſity. This was partially removed; but a ſtupor and drowſineſs ſupervening, he ceaſed to breathe about ſix weeks after, in the fifty-ſixth year of his age, and was buried in the family vault at Wallingford.

As a lawyer, the character and abilities of ſir William Blackſtone muſt be eſtimated from his works; and to the breaſts of the impartial we may ſafely commit his fame. "Every Engliſhman," ſays a writer who controverted ſome of his principles, "is under obligation to him for the pains he has taken to render the laws of his country intelligible; and the philoſopher will thank him for rendering the ſtudy of them eaſy and engaging."

In private life he was truly amiable; beloved by his friends for the amenity of his manners, and endeared to his family by the ſuavity of his diſpoſition. He was a remarkable economiſt of time; and as he diſliked ſquandering away his own, ſo he was averſe to waſte that of others. In reading his lectures, it could not be remembered that he ever made his audience wait even a few minutes beyond the time appointed. "Melancthon," ob-

ſerves his biographer, " could not have been more rigid in obſerving the hour and minute of an appointment. Indeed, punctuality, in his opinion, was ſo much a virtue, that he could not bring himſelf to think perfectly well of any one, who was notoriouſly defective in his practice."

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Ladies Literature, No. III.

Female Debates.

From a Foreign Publication.

Question, 3.

(Mrs. C. in the Chair.)

" Is the Matrimonial Law juſt that a Wife ſhould obey ?"

MRS. G. Mrs. P.—In my opinion this law which exacts obedience from a woman is of an evil tendency. It frequently prompts a huſband to uſurp more authority than I think he has a *right to ;* and why, in the name of wonder, ſhould any man lord and tyrannize it over us ? Why ſhould he be the maſter, and we be the ſervant ? We are told that as diſobedience firſt proceeded from Eve, obedience was therefore exacted ; but really I do not think this a ſufficient reaſon. We are called the *weaker* veſſel, and therefore the *ſtronger* veſſel (being of courſe endowed with greater ability, ſhould ſerve and obey us. I dare ſay, nay I believe, the intention of the law was good : for if it had not been fixed who *ſhould* obey, there would certainly be great ſquabbling and fighting, and in all probability neither *would.* Now the fair way would have been, for married folks to enter into a contract of obedience by rotation every year ; and that there ſhould be no motive for envy or altercation, lots ſhould be caſt for the firſt year, though in all probability, during the honeymoon, the huſband would voluntarily agree to be the firſt : this certainly would have been fair and equitable, and would have put huſband and wife on an equal footing. Now when we conſider the *rights of huſbands,* and the *rights of wives,* we muſt certainly cenſure this law which gives the former a ſuperiority. They muſt be loved, honoured, and obeyed ; and ſure we may daily ſee the inefficacy of this commandment, for how few are there that *do* obey. I really commend the ſpirit of wives who will not ſtoop to this ſervile injunction. An obedient wife, I am ſure, would be as ſtrange a character as a ſubmiſſive huſband. I muſt therefore declare that I think the matrimonial law has dealt unkindly with us.

Mrs. F. As the lady who has opened this debate acknowledges it is neceſſary that one of the parties *ſhould* obey, I muſt then ſay that I really think it is the wife that *ought ;* otherwiſe the family would be neglected, the children never waſhed, nor

combed, and all the houſe go to ruin. It is not to be ſuppoſed that a huſband, on account of his buſineſs, can ſtay at home; and if the wife was not to obey him, but be gadding abroad, how would dinner or any thing elſe be provided; beſides in what a contemptible light is a ſubmiſſive huſband held in! Don't we laugh at the elf that's under petticoat rule? who can abide the odious character of a *Jerry Sneak?*—and a termagent wife is equally diſagreeable. We admire the gentle ſiſter of Catherine till Petruchio tames the ſhrew. Obedience therefore belongs to our ſex, and I think the law is juſt.

Lady D. I. O. I am ſurpriſed how any lady can be an advocate for obedience in a wife. I think when a man can condeſcend before marriage to attend his fair, watch her looks, comply with her wiſhes, and be entirely ſubſervient to her will, that he ſhould be ſtill the ſame after marriage; but on account of this law the lover is loſt in the huſband—he becomes immediately imperious, ſaucy, and unruly, ſtruts about in a manner intolerable, and commands with an air of authority. What better is a wife on account of this law than a ſlave—a poor dependant? I inſiſt upon it then that it is a cruel and unwiſe law to demand obedience from a wife. What inſignificant beings have I ſeen, who call themſelves *lords* and *maſters*, while their wives, who are really majeſtic in their deportment, and carry about them an air of conſequence, muſt forſooth obey theſe trifling—half-men. There's Mr. Littlegood, who I remember was going to ſchool but a ſhort time ago, and was hooted at for cowardice by ſeveral boys in the ſtreet, that married Miſs Harriot laſt ſummer, a young girl too good for him; and now the timid animal exerciſes ſuch authority over her that he won't let her ſay *I muſt* or *I will*, but abſolutely confines her to *may I?* or *if you pleaſe*. She, good-natured ſoul! endeavours to pleaſe him for the ſake of peace and harmony; but it is to be hoped, that as ſhe gives him his way ſo much, ſomething about his head *may find their way* ſhortly, and this I believe is frequently the caſe with all imperious *Benedicts*, therefore the law upon conſideration is as bad for the huſband as the wife.

Miſs Charlotte S. I believe there is a miſunderſtanding in reſpect to the word *obey*. I do not conceive it to be of that ſenſe which it is generally taken in; herein I underſtand it to be of the ſame ſignification as *to pleaſe*, and if we examine the matrimonial ceremony we ſhall find that the man is as religiouſly bound *to pleaſe*, his wife, as ſhe is *to pleaſe* him, though there may be ſome difference in the terms. The huſband is *to cheriſh* his wife, and ſurely if he bears a tyrannic ſway, and ſhe is abaſed by a vile ſubmiſſion to his haughty humours, this cannot be *cheriſhing*, which is due to her. The men's is alſo to *worſhip* her, a term in my opinion more *humble* in the man than *to obey* is in her. When therefore this law to obey is properly underſtood, I am ſure there is no wife than can imagine herſelf diſgraced by it.

It is as much againſt the matrimonial law for a man to tyrannize, as it is for a woman to wear the breeches. Though a huſband bears the appellation of a *lord* and *maſter*, is not the wife alſo deemed a *lady* and *miſtreſs?* He is in his calling a lord and maſter of the houſe, and ſhe lady and miſtreſs; the honours are equal, and the duties the ſame. I inſiſt upon it therefore that obedience is not more hard upon the wife, than to *honour, cheriſh, and worſhip with his whole body* is upon the huſband. I believe there are many deemed Jerry Sneaks, and many virago wives, like Mrs. Tempeſt in the play, who are undeſerving of the characters. We are too apt to inſinuate evil of our neighbours, and make unworthy ſuſpicions; beſides, it is impoſſible to judge of ſome men and women. Several there are who are quite polite and gentle abroad, that are very tyrants at home. I heard that a malicious woman once who owed a grudge to a Highlander's wife, in order to exaſperate the man againſt his rib, obſerved one day that it was a ſhame ſhe ſhould always wear the breeches.—I am glad, anſwered he ſhrewdly and ſagaciouſly, that ſhe does, for you ſee my ſituation, I can wear none, and it's proper one of us ſhould. I hope then that no lady here, when ſhe goes to the altar, will make any heſitation in promiſſing to love, honour, and obey, for the huſband's promiſes are as great and religious, and the tax is no more upon the one than it is upon the other.

(Several other arguments pro and con ſucceeded, which being repetitions of thoſe, are therefore omitted. Upon the preſident's opinion being called for)

M. C. Began—I am ſenſible from the ingenious arguments which fell from one lady, that huſband and wife are equally bound by the matrimonial laws; therefore I do not heſitate in ſaying, That it is by no means hard upon the woman to obey.

QUESTION, 4.

(Lady Margravine in the Chair.)

"Which is a more dangerous Wife for a man to take—A Natural, or one that by an indifference of Behaviour ſeems ſo—or a lady that is very learned or aſpires thereto?"

Mrs. C. Here are two female characters which have been long held in a very diſagreeable light. A natural, or a woman, who by a ſimple kind of behaviour is little better than an idiot, or a woman who is ſo very learned in her own opinion (for one of real underſtanding never wiſhes to diſplay it, or appear oſtentatious) I ſay, one ſo very learned looks upon every other perſon as an ignoramus. The queſtion then is, which of theſe characters, bad as they are, is better for a man to take, ſuppoſing he is under the neceſſity of marrying one of them?—In my opinion the *natural* would of the two evils be the leſſer. For why? She is ſo indifferent, and ſo ſilly, that though he may be aſhamed to introduce her to his friends abroad, he certainly will have more peace with her at home; but with a woman who either is or ſup-

poſes herſelf wiſer than him, he can have no peace or happineſs either at home or abroad. She is always contradicting, and frequently correcting for the ſake of diſplaying her ſuperior abilities; this to any man of ſpirit muſt be very diſagreeable. If deficient in underſtanding, it muſt be more vexatious, becauſe he is thereby expoſed. It is therefore my opinion, that a *natural wife* is the leaſt grievance to a huſband.

Mrs. E. I cannot by any means agrees with the lady who has opened this debate. For my part I think a learned woman is an acquiſition and not a grievance to any man, but a natural muſt be a burthen to a huſband, particularly one of underſtanding and ſenſibility. Is not a woman of learning a proper companion for any one, and the fitteſt for regulating a family? Is a *natural* capable of either affording ſociety, or taking care of a houſe? There is poor Mr. Hardcaſtle, whoſe wife is ſuch a ſimpleton, that ſhe is always grinning at the moſt tragic tale; yawning, or biting her nails: ſurely this man muſt be very unhappy in his choice, he muſt be aſhamed of her abroad, and continually diſpleaſed with her at home. Really I do not think this queſtion admits of any argument, for a woman of letters is a deſirable wife, and if ſhe aſpires to learning the greater is then her praiſe.

Mrs. T. How any perſon can ſtand up in defence of an overlearned lady, which I underſtand by the queſtion, as the contraſt of a natural, is to me aſtoniſhing. I would much rather ſee one of my own ſex yawning, and biting her thumbs, than hear a lady monopolizing the converſation of a room, and diſguſting the company with her quotations from authors and phraſes of French. I knew a couple once who abounded in learning of a different ſtile; the man was fond of Greek, the woman of French, ſo that while one began with his praiſes upon Solon and Homer, the other anſwered with eulogiums on Moliere and Voltaire, conſequently neither could agree; for as one would not allow the poetic abilities of Greece, the other naturally diſputed the good qualities of France. By theſe means the houſe was in a continual roar, the harmony of companies generally broken up, and the family offices entirely neglected. Now had this Grecian gentleman been married to a *natural*, he might have experienced ſome happineſs with her, for he could have talked without interruption, and notwithſtanding her broad grins and yawning, proceeded with ſome degree of inward ſatisfaction, and learned folks love to hear themſelves *only*, therefore anſwers are unneceſſary. On this account how can any man brook the eternal loquacity of a woman? nothing can be more diſagreeable than *too much* learning or *too little*, for though paradoxical as it may ſound, it is all the ſame—"A little learning is a dangerous thing.—" Another inconvenience ariſes from this laſt character; inſtead of minding her domeſtic buſineſs, ſhe is continually reading, perhaps novels, as theſe are generally the entertainment of ſuch learned folks. If there are any children, the ſame notions of learning are imbibed in them.

How often have I witneſſed the huſband corrected by the wife, though the latter was incapable of ſpeaking with any degree of propriety; yet this is frequently the caſe, and I ſhould not wonder if on this account divorces were more common. I believe the *Flitch of Bacon* might hang up till it was intolerably ruſty before it could ever be won by a learned wife, let her huſband's diſpoſition be what it will. If he is a weak man, he is conſtantly ſubject to her ſarcaſtic jokes and impertinent criticiſms; if on the contrary he is a man of learning too, then there are everlaſting quarrels about the propriety of words and ſentences, or the merit of different authors. A woman therefore of no learning muſt ſure be a better companion.

Miſs Charlotte S. There is a material difference between a woman that is *very learned*, and a woman that *aſpires thereto*, for the latter may be no better than a fool; therefore I think the queſtion is in its preſent ſtate abſurd and confuſed. A *learned* lady cannot be a diſagreeable companion for any man, but one of *pretended* knowledge certainly is. She too often brings a bluſh in the face of a ſenſible man, by a frequent miſapplication of words, and the wrong uſe of ſimiles.

Lady D. I. O. I cannot think the queſtion as it ſtands improper. The *very learned* woman ironically ſignifies a lady *does* aſpire to too much, who is continually introducing her hard words, and thereby rendering herſelf the wonder of the vulgar, and the ſcoff of the ſenſible; the character of a natural is I confeſs a diſagreeable one too, it muſt require great conſideration in a man, who being under the neceſſity of taking one, to make a proper choice. I believe there are ſeldom inſtances of conveying inſtruction to any of the firſt deſcription, therefore the latter is undoubtedly preferable. If the huſband is capable, he can correct the follies of a wife addicted to ſuperficial knowledge and a parade of learning, by confining her to thoſe books which are the moſt proper and inſtructive, and by compelling her to explain every uncommon word that ſhe is pleaſed to introduce. I preſume if any huſband adopted this manner, and that the learned wife was obliged to define the origin, derivation, moods, tenſes, and caſes of all her *extra* phraſeoligies, madam would either diſplay *proper* learning that would do both herſelf and huſband credit, or be ſoon aſhamed of her *ignorant* oſtentation. It would therefore be my advice to any man under this conſtraint, to take in preference of the other a learned wife, notwithſtanding ſhe pretends to more law than an *Erſkine*, more knowledge of the human body than an *Hunter*, and therefore ready to give her opinion in hard caſes, or preſcribe for unknown diſorders; yet let her ſuffer herſelf by her *own* opinions and preſcriptions, and ſhe will ſoon ſee the *folly* of her *wiſdom!*

The Preſident's opidion being now called for, *Lady Margravine* declared that it was her firm opinion, that a man could never be

happy at home with an ignorant or indifferent woman, but that he might in time with a very learned lady.

QUESTION, 5.

(Lady D. I. O. in the Chair.)

"Is it any Degradation of Senſe to Laugh at Nonſenſe?"

Lady Margravine.

THIS queſtion is certainly of great importance, and as there are many of divided opinions, I hope it will be proved during this debate, whether it betrays folly or not to indulge ourſelves at ſtated times with nonſenſe. It is neceſſary firſt of all to conſider what nonſenſe is, and this I think, being a compounded word, can eaſily be defined—*No-ſenſe*—if therefore we laugh at what is *not ſenſe*, it is undoubtedly a reproach to our *own* ſenſe. That which is unintelligible, or contradictory to grammatical rules, comes certainly under the denomination of nonſenſe; and I am happy to find a learned councellor of my opinion, who denies (as well as the judges) that the *Agreeable Surpriſe* is any literary poetry. For why?—It is nonſenſe. *Tag, rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat band*, is incomprehenſible, a meer confounded piece of jargon without any meaning; this being no *literary* production, is conſequently no poetry. Nonſenſe is therefore entertainment for fools, and not I am ſure for perſons of education and ſenſe.

Mrs. C. Notwithſtanding the *ſerenity* of the noble lady who opened the debate, I muſt beg leave to deny all her remarks *in toto*, except her definition of nonſenſe, which I ſhall allow. I ſay that men of ſenſe ought to laugh at nonſenſe, it ſhews their diſdain for it; I myſelf wiſhed that the *ton* and *follies of faſhion* ſhould be laughed at. Now, though the Agreeable Surpriſe and others have ſuffered much by the ſentence of a court, I will ſtand up in defence of the O'KEEFIAN nonſenſe; and as it is intended to be laughed at, will conſequently prove that there is no diſgrace in a ſenſible man to laugh. What is a play, if characters are not juſtly delineated? When an Iriſh character is introduced, it is generally marked with humourous blunders, and what are blunders but nonſenſe?—but it is allowable nonſenſe in the poet, and therefore we ſhould approve of it. If there is a country character, the country dialect, which is frequently contradictory to the rules of grammar, muſt be introduced, and ſhall we not laugh, pray? What are all our modern commedies in general but downright nonſenſe, and yet we may ſee the moſt learned perſonages in the boxes, joining in the riſible chorus. I ſay that we ſhould not prove ourſelves perſons of ſenſe if we did not laugh at nonſenſe. Nature has ordained the *ſmile* to ſhew our ſcorn, the *grin* to ſhew our ſatisfaction, the *broad grin* to prove our *double* delight, the *laugh* to indicate our pleaſure, and the *horſe-laugh*, that is the *violent roar*, to mark our approbation and great joy;

and where is the degradation of ſenſe to be aſhamed of the attributes of nature? Is there aught wonderful—do we not ſtare? Do we not lift up our eyes and hands, and as nature dictates expreſs our ſurpriſe? And ſhall we not then ſmile, grin, laugh, and roar at the ridiculous characters of this world? Now I will inſiſt, that though *Lingo's* dialogue is nonſenſe, it is by no means a nonſenſical character, but a juſt picture of thoſe country preceptors, who pretend to teach Latin though they don't know the difference between *noun* and *pronoun*. How was his ignorance to be pourtrayed upon the ſtage, if the author had not very happily, ingeniouſly, and learnedly put ſuch confuſed gibberiſh into his mouth as renders his ſong particularly downright nonſenſe; by a judicious confuſion of epithets, a falſe tranſlation of Latin words, and ſuch like nonſenſe, the author has diſplayed *his* ſenſe, and the critic will do the ſame by laughing and approving. Even gentlemen of the long robes allowed it to be *a joke*, and do we not laugh at jokes? and if nonſenſe be a joke, ſhall we not laugh at nonſenſe? But I look upon it that there are different kinds of *nonſenſe*, there being alſo different kinds of ſenſe—to wit, the ſenſe of hearing, ſeeing, &c. &c. alſo common ſenſe, which though called *common* is ſomewhat *rare*. Now nonſenſe has as many degrees, and in ſome degrees it is as prudent to laugh, as on the other hand it would be imprudent even to ſmile: there is *rational nonſenſe* (paradoxical as it may ſound) whence we may derive much inſtruction, and herein I will inſiſt upon it is no degradation for the ſenſible to laugh. Under this head I announce the Lecture on Heads, by Alexander Stevens, which though it contains the moſt nonſenſical nonſenſe of councellors, a diſſertation upon nothing, which at that time was *ſomething* new, conveyed inſtruction at the ſame time that it created a laugh. Then there is *witty nonſenſe*, much of the ſame kind of the *rational*, but which does not make ſo great an impreſſion on the mind; under this head we may reckon puns and the like, they create a temporary laugh in ſpite of ſenſe. Shakeſpear himſelf has pun'd, and why not other bards? I remember a grave gentleman who often tortured words for the ſake of amuſing his friends—reading of a young lady, whoſe name was *Robinſon*, the daughter of Bridget—"There (ſays he) there's a riddle for you, The *daughter of Bridget* was the *ſon of Robin*." We all laughed at this gentleman's witty, but nonſenſical remark. There is alſo *broad nonſenſe*, uſually called *broad humour*, fit only for farces; ſuch are O'Keefe's and we may find this farcical humour in our moſt favourite comedies—*The Road to Ruin*, &c. and why not laugh at this? If the antic tricks of a pantomine clown, the dumb-ſhow geſtures of a ridiculous pantaloon, and above all the unnatural poſitions of a ſcaramouch, can afford entertainment, and occaſion ſuch burſts of applauſe as they generally do, ſurely notwithſtanding the profundity of our ſenſe, we may vouchſafe to laugh at *Tag, rag, merry derry, perri-*

wig and hatband. The *downright nonſenſe* being nonſenſe without any meaning, degrades any perſon that laughs at it; therefore I inſiſt upon it, that when nonſenſe is properly applied, it may be laughed at by the ſenſible without the leaſt reflection on their underſtanding. [*To be continued.*]

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LADIES LITERATURE, *No.* IV.

Letters of Caroline and Julia. Continued.

CAROLINE TO JULIA.

INDEED, my dear Julia, I hardly know how to give you my advice upon a ſubject, which ought to depend ſo much upon your own taſte and feelings. My opinion and my wiſhes I could readily tell you: the idea of ſeeing you united and attached to my brother, is certainly the moſt agreeable to me; but I am to diveſt myſelf of the partiality of a ſiſter, and to conſider my brother and Lord V——, as equal candidates for your preference; equal I mean in your regard; for you ſay that "Your heart is not yet decided in its choice."—"If that oracle would declare itſelf in intelligible terms, you would not heſitate a moment to obey its dictates." But, my dear Julia, is there not another, a *ſafer*, I do not ſay a *better* oracle, to be conſulted? your reaſon?—Whilſt the "doubtful beam ſtill nods from ſide to ſide," you may with a ſteady hand weigh your own motives, and determine what things will be eſſential to your happineſs, and what *price* you will pay for them; for

"Each pleaſure has its *price*; and they who pay
"Too much of pain, but ſquander life away."

Do me the juſtice to believe that I do not quote theſe lines of Dryden as being the fineſt poetry he ever wrote; for poets, you know, as Waller wittily obſerved, never ſucceed ſo well in truth, as in fiction.

Since we cannot in life expect to realize all our wiſhes, we muſt diſtinguiſh thoſe which claim the rank of wants. We muſt ſeparate the fanciful from the real, or at leaſt make the one ſubſervient to the other.

It is of the utmoſt importance to you, more particularly, to take every precaution before you decide for life, becauſe diſappointment and reſtraint afterwards would be inſupportable to your temper.

You have often declared to me, my dear friend, that your love of poetry, and of all the refinements of literary and romantic purſuits is ſo intimately "interwoven in your mind, that nothing could ſeparate them, without deſtroying the whole fabric."

Your taſtes, you ſay, are fixed; if they are ſo, you muſt be doubly careful to inſure their gratification. If you cannot make *them* ſubſervient to external circumſtances, you ſhould certainly, if it be in your power, chooſe a ſituation in which circumſtances will be ſubſervient to them. If you are convinced that you could not adopt the taſtes of another, it will be abſolutely neceſſary for your happineſs to live with one whoſe taſtes are ſimilar to your own.

The belief in that ſympathy of ſouls which the poets ſuppoſe declares itſelf between two people at firſt ſight, is perhaps as abſurd as the late faſhionable belief in animal magnetiſm. But there is a ſympathy which, if it be not the foundation, may be called the cement of affection. Two people could not I ſhould think retain any laſting affection for each other, without a mutual ſympathy in taſte and in their diurnal occupations, and domeſtic pleaſures. This you will allow, my dear Julia, even in a fuller extent than I do. Now, my brother's taſtes, character, and habits of life, are ſo very different from Lord V——'s, that I ſcarcely know how you can compare them; at leaſt before you can decide which of the two would make you the happieſt in life, you muſt determine what kind of life you may wiſh to lead; for my brother, though he might make you very happy in domeſtic life, would not make the Counteſs of V—— happy; nor would Lord V—— make Mrs. Percy happy. They muſt be two different women, with different habits, and different wiſhes; ſo that you muſt divide yourſelf, my dear Julia, like Araſpes, into two ſelves: I do not ſay into a bad and good ſelf: chooſe ſome other epithets to diſtinguiſh them, but diſtinct they muſt be—ſo let them now declare and decide their pretentions: and let the victor have not only the honours of a triumph, but all the prerogatives of victory. Let the ſubdued be ſubdued for life—Let the victor take every precaution which policy can dictate, to prevent the poſſibility of future conteſts with the vanquiſhed.

But, without talking poetry to you, my dear friend, let me ſeriouſly recommend it to you to examine your own mind carefully, and if you find that public diverſions and public admiration, diſſipation, and all the pleaſures of riches and high rank, are really and truly eſſential to your happineſs, direct your choice accordingly. Marry Lord V——, he has a large fortune, extenſive connections, and an exalted ſtation; his own taſte for ſhow and expence, his family pride, and perſonal vanity, will all tend to the end you propoſe. Your houſe, table, equipages, may be all in the higheſt ſtyle of magnificence. Lord V——'s eaſineſs of temper and fondneſs for you will readily give you that entire aſcendency over his pleaſures, which your abilities give you over his underſtanding. He will not control your wiſhes, you may gratify them to the utmoſt bounds of his fortune, and perhaps beyond thoſe bounds; you may have entire command at home and abroad. If theſe are your objects, Julia, take them, they are

in your power. But remember, you muſt take with them their neceſſary concomitants—the reſtraints upon your time, upon the choice of your friends and your company, which high life impoſes; the *ennui* ſubſequent to diſſipation; the mortifications of rivalſhip in beauty, wit, rank, and magnificence; the trouble of manageing a large fortune, and the chance of involving your affairs and your family in difficulty and diſtreſs; theſe and a thouſand more evils you muſt ſubmit to. You muſt renounce all the pleaſures of the heart and of the imagination; you muſt give up the idea of cultivating literary taſte; you muſt not expect from your huſband friendſhip and confidence, or any of the delicacies of affection—you govern him, he cannot therefore be your equal; you may be a fond mother, but you cannot educate your children; you will neither have the time, nor the power to do it; you muſt truſt them to a governeſs. In the ſelection of your friends, and in the enjoyment of their company and converſation, you will be ſtill more reſtrained; in ſhort, you muſt give up the pleaſures of domeſtic life, for that is not in this caſe, the life you have choſen. But you will exclaim againſt me for ſuppoſing you capable of making ſuch a choice—ſuch ſacrifices—I am ſure, *next to my brother*, I am the laſt perſon in the world who would wiſh you to make them.

You have another choice, my dear Julia; domeſtic life is offered to you, by one who has every wiſh, and every power, to make it agreeable to you; by one whoſe taſtes reſemble your own; who would be a judge and a fond admirer of all your perfections. You would have perpetual motives to cultivate every talent, and to exert every power of pleaſing for his ſake—for *his* ſake, whoſe penetration no improvement would eſcape, and whoſe affection would be ſuſceptible of every proof of yours. Am I drawing too flattering a picture?—A ſiſter's hand may draw a partial likeneſs, but ſtill it will be a likeneſs. At all events, my dear Julia, you would be certain of the mode of life you would lead with my brother. The regulation of your time and occupations would be your own. In the education of your family you would meet with no interruptions or reſtraint. You would have no governeſs to counteract, no ſtrangers to intrude; you might follow your own judgment, or yield to the judgment of one, who would never require you to ſubmit to his opinion, but to his reaſons.

All the pleaſures of friendſhip you would enjoy in your own family in the higheſt perfection, and you would have for your ſiſter, the friend of your infancy.

CAROLINE.

Caroline to Lady V———,

Upon her intended ſeparation from her huſband.

YOU need not fear, my dear lady V———, that I ſhould triumph in the accompliſhment of my prophecies; or that I ſhould reproach you for having preferred your own opinion to my advice. Believe me, my dear Julia, I am your friend, nor would the name of ſiſter have increaſed my friendſhip.

Five years have made then ſo great a change in your feelings and views of life, that a few days ago, when my letter to you on your marriage accidentally fell into your hands, "*you were ſtruck with a ſpecies of aſtoniſhment at your choice, and you burſt into tears in an agony of deſpair, on reading the wretched doom foretold to the wife of Lord V———. A doom,*" you add, "*which I feel hourly accompliſhing, and which I ſee no poſſibility of averting, but by a ſeperation from a huſband with whom, I now think, it was madneſs to unite myſelf.*" Your opinion, I muſt already know upon this ſubject, "*as the ſame arguments which ſhould have prevented me from making ſuch a choice, ought now to determine me to abjure it.*"

You ſay, dear Julia, that my letter ſtruck you with deſpair—deſpair is either madneſs or folly; it obtains, it deſerves, nothing from mankind but pity; and pity, though it be a-kin to love, has yet a ſecret affinity to contempt. In ſtrong minds, deſpair is an acute diſeaſe; the prelude to great exertion. In weak minds, it is a chronic diſtemper, followed by incurable indolence. Let the criſis be favourable, and reſume your wonted energy. Inſtead of ſuffering the imagination to dwell with unavailing ſorrow on the paſt, let us turn our attention towards the future. When an evil is irremediable, let us acknowledge it to be ſuch and bear it—there is no power to which we ſubmit ſo certainly, as to neceſſity. With our hopes, our wiſhes ceaſe. Imagination has a contracting, as well as an expanſive faculty. The priſoner, who deprived of all that we conceive to conſtitute the pleaſures of life, could intereſt or occupy himſelf with the labours of a ſpider, was certainly a philoſopher. He enjoyed all the means of happineſs that were left in his power.

I know, my dear lady V———, that words have little effect over grief; and I do not, I aſſure you, mean to inſult you with the parade of ſtoic philoſophy. But conſider, your error is not perhaps ſo great as you imagine. Certainly, they who at the beginning of life, can with a ſteady eye look through the long perſpective of diſtant years, who can in one view compriſe all the different objects of happineſs and miſery, who can compare accurately, and juſtly eſtimate their reſpective degrees of importance; and who, after having formed ſuch a calculation, are capable of acting uniformly, in conſequence of their own conviction, are the *wiſeſt*, and as far as prudence can influence our fortune, the *happieſt* of human beings. Next to this favoured claſs, are thoſe who

can perceive, and repair their own errors; who can ſtop at any given period, to take a new view of life. If unfortunate circumſtances have denied you a place in the firſt rank, you may, dear Julia, ſecure yourſelf a ſtation in the ſecond. Is not the conduct of a woman after her marriage, of infinitely more importance than her previous choice, whatever it may have been? Then now conſider what your's ſhould be.

You ſay, that it is eaſier to *break* a chain than to *ſtretch* it; but, remember that when broken, your part of the chain, Julia, will ſtill remain with you, and fetter and diſgrace you through life. Why ſhould a woman be ſo circumſpect in her choice? Is it not becauſe when once made ſhe muſt abide by it. "She ſets her life upon the caſt, and ſhe muſt ſtand the hazard of the die." From domeſtic uneaſineſs a man has a thouſand reſources; in middling life, the tavern; in high life, the gaming table ſuſpends the anxiety of thought. Diſſipation, ambition, buſineſs, the occupation of a profeſſion; change of place; change of company, afford him agreeable and honourable relief from domeſtic chagrin. If his home becomes tireſome, he leaves it—if his wife become diſagreeable to him, he leaves her, and in leaving her loſes *only* a wife. But what reſource has a woman? Precluded from all the occupations common to the other ſex, ſhe looſes even thoſe peculiar to her own. She has no remedy, from the company of the man ſhe diſlikes, but a ſeparation; and this remedy, deſperate as it is, is allowed only to a certain claſs of women in ſociety; to thoſe whoſe fortune affords them the means of ſubſiſtence, and whoſe friends have ſecured to them a ſeparate maintenance. A peereſs then probably can leave her huſband if ſhe will it; a peaſant's wife cannot; ſhe depends upon the character and privileges of a wife for actual ſubſiſtence. Her domeſtic care, if not her affection, is ſecured to her huſband; and it is juſt that it ſhould be. He ſacrifices his liberty, his labour, his ingenuity, his time, for the ſupport and protection of his wife; and in proportion to his protection is his power.

In higher life, where the ſacrifices of both parties in the original union are more equal, the evils of a ſeparation are more nearly balanced. But even here, the wife who has hazarded leaſt ſuffers the moſt by the diſſolution of the partnerſhip; ſhe loſes a great part of her fortune, and of the conveniences and luxuries of life. She loſes her home—her rank in ſociety. She loſes both the repellent and the attractive power of a miſtreſs of a family. "Her occupation is gone." She becomes a wanderer. Whilſt her youth and beauty laſt, ſhe may enjoy that ſpecies of delirium, cauſed by public admiration; fortunate if habit does not deſtroy the power of this charm, before the ſeaſon of its duration expire. It was ſaid to be the wiſh of a celebrated modern beauty, "that ſhe might not ſurvive her nine and twentieth birth-day." I have often heard this wiſh quoted, for its extravagance; but I always admired it for its good ſenſe. The lady foreſaw the inevitable doom of her

declining years. Her apprehenſions for the future embittered even her enjoyment of the preſent; and ſhe had reſolution enough to offer to take a "bond of fate," to ſacrifice one half of her life, to ſecure the pleaſure of the other.

But dear Lady V———, probably this wiſh was made at ſome diſtance from the deſtined period of its accompliſhment. On the eve of her nine and twentieth birth-day, the lady perhaps might have felt inclined to retract her prayer. At leaſt we ſhould provide for the cowardice which might ſeize the female mind at ſuch an inſtant. Even the moſt wretched life has power to attach us, none can be more wretched than the old age of a diſſipated beauty.

Unleſs, lady V——, it be that of a woman, who, to all her evils has the addition of remorſe, for having abjured her duties and abandoned her family. Such is the ſituation of a woman who ſeparates from her huſband. Reduced to go the ſame inſipid round of public amuſements, yet more reſtrained than an unmarried beauty in youth, yet more miſerable in age, the ſuperiority of her genius and the ſenſibility of her heart, become her greateſt evils. She, indeed, muſt pray for indifference. Avoided by all her family connections, hated and deſpiſed where ſhe might have been loved and reſpected, ſolitary in the midſt of ſociety, ſhe feels herſelf deſerted at the time of life when ſhe moſt wants ſocial comfort and aſſiſtance.

Dear Julia, whilſt it is yet in your power ſecure to yourſelf a happier fate; retire to the boſom of your own family; prepare for yourſelf a new ſociety; perform the duties, and you ſhall ſoon enjoy the pleaſures of domeſtic life; educate your children; whilſt they are young it ſhall be your occupation, as they grow up it ſhall be your glory. Let me anticipate your future ſucceſs, when they ſhall appear ſuch as you can make them, when the world ſhall aſk "Who educated theſe amiable young women? Who formed their character? Who cultivated the talents of this promiſing young man? Why does this whole family live together ſo perfectly united?" With one voice, dear Julia, your children ſhall name their mother; ſhe who in the bloom of youth checked herſelf in the career of diſſipation, and turned all the ability and energy of her mind to their education.

Such will be your future fame. In the mean time, before you have formed for yourſelf companions in your own family you will want a ſociety ſuited to your taſte. "Diſguſted as you have been with frivolous company, you ſay that you wiſh to draw around you a ſociety of literary and eſtimable friends, whoſe converſation and talents ſhall delight you, and who at the ſame time that they are excited to diſplay their own abilities, ſhall be a judge of yours."

But dear lady V———, the poſſibility of your forming ſuch a ſociety muſt depend on your having a home to receive, a charac-

ter and conſequence in life to invite and attach friends. The opinion of numbers is neceſſary to excite the ambition of individuals. To be a female Mecænas you muſt have power to confer favours, as well as judgment to diſcern merit.

What caſtles in the air are built by the ſynthetic wand of imagination, which vaniſh when expoſed to the analyſis of reaſon!

Then, Julia, ſuppoſing that Lord V——, as your huſband, become a negative quantity, as to your happineſs, yet he will acquire another ſpecies of value as the maſter of your family, and the father of your children. As a perſon who ſupports your public conſequence, and your private ſelf-complacency. Yes, dear lady V——, he will increaſe your ſelf-complacency; for do you not think, that when your huſband ſees his children proſper under your care, his family united under your management—whilſt he feels your merit at home, and hears your praiſes abroad, do you not think he will himſelf learn to reſpect and love you? You ſay that "*he is not a judge of female excellence; that he has no real taſte; that vanity is his ruling paſſion.*" Then if his judgment be dependant on the opinion of others, he will be the more eaſily led by the public voice, and you will command the ſuffrages of the public. If he has not taſte enough to approve, he will have vanity enough to be proud of you; and a vain man inſenſibly begins to love that of which he is proud. Why does lord V—— love his buildings, his paintings, his equipages? It is not for their intrinſic value; but becauſe they are means of diſtinction to him. Let his wife become a greater diſtinction to him, and on the ſame principles he will prefer her. Set an example then, dear lady V——, of domeſtic virtue; your talents ſhall make it admired, your rank ſhall make it conſpicuous. You are ambitious, Julia, you love praiſe; you have been uſed to it, you cannot live happily without it.

Praiſe is a mental luxury, which becomes from habit abſolutely neceſſary to our exiſtence; and in purchaſing it we muſt pay the price ſet upon it by ſociety. The more curious, the more avaricious we become of this "aerial coin," the more it is our intereſt to preſerve its currency and increaſe its value. You, my dear Julia, in particular, who have amaſſed ſo much of it, ſhould not cry down its price, for your own ſake!—Do not then ſay in a fit of diſguſt, that "you are grown too wiſe now to value applauſe."

If, during youth, your appetite for applauſe was indiſcriminate, and indulged to exceſs, you are now more difficult in your choice, and are become an *epicure* in your *taſte* for praiſe.

Adieu, my dear Julia; I hope ſtill to ſee you as happy in domeſtic life, as

Your ever affectionate
and ſincere friend,
CAROLINE.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Character of Franklin.

Meſs. Editors.

IT was a wiſe maxim of the ancients that "truth lies in a well," and it is not more juſt in any reſpect, than when applied to the character of eminent perſonages. A flood of panegyric on one ſide and of abuſe on the other renders it extremely difficult to find the medium, in which truth reſides.

Among the many eminent men, upon the merits of whoſe character mankind have been undecided, Dr. Franklin is doubtleſs to be placed. Setting politics aſide, the queſtion ſeems to be, was he *good*, as well as *great?*

Your Magazine, I preſume, is not open to the animoſities of party, or the ravings of prejudice. I therefore requeſt that ſome impartial one of your Correſpondents would favor the public with a candid diſſertation upon the character of this celebrated Philoſopher. The general hiſtory of his life is pretty well known, but there are ſome *private facts* in the knowledge of a few individuals, though not before the public, by which his moral character is to be eſtimated.

An attention to this requeſt may be of ſervice to the community, either by giving credit where it is due, or by withdrawing admiration from where it is miſplaced. Yours,

X.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Meſſrs. Editors.

A LADY would enquire of ſome of your correſpondents, whether the Robert Nelſon, mentioned in your laſt number, as the gentleman from whom Richardſon copied his Sir Charles Grandiſon, is the author of a book, commonly called "*Nelſon's Devotions.*" An anſwer to this quere will oblige

E. C.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On the Character of a Gentleman.

THERE is no term, in our language, more common than that of a gentleman; and, whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man ſome way elevated above the vulgar; yet perhaps no two living are preciſely agreed reſpecting the qualities they think requiſite for conſtituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine gentleman, a pretty gentleman, much of a gentleman, gentleman-like, ſomething of a

gentleman, nothing of a gentleman" and ſo forth ; all theſe diſferent appellations muſt intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of thoſe who expreſs them ; though no two of them, as I ſaid, may agree in the conſtituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own mind.

There have been ladies who deemed a bag-wig, taſſel'd waiſtcoat, new faſhioned ſnuff box, and ſword knot, very capital ingredients in the compoſition of—a Gentleman.

A certain eaſy impudence acquired by low people, by being caſually converſant in high life, has paſſed a man current through many companies for—a Gentleman.

In the country, a laced hat and long whip makes—a gentleman.

In taverns and in brothels, he who is the moſt of a bully is the moſt of—a Gentleman.

With heralds, every eſquire is, indiſputably—a Gentleman.

And the highway-man, in his manner of taking your purſe ; and your friend, in his manner of debauching your wife ; may however be allowed to have—much of the Gentleman.

Our ideas of this matter are very various and adverſe. In our own minds, perhaps they are alſo indetermined ; and I queſtion if any man has formed, to himſelf, a conception of this character with ſufficient preciſion.

Plato, among the philoſophers, was 'the moſt of a man of faſhion,' and therefore allowed, at the court of Syracuſe, to be—the moſt of a Gentleman.

But ſeriouſly, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term any way adequate, whereby we may expreſs it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility.—Among thoſe rude and unpoliſhed people, you read of philoſophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods ; but you never heard of any character ſo elegant as that of—a pretty Gentleman.

When thoſe nations, however, became refined into what their anceſtors would have called corruption ; when luxury introduced, and faſhion gave a ſanction to certain ſciences, which Cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenneſs, whoredom, gambling, cheating, lying, &c. the practitioners aſſumed the new title of Gentleman, till ſuch Gentlemen became as plenteous as ſtars in the milky-way, and loſt diſtinction merely by the confluence of their luſtre.

Wherefore, as the ſaid qualities were found to be of ready acquiſition, and of eaſy deſcent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it neceſſary to add further marks and criterions for ſevering the general herd from the noble ſpecies—of Gentleman.

Accordingly, if the commonality were obſerved to have a propenſity to religion, their ſuperiors affected a diſdain of ſuch vul-

gar prejudices; and a freedom that caſt off the reſtraints of morality, and a courage that ſpurned at the fear of a God, were accounted the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of—a Gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were induſtrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labour or utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative of—a Gentleman.

If the common ſort, by their conduct, declare a reſpect for the inſtitutions of civil ſocity and good government: their betters deſpiſe ſuch puſillanimous conformity, and the magiſtrates pay becoming regard to the diſtinction, and allow of the ſuperior liberties and priviledges of—a Gentleman.

If the lower ſet ſhew a ſenſe of common honeſty and common order; thoſe who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonſtrate, that complaiſance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or any thing common, is quite beneath the attention or ſphere of—a Gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and uſurping the manners of their ſuperiors; and as this ſtate of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution, it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of inſolence, debauchery, irreligion, &c. the gentry, in order to be again diſtinguiſhed, may aſſume the ſtation that their inferiors had forſaken, and however ridiculous the ſuppoſition may appear at preſent, humanity, equity, utility, complaiſance and piety, may in time, come to be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of—a Gentleman.

From what has been ſaid, it would appear that the moſt general idea which people have formed of a Gentleman, is that of a perſon of fortune, above the vulgar, and embelliſhed by manners that are faſhionable in high life. In this caſe fortune and faſhion are the two conſtituent ingredients in the compoſition of modern Gentlemen; for whatever the faſhion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or againſt reaſon, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a gentleman to conform.

And yet I apprehend, that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or faſhion, of time, cuſtoms, or opinions of any kind. The very ſame qualities that conſtituted a gentleman in the firſt age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indiſpenſably neceſſary to a conſtitution of the ſame character to the end of time.

The firſt of great poets, in his character of Hector, has given us the lineaments of the firſt and moſt finiſhed gentleman that we meet in prophane hiſtory, admirably and amiably inſtanced in his attachment to his country, in his filial affections, in his conjugal delicacies, in his paternal feelings, in his ardor for his friends, in his humanity to his enemis, and even in his piety to the gods

that he worſhipped (no deduction from his courage according to ancient arithmetic!)

Some time after the battle of Creſſy, Edward the third of England, and Edward the Black Prince, the more than heir to his father's renown, preſſed John, king of France, to indulge them with the favor of his company at London. John was deſirous of embracing the invitation, and accordingly laid the propoſal before his parliament at Paris. The parliament objected, that the invitation had been made with an inſidious deſign of ſeizing his perſon, thereby to make the cheaper and eaſier acquiſition to the crown, to which Edward at that time pretended. But John replied, with ſome warmth, that he was confident his brother Edward, and more eſpecially his young couſin, were too much of the *gentleman*, to treat him in that manner. He did not ſay too much of the king, of the hero, or of the ſaint, but too much of the *gentleman*, to be guilty of any baſeneſs.

The ſequel verrified this opinion. At the battle of Poictiers king John was made priſoner, and ſoon after conducted by the Black Prince to England, the prince entering London in triumph, amid the throng and acclamations of millions of the people. But then this rather appeared to be the triumph of the French king, than that of his conqueror. John was ſeated on a proud ſteed, royally robed, and attended by a numerous gorgeous train of the Britiſh nobility; while his conqueror endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to diſappear, and rode by his ſide in plain attire, and degradingly ſeated on a little Iriſh hobby.

As Ariſtotle and the Critics derived their rules, for epic poetry and the ſublime, from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed, or laws eſtabliſhed for the purpoſe; thus, from the demeanor and innate principles of particular gentlemen, art has borrowed and inſtituted the many modes of behaviour, which the world has adopted under the name of good-manners.

One quality of a gentleman is that of charity to the poor; and this is delicately inſtanced in the account which Don Quixote gives to his faſt friend Sancho Panſa, of the valorous but yet more pious knight-errant Saint Martin.

On a day ſaid the Don, Saint Martin met a poor man half naked, and taking his cloak from his ſhoulders, he divided it and gave him the one half. Now tell me, at what time of the year this happened. Was I witneſs?—quoth Sancho. How the vengeance ſhould I know in what year, or what time of the year, it happened? hadſt thou, Sancho, rejoined the knight, any thing within thee of the ſentiment of St. Martin, thou muſt aſſuredly have known that this happened in the winter; for had it been ſummer, Saint Martin would have given the whole cloak.

Another characteriſtic of the true gentleman, is a delicacy of behaviour towards that ſex, whom nature has entitled to the protection, and conſequently entitled to the tenderneſs of man.

The ſame gentleman errant, entering into a wood on a ſummer's evening, found himſelf entangled among nets of green thread, that, here and there, hung from tree to tree; and conceiving it ſome matter of purpoſed conjuration, puſhed valorouſly forward to break through the enchantment. Hereupon ſome beautiful ſhepherdeſſes interpoſed with a cry, and beſought him to ſpare the implements of their innocent recreation. The knight, ſurpriſed and charmed by the viſion, replied—Fair creatures! my province is to protect, not to injure; to ſeek all means of ſervice, but never of offence, more eſpecially to your ſex and apparent excellencies. Your pretty nets take up but a ſmall piece of favored ground; but did they encloſe the world, I would ſeek out new worlds; whereby I might win a paſſage, rather than break them.

Two very lovely, but ſhamefaced girls, had a cauſe of ſome conſequence depending at Weſtminſter, that indiſpenſibly required their perſonal appearance. They were relations of ſir Joſeph Jekyl, and, on this tremendous occaſion, requeſted his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joſeph attended accordingly; and the cauſe being opened, the judge demanded whether he was to entitle theſe ladies ſpinſters? No, my lord, ſaid ſir Joſeph, they are lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they ſpin; yet you ſee that no monarch in all his glory was ever arrayed like one of theſe.

Another very peculiar characteriſtic of a gentleman is, the giving place, and yielding to all with whom he has to do.

Of this we have a ſhining and affecting inſtance in Abraham, perhaps the moſt accompliſhed character that may be found in hiſtory, whether ſacred or profane.

A contention had ariſen between the herdſmen of Abraham and the herdſmen of his nephew Lot, reſpecting the propriety of the paſture of the lands wherein they dwelled, that could now ſcarce contain the abundance of their cattle; and thoſe ſervants, as is univerſally the caſe, had reſpectively endeavoured to kindle and enflame their maſters with their own paſſions.

When Abraham, in conſequence of this perceived that the countenance of Lot began to change toward him, he called and generouſly expoſtulated with him as follows:

"Let there be no ſtrife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdſmen and thy herdſmen; for we be brethren. If it be thy deſire to ſeparate thyſelf from me, is not the whole land before thee? if thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then will I go to the left."

Another capital quality of the true Gentleman is, that of feeling himſelf concerned and intereſted in others.

Never was there ſo benevolent, ſo affecting, ſo pathetic a piece of oratory exhibited upon earth, as that of Abraham's pleading with God for averting the judgements that then impended over Sodom. But the matter is already ſo generally celebrated that I am con-

ſtrained to refer my reader to the paſſage at full; ſince the ſmalleſt Abridgement muſt deduct from its beauties, and that nothing can be added to the excellencies thereof.

Honour, again, is ſaid in ſcripture, peculiarly to diſtinguiſh the character of a Gentleman; where it is written of Sechem, the ſon of Hamor, "That he was more honourable than all the houſe of his father."

This young prince giving way to the violence of his paſſion, had diſhonourably deflowered Dinah the daughter of Jacob. But his affections and ſoul cleaved to the party whom he had injured. He ſet no limits to his offers for repairing the wrongs. "Aſk me," he ſaid to her kindred, aſk me ever ſo much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye ſhall ſay unto me; but give me the damſel to wife."

From hence it may be inferred, that human excellence or human amiableneſs, doth not ſo much conſiſt in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapſes; our deteſtation of our own tranſgreſſions, and our deſire of atoning, by all poſſible means, the injuries we have done, and the offences we have given. Herein therefore may conſiſt the very ſingular diſtinction, which the great apoſtle makes, between his eſtimation of a juſt and of a good man. For a juſt or righteous man, ſays he, "one would grudge to die:" but for a good man one would even dare to die." Here the juſt man is ſuppoſed to adhere ſtrictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the ſame meaſure that he is ſatisfied to meet; the good man, though occaſionally he may fall ſhort of juſtice, has, properly ſpeaking, no meaſure to his benevolence; his general propenſity is to give more than the due. The juſt man condemns, and is deſirous of puniſhing the tranſgreſſions of the line preſcribed to himſelf; but the good man, in the ſenſe of his own faults and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon to others; he judges, he condemns no one, ſave himſelf. The juſt man is as a ſtream that deviates not, to the right or left, from its appointed channel, neither is ſwelled by the flood of paſſion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honour, the Gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of GOD, and none, ſave GOD himſelf, can ſet limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

Again, the Gentleman never envies any ſuperior excellence; but grows himſelf more excellent, by being the admirer, promoter, and lover thereof.

Saul ſaid to his ſon Jonathan, "Thou ſon of the perverſe rebellious woman! do not I know that thou haſt choſen the ſon of Jeſſe to thy own confuſion? for as long as the ſon of Jeſſe liveth upon the ground, though ſhalt not be eſtabliſhed, nor thy kingdoms; wherefore ſend and fetch him unto me, for he ſhall ſurely die."—Here every intereſting motive, that can poſſibly be conceived to have an influence on man, united to urge Jonathan to the deſtruction of David: he would thereby have obyed his king,

and pacified a father who was enraged against him; he would thereby have removed the only luminary that then eclipsed the brightness of his own atchievements; and he saw, as his father said, that the death of David, alone, could establish the kingdom in himself and his posterity: but all those considerations were of no avail, to make Jonathan swerve from honour, to slacken the bands of his faith, or cool the warmth of his friendship. O Jonathan! the sacrifice which thou then madest to virtue, was, incomparably, more illustrious in the sight of God and his angels, than all the subsequent glories to which David attained. What crown was thine, "Jonathan, when thou was slain in thine high places!"

Saul of Tarsus, afterwards called Paul, had been a man of bigotry, blood, and violence; making havoc of, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who were not of his own sect and persuasion. But when the spirit of that infant, who laid himself in the manger of human flesh, came upon him, he acquired a new heart and a new nature; and he offered himself a willing subject to all the sufferings and persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Paul, from that time, exemplified, in his own person, all those qualities of the gentleman, which he afterwards specifies in his celebrated description of that charity, which as he says, alone endureth for ever.

When Festus cried with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad:" Paul stretched the hand, and answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hindered from him. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am—except these bonds."

Here, with what amiable elegance did this man, in his own person, at once sum up the orator, the saint, and the Gentleman!

From these instances, my friend, you must have seen, that the character, or rather quality of a Gentleman, does not in any degree depend on fashion or mode, on station or opinion; neither changes with customs, climates, or ages. But as the Spirit of God can alone inspire it into man, so it is, as God is, the same yesterday, to day, and forever.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON,

Formerly Speaker of the Britiſh Houſe of Commons

AND M. P. FOR THE BOROUGH OF DEVIZES,

NOW PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE are few offices in the ſtate at once more lucrative and more honourable than that of ſpeaker of the Britiſh Houſe of Commons. But the difficulty of filling ſo conſpicuous a place with ſuitable dignity is ſufficient to damp the ardour of ambition, to reſtrain the temerity of the aſpiring candidate. To unite great vigour of genius and ſtores of knowledge with the minuteſt obſervance of forms; to blend the ſoftneſs of mild perſuaſion with the commanding tone of authority; to bear with temper the vehemence of others, and to conciliate attention by ſomething more than the haughty control of official importance—to trace the nice outlines that ſeparate the language of freedom and ſpirit from the licentiouſneſs of popular debate—to reſtrain the diſorderly, to curb the imperious, and to confine the deſultory or excurſive orator—all theſe exertions of ſuperiority require for their ſupport a combination of natural and acquired accompliſhments, which are not often found in any individual. Sir Fletcher Norton certainly poſſeſſed them in an eminent degree; but perhaps it would not be eaſy to point out another inſtance of a ſpeaker better qualified to ride on the whirlwinds and direct the ſtorms of the ſenate than Mr. Addington. Before we enter upon the candid examination of his parliamentary merit, it may be proper to give a conciſe account of ſome remarkable circumſtances which firſt introduced his father to public notice, and opened the way for the ſon's more brilliant career.

The late doctor Addington had kept a private madhouſe for a few years at Reading, and had acquired no ſmall degree of eſteem by the ſucceſsful treatment of inſane patients. In the year 1754, he was induced by the advice of ſome friends, and the hope of enlarging his practice, to come to London. Two years after he was admitted a member of the college of phyſicians, and in 1759 he publiſhed an eſſay on the ſcurvy, which, however did not contribute to the increaſe of his medical fame. But his engaging addreſs and great ſuavity of manners made ample amends for his failure as a writer. He was employed by ſeveral families of diſtinction, particularly the late Earl of Chatham's, where he had the honour to be ſoon received on a footing of the greateſt intimacy.

A few months after the Earl's death in May, 1778, the doctor gave a more ſtriking proof of his zeal than of his delicacy or diſcretion, in laying before the public an account of ſome private intercourſe and correſpondence with ſir James Wright in the begining of the year, which the doctor repreſented as an endeavour

to bring about a coalition between his noble friend and the Earl of Bute. Sir James on the contrary, declared in the moſt ſolemn manner, "that he never received directly or indirectly, from the Earl of Bute, or delivered to doctor Addington any propoſition to that or the like effect; and that he never had the leaſt authority from lord Bute to mention, hint, or ſuggeſt to Dr. Addington any terms whatever on which his lordſhip wiſhed lord Chatham to come into adminiſtration, or made any offer on the part of lord Bute, but of his hearty concurrence and ſincere good wiſhes, if lord Chatham thought fit to take a part in adminiſtration."—This declaration was followed by ſome very ſevere remarks on the doctor's conduct in the whole buſineſs. "Dr. Addington," ſaid he, "has been long and intimately connected with ſir James Wright. Sir James had known him a long time and conſidered him as the friend of his boſom, with whom he has ever on all ſubjects, communicated as freely as with another ſelf. Dr. Addington was *phyſician* to ſir James; and therefore ſaw him frequently in thoſe moments when a man is leaſt upon his guard: under that character, in which a man is moſt apt to confide. Little credit, it is conceived, can be due to the narrative of ſuch a man ſo circumſtanced; if on examining that narrative, it ſhall appear that he has *divulged*—it is harſh, but it muſt be added—that he has *miſrepreſented* a confidential intercourſe; which if not private friendſhip, yet profeſſional delicacy ſhould have kept from the ear of babbling curioſity." Sir James then points out another trait of the good doctor's character, "whoſe abilities as a phyſician," he obſerves, "are acknowledged. On the ſubject of his profeſſion no man more learned or more pertinent:—but that is rarely the ſubject of his choice. His darling theme is *politics*. Though the whole liſtening college ſhould hang on what he ſpoke, it would give him little pleaſure: his joy, his pride is to dictate on the ſubject of politics." The writer proceeds on the ſame ſarcaſtic ſtrain to correct the errors of the doctor's memory, to turn into ridicule the weakneſs of his underſtanding, and to expoſe the palpable inconſiſtency of his whole narrative. So pointed a reply muſt have ſtung the doctor to the quick; but it was no ſmall alleviation of his pain, that he had demonſtrated a greater concern for the reputation of the late Earl than for his own, and thereby added a new link to the friendſhip which has ſince been ſo ſtrongly riveted between the favourite ſons of both.

Young Addington gave ſuch early indications of genius as correſponded well with his father's fondeſt hopes and wiſhes. At Cambridge his literary merit was acknowledged; and having been originally intended for the bar, he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſuch a proficiency in the ſtudy of the law, that his youth was no impediment to his being appointed recorder of Devizes, which borough he was alſo choſen to repreſent at the general election in 1784. From the firſt moment of his introduction into the houſe, his conduct was uniformly regulated by modeſty and

good ſenſe. Ever diligent in his attendance, he ſeemed rather to be induſtriouſly collecting the treaſures of important knowledge, than eager to embrace opportunites of engaging attention. Neither the impetuoſity of youth, nor the intemperance of ambition ever betrayed him into any unneceſſary diſplay of his oratorical powers. Firm yet polite,—candid, though zealous—he always ſupported the cauſe of the miniſter, with that unaſſuming energy which has often gained the applauſe even of his adverſaries.—His exertions in the debates on the regency bill, and on the appointment of a council of advice for the queen, placed the full extent of his abilities and the ardour of his friendſhip for Mr. Pitt in the ſtrongeſt light. Lord North having contended "that it was a barbarous principle, carried to the height of barbarity, to exclude the princes of the blood from thoſe councils and that advice." Mr. Addington obſerved in reply, that it was nevertheleſs, the principle which governed the practice of the firſt court of equity in this kingdom, in all caſes concerning perſons labouring under the malady with which his majeſty was unfortunately afflicted. The rule," added he, "is never to appoint the heir apparent, nor even the heir preſumptive, to have the care of the perſon indiſpoſed, but to take as the moſt unexceptionable, the individual leaſt intereſted in the death of that perſon. The queen ſtands preciſely in that predicament. Her majeſty, for a thouſand reaſons, is the moſt proper to have the care of the king's perſon; and the prince of Wales is for a variety of very different reaſons, unfit to take any ſhare in that concern. The noble lord has remarked, that in caſe of her majeſty's death, the council would have the care of the king's perſon. If the duke of York, therefore, was to be of the council, and the prince of Wales were to die, the duke of York ſtanding then as heir preſumptive of the crown, would have the cuſtody of the king's perſon, which would be highly improper. Mr. Addington concluded his ſpeech with declaring. "That he felt a pride and a pleaſure in having given his feeble ſupport to his right honourable friend."

Mr. Pitt did not forget ſo ſignal a proof of Mr. Addington's attachment; and an opportunity ſoon offered of ſhewing his grateful ſenſe of this gentleman's ſervices. On the fifth of June 1789, Mr. Hatfell, the clerk, informed the commons, that he had received a letter from the ſpeaker Mr. Grenville, ſignifying that his majeſty had been pleaſed to appoint him to the office of one of his principal ſecretaries of ſtate, which rendered his ſeat vacant, and made it impoſſible for him any longer to attend his duty in the houſe. The intimation was received by all parties with heart-felt pleaſure. Even Mr. Grenville's friends muſt have often been tried with his frequent interference, and his endleſs details, as well as diſguſted at his harſh, imperious manner, his total want of elegance and complacency. Though he had filled the chair but for a few months, and had in that time diſcovered great aſſiduity and no ſmall ſhare of legal and parliamentary knowledge,

yet his removal operated on the houſe as a relief from a heavy burthen, the preſſure of which became every day more and more irkſome. After the notice received from the clerk, the mace was ordered to be placed under the table, and Mr. Pitt, who had previouſly deſtined Mr. Addington for the important office, acquainted the houſe, that they ſhould proceed to the choice of a ſpeaker on the enſuing Monday, in order to his being preſented next day for the king's approbation at the bar of the houſe of lords, in compliance with his majeſty's command. The commons then adjourned.

In the mean time every effort was uſed by the miniſter to ſecure Mr. Addington's election. And though a formidable oppoſition was expected, the marquis of Graham recommended him to the houſe in a tone of peculiar confidence, as eminently qualified to "fill the chair with honour and credit to himſelf, and with advantage to the country." Mr. Groſvenor ſeconded the nomination, and added his tribute of applauſe to the panegyric pronounced by the noble marquis. This however, did not prevent Mr. Welbore Ellis from propoſing ſir Gilbert Elliot, the preſent viceroy of Corſica, who alſo found very ſtrenuous ſupporters in Mr. Montagu, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Burke. The debate was maintained on both ſides with great animation, and in a manner highly honourable to the two candidates, except that Mr. Pitt's warmth in favour of his friend hurried him into ſome diſingenuous remarks on the merit of his rival.

At length the houſe divided, when there appeared 215 for Mr. Addington, and 142 for ſir Gilbert. The latter has ſince forfeited the confidence and eſteem of many of his moſt eloquent encomiaſts upon that occaſion; but the former may juſtly boaſt of having gained the good opinion even of thoſe, who thought his want of experience a very material diſqualification.

Next day, when Mr. Addington appeared at the bar of the houſe of lords, to receive the uſual teſtimony of royal aſſent, he expreſſed a delicate apprehenſion of his own want of abilities, and begged that the houſe of commons might be permitted to chooſe another, whoſe talents and experience were more adequate to ſo arduous a ſituation. The lord chancellor informed him, that the modeſt ſenſe of his own inſufficiency was a ſtronger argument of his merit, or rather a happy preſage of his proving fully competent to the duties of his office, and deſiring him therefore to accept of the place to which he had been ſo honourably appointed, he made his bow of acquieſcence and retired.—On his return to the houſe of commons, he took the chair without further ceremony, and in a very engaging manner ſolicited the aſſiſtance of the houſe to enable him to ſupport the order and decorum of parliament with that dignity, which ſhould ever characteriſe the proceedings of ſo auguſt, ſo illuſtrious an aſſembly. He ſoon diſcovered a juſt conception of his duty, and at the ſame time afforded a very fair preſumption of his ability to perform it. He convin-

ted the members preſent that he was reſolved to aſſert the real conſequence of the chair which had been equally injured by the remiſſneſs of one and the dictatorial ſpirit of another of his predeceſſors. Every part of his conduct ſeemed perfectly conſiſtent with the profeſſions he made, when it was firſt propoſed to raiſe him to the vacant preſidency, "that he felt an ardent attachment to the rights and priviledges of the houſe, and a ſincere love for the conſtitution: he looked on the forms of parliament as the ancient and reſpectable bulwarks of that conſtitution, and conſidered the rights of parliament as the rights of the people of Great Britain."

A diſſolution of parliament having taken place in the ſummer of 1790, and a new one being called, as ſoon as the commons aſſembled, agreeable to the return of the writs on the 25th of November, Mr. Addington was reinſtated in the chair, with the marked and unanimous concurrence of the houſe. In a few months after all parties aſſented with equal readineſs to a motion for increaſing the ſalary of the ſpeaker, from three thouſand to five thouſand pounds a year, that he might not be under the neceſſity of looking for the favours of the crown, but have ſuch a proviſion ſecured to him as the houſe ſhould deem fully adequate to the maintenance of the dignity and independence of his high ſtation. In the progreſs of the bill for this purpoſe through the upper houſe, the lords vied with the commons in the teſtimonies of alacrity and applauſe.

Nothing perhaps can be a ſubject of juſter complaint than that the honours or rewards of the ſtate ſhould ever be made the price of political proſtitution. But every voice was united in the acknowledgement of Mr. Addington's merit; every member did juſtice to his talents, his temper, his unbiaſſed integrity. Though under particular obligations to Mr. Pitt, though attached to him by the ſtrongeſt ties of intereſt, honour, friendſhip and gratitude, the ſpeaker always behaves with ſtrict impartiality on the moſt trying and delicate occaſions; a ſenſe of public duty prevails over every other conſideration: he pays no regard to the diſtinctions of party, when they come in competition with the rules and preſcribed forms of the houſe. His moſt intimate friends, if they deviate from good order, are ſure to be the objects of his juſt animadverſion. This is the true line of wiſdom and virtue, by an adherence to which he commands reſpect from both ſides of the houſe. One party look upon his conduct as the greateſt compliment that could be paid to themſelves for having filled the chair ſo much to the ſatisfaction and credit of the houſe —it muſt be no leſs pleaſing to the oppoſite party to be aſſured, from their experience of his candor, that the freedom of debate will always be admitted, while conſiſtent with decency, propriety and order.

From the manner in which Mr. Addington determines appeals to the chair, it is evident that he has poſſeſſed himſelf of as much

knowledge of parliamentary buſineſs as could well be attained at his age. But as a conſiderable part of this knowledge is rather the fruit of ſtudy than the reſult of long experience; and as caſes muſt frequently ariſe, which cannot be reduced to any abſtract ſyſtem, the ſpeaker has ſometimes found himſelf in very intricate and embarraſſing ſituations. The applauſe alſo, with which at firſt his judicious interpoſition was deſervedly honoured, prompted him too often to interrupt the debate and thereby expoſed him to one or two checks ſomewhat mortifying perhaps at the moment, but calculated to inculcate this uſeful leſſon, that it is very poſſible to err even in that which has been moſt warmly approved. If, however, Mr. Addington has in any inſtance offended through indiſcretion, he has always endeavoured to repair the fault by his docility. Every ſeſſion, debate ſerves to put him more upon his guard, and he now ſeldom riſes to order, but in caſes of the moſt obvious and indiſpenſable neceſſity.

Mr. Addington was alſo accuſtomed very frequently to take what may be called an *extra official* ſhare in the debates, not as the ſpeaker but as a member of the houſe. In ſome inſtances he acquitted himſelf with great credit: in others he was not ſo fortunate. His caſting vote had an excellent effect in overturning the *Quixotic* plan of fortifications, which the duke of Richmond wiſhed to extend to moſt parts of the Britiſh empire. His grace did not ſee the folly of laying out ſo much money on bulwarks that we ſhould have nothing left to defend. Another of Mr. Addington's ſpeeches on the queſtion, whether impeachments did abate or not, by a diſſolution of parliament, was highly and juſtly applauded; but in the debates for aboliſhing the ſlave trade he appeared to very great diſadvantage. What ſtrange infatuation, what momentary impulſe of vanity could have prompted him to throw off his uſual reſerve, and make a long ſpeech againſt a meaſure, ſupported by a greater combination of abilities than ever were united on any ſubject, on which a difference of opinion could reaſonably exiſt: a man may riſe far above mediocrity, yet be far below the ſphere of firſt rate orators.

Mr. Addington's talents are not void of vigour and brilliancy; but they ſunk almoſt into inſignificance when contraſted with thoſe of a Fox, a Pitt, a Sheridan and a Burke.

In drawing this ſketch of the ſpeaker's character, we have not gloſſed over any of the little ſpecks or blemiſhes, from which as man, it is impoſſible he could be entirely exempt. But we feel a much greater pleaſure in dwelling on his excellencies. We ſhall therefore obſerve, that he is indebted to nature for many perſonal as well as mental gifts which admirably concur to qualify him for the ſucceſsful exerciſe of his preſent authority. His figure is manly and elegant; his countenance engaging and open; his voice ſtrong and articulate; and his elocution graceful and impreſſive. As to theſe advantages he unites perſpicuity of ſtyle, acuteneſs of penetration, ſolidity of judgment, and great

command of temper, with the many other accompliſhments already deſcribed, it is no wonder that he ſhould ſo generally be heard with attention, and ſubmitted to with reſpectful readineſs.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Meſſrs. Editors.

THE following anecdotes are taken from a late Engliſh publication. They were written by John Evans, Eſq. of Pullen's Row, Iſlington. If you pleaſe to inſert them in your miſcellany, you will oblige,

H. C.

IN the Biographies of Goldſmith, it is mentioned, that he was for ſome time an aſſiſtant in an academy near town. From a reſpectable lady (lately viſiting at my houſe) *the daughter of the maſter of that academy*, I have obtained the following particulars reſpecting Goldſmith, which, though inconſiderable, are not altogether undeſerving of attention.

The academy near town in which Dr. Goldſmith officiated as an aſſiſtant, was at Peckham, under the care of Dr. John Milner, who publiſhed a Greek and Latin Grammar, which have been much eſteemed by the literary world. He was a Diſſenting Miniſter of eminence; and his funeral ſermon was preached by Dr. Samuel Chandler, well known for his able writings in behalf of Chriſtianity. Dr. Milner died about the year 1760, and Dr. Goldſmith was employed by him as an uſher near three years. He was not indeed with him at the time of his death; but ſo much was he reſpected by the widow and the family, that he was invited to return and take care of the ſeminary, which was continued ſome little time longer—with which requeſt he complied. Dr. Goldſmith came to Peckham from Richardſon, the celebrated novel writer, at that period a printer near Blackfriars. Here he was occupied in correcting the preſs; and of Richardſon and his family he always ſpoke in terms of reſpect and gratitude. He had alſo at that time ſome acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the venerable proprietor and editor of the monthly Review, to which reſpectable periodical publication he even then contributed articles of criticiſm. From this gentleman he received conſiderable patronage, and therefore to *his* kindneſs he often profeſſed himſelf much indebted. Previous to his engagement at the academy he had travelled through many parts of Europe, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Latin and French languages. The firſt he taught, and the latter he ſpoke with facility. As to his perſon, he was of middle ſtature, fair complexion, wore a large wig, ſlovenly in his dreſs, but poſſeſſing a benevolent countenance and a cheerful demeanour. If he thought any one ſlighted him, or uſed him ill, it occaſioned a great dejection; but otherwiſe he was a moſt charming companion. He played frequently, but

indifferently, on the German flute. In his converſation he diſcovered a very general acquaintance with books, and had a thorough knowledge of the cuſtoms and manners of mankind. In his diet he was very temperate—in his behaviour unaſſuming; and the young gentlemen were never ſo happy as when they could get him on a winter's evening to tell them anecdotes, with which his mind was well ſtored. But alas! he never was an economiſt. Out of his ſcanty ſalary of *twenty* pounds a year, he frequently gave to perſons in diſtreſs—making a point of never ſending a *poor author* away without half a crown! He had not a few of theſe latter applications. Hence it was that he generally applied for his ſalary before it became due; and one day, upon an application of the kind to Mrs. Milner, ſhe ſmilingly ſaid—"You had better, Mr. Goldſmith, let me keep your money for you as I do for ſome of the young gentlemen;" to which he replied, with great good humour, "In truth, Madam, there is equal need," and pleaſantly walked away. Upon his leaving Peckham, he ſubſiſted on what his talents brought him as a writer; and once a relation of Dr. Milner being in company with him, he told him that Lord Bute had ſolicited the aid of his pen, but that his reply was—"I will proſtitute my talents to no man"—The lady to whom I am indebted for theſe particulars, alſo informed me, that her brother, the late Dr. Milner, for many years a reſpectable phyſician at Maidſtone, once called on Goldſmith at the Temple, where he had very genteel lodgings, and a conſiderable library. But he was afterwards obliged to part with them on account of pecuniary embarraſſments. Indeed he was, like too many other literary characters, often ſtraitened in circumſtances, through an entire want of that humble but moſt eſſential virtue, economy.

Such, Mr. Editor, are the particulars which I have obtained relative to the late Dr. Goldſmith. On their authenticity you may rely: therefore, where they coincide with the facts already recorded in the *Lives* of him, they add a degree of conformation; and whatever is new, muſt gratify our curioſity. To ordinary readers they may appear trivial, whilſt by others they may be deemed of ſome importance, as referring to an individual, from whoſe writings they have derived no ſmall portion of entertainment and inſtruction. Should this imperfect communication to your valuable Miſcellany, prove the means of ſnatching only *one trait* of ſo excellent an author from oblivion, the trouble I have taken will be abundantly compenſated. I. E.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Perſonal Beauty produced by Moral Sentiment.

IN the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external cauſes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common eſti-

mation theſe are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without ſomething more.

The fineſt features ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain or malevolence, will be reflected as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency; ſo the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly, determined to a particular object; but this could never happen if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or diſpoſition of the features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any part, but diffuſed over the whole; he calls it a ſweetneſs, a ſoftneſs, a placed ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation, which connects beauty with ſentiment, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps, poſſible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the ſilent compliment of patient ſufferance, the tender ſolicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almoſt irreſiſtible.

This is the charm that captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmoſt beauty is ineffectual. But it cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal inſenſibility or malevolence: it muſt be the genuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenence a new and more diſguſting deformity, affectation: the ſmiles and languiſhments of art will vaniſh, and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

Beauty depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance; becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed, being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax; ſo that the expreſſion remains when the paſſion is ſuſpended; thus, an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtle, and a ſuſpicious temper is

diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſober paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act; the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aſpect, and gives a turn and a caſt to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impreſſion upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment, equally endanger the poſſeſſor: it is, to uſe an eaſtern mataphor, like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence. If it excites deſire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation.

Let it then be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the graces, but in the ſchool of virtue; and that thoſe who wiſh to be lovely, muſt learn early to be good. M. S.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

A curious Memoir of M. Emanuel Swedenborg, concerning Charles XII. of Sweden.

HAVING been frequently admitted to the honor of hearing his moſt excellent majeſty Charles XII. diſcourſe on mathematical ſubjects I preſume an account of a new arithmetic invented by him, may merit the attention of my readers.

His majeſty obſerved then, that the *denary* arithmetic, univerſally received and practiſed, was moſt probably derived from the original method of counting on the fingers; that illiterate people of old, when they had run through the fingers of both hands, repeated new periods over and over again, and every time ſpread open both hands; which being done ten times, they diſtinguiſhed each ſtep by proper marks, as by joining two, three, or four fingers. Afterwards, when this method of numeration on the fingers, came to be expreſſed by proper characters, it ſoon became firmly and univerſally eſtabliſhed, and ſo the *denary computus* has been retained to this day. But ſurely where a ſolid geometrician, thoroughly verſed in the abſtract nature and fundimentals of numbers, to ſet his mind upon introducing a ſtill more uſeful *computus* into the world, inſtead of *ten* he would ſelect ſuch a perfect ſquare, or cube number, as by continual biſſection, or halving, that would at length terminate in *unity*, and be better adapted to the ſub-diviſions of meaſures, weights, coins, &c.

Thus intent on a new arithmetic, the *hero* pitched upon the number EIGHT, as moſt fit for the purpoſe, ſince it could not only be halved continually down to unity, without a fraction, but contained within it the ſquare of two, and was itſelf the cube thereof, and

was alſo applicable to the received denominations of various kinds of weights and coins, riſing to *ſixteen* and *thirty-two*, the double and quadruple of *eight*.—Upon theſe firſt conſiderations, he was pleaſed to command me to draw up an eſſay on an *octonary computus*, which I compleated in a few days, with its applications to the received diviſions of coins, meaſures, and weights, a diſquiſition on cubes and ſquares, and a new and eaſy way of extracting roots, all illuſtrated with examples.

His majeſty having caſt his eye twice or thrice over it, and obſerving, perhaps from ſome hints in the eſſay, that the *denary computus* had ſeveral advantages not always attended to, he did not at that time ſeem abſolutely to approve of the *octonary*; or, 'tis like he might conceive, that tho' it ſeemed eaſy in theory, yet it might prove difficult to introduce to practice. Be this as it will, he inſiſted on fixing upon ſome other that was both a cube and a ſquare number, referrable to *eight*, and diviſible down to unity by biſſection. This could be no other than *ſixty-four*, the cube of *four*, and ſquare of *eight*, diviſible down to unity without a fraction.

I immediately preſumed to object, that ſuch a number would be too prolix, as it ariſes through a ſeries of entirely diſtinct and different numbers up to 64, and then again to its duplicate 4096, and on to its triplicate 262144, before the fourth ſtep commences; ſo that the difficulty of ſuch a *computus* would be incredible, not only in addition and ſubtraction, but to a ſtill higher degree, multiplication and diviſion. For the memory muſt neceſſarily retain in the multiplication table 3969 diſtinct products of the 63 numbers of the firſt ſtep multipled into one another, whereas only 49 are neceſſary in the octonary, and but 81 are required in the denary arithmetic, which laſt is difficult to be remembered and applied in practice, by ſome capacities. But the ſtronger my objections were, the more reſolute was his royal mind upon attempting ſuch a computus.

> Obſtructions made him eagerly aſpire,
> All to ſurmount, and nobly ſoar the higher.

He inſiſted that the alledged difficulties might be over-balanced by very many advantages.

A few days after this I was called before his majeſty, who reſuming the ſubject, demanded if I had made a trial? I ſtill urging my former objections, he reached me a paper written with his own hand, in new characters and terms of denomination, the peruſal of which he was pleaſed, at my intreaty, to grant me, wherein, to my great ſurprize, I found not only new characters and numbers (the one almoſt naturally expreſſive of the other) in a continual ſeries to 64, ſo ranged as eaſily to be remembered, but alſo new denominations, ſo contrived by pairs, as to be eaſily extended to myriads by a continued variation of the character and denomination. And further, caſting my eye on ſeveral new methods for addition and multiplication by this computus, either ar-

tificially contrived or elſe inherent in the characters of the numbers themſelves, I was ſtruck with the profoundeſt admiration of the force of his majeſty's genius, and with ſuch ſtrange amazement, as obliged me to eſteem this eminent perſonage, not my rival, but far my ſuperior in my own art. And having the original ſtill in my cuſtody, at a proper time I may publiſh it, as it highly deſerves: whereby it will appear with what diſcerning ſkill he was endowed, and how deeply he penetrated into the obſcureſt receſſes of the arithmetical ſcience.

Beſides, his eminent talents in calculation further appear, by his frequently working and ſolving moſt difficult numerical problems, barely by thought and memory, in which operation others are obliged to take great pains and tedious labour.

Having duly weighed the vaſt advantages ariſing from mathematical and arithmetical knowledge in moſt occaſions of human life, he frequently uſed it as an adage, that *he who is ignorant of numbers is ſcarce half a man.*

Whilſt he was at *Bendar* he compoſed a complete volume of military exerciſes, highly eſteemed by thoſe who are beſt ſkilled in the art of war.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Meſſrs. Editors,

I STATE to your readers a few circumſtances relative to my family, as I wiſh ſome of your correſpondents to favor me with their advice. My huſband was a reſpectable merchant. He died a few years ago, leaving me a competence, and ſix children, three of each ſex. My fortune is not ſufficiently large to give my ſons, when they become of age, a capital to trade with. It will be neceſſary for them to get their own living by their induſtry. I am however able to give them an education ſuitable for any profeſſion. They are of the following ages: the eldeſt fourteen years, the next twelve, the youngeſt nine.

Now the advice I wiſh is relative to the choice of a profeſſion for each of my ſons. They are boys of good capacities, and I am able and willing to afford them every advantage. In this country every profeſſion and occupation ſeems to be crowded with practitioners. How can I chooſe? To make a proper choice, it is requiſite to be acquainted with the ſtate of the country, and to aſcertain what profeſſions will be moſt lucrative and honorable ten years hence. Any information or advice relative to this will oblige

CORDELIA.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Moral Obſerver, No. II.

A CALM obſerver of the manners and actions of mankind, will perceive, however painful it may be to confeſs it, that the means, by which men uſually riſe in the world, are irreligious and immoral. Let not this remark be aſcribed to the ſpleen of a diſappointed or miſanthropic mind; it is the obſervation of one, content with his ſituation, and unambitious of exalting himſelf by methods which his conſcience cannot juſtify. Through the "loop-holes" of retirement, he has long obſerved the manners and morals of the world, and for the benefit of thoſe, who have not poſſeſſed his advantages, communicates to the public the obſervations he has made in ſecret, and which he hath endeavoured, to make correctly.

In the preſent age, it will be allowed, the great object of almoſt every man's purſuit is *riſing in the world;* that is, to be eminent among his fellow men in point of importance. Wealth, knowledge, perſonal accompliſhments, and the frequenting of extenſive circles of company, conſtitute the principal means, by which this importance is obtained. The acquiſition of theſe therefore, is neceſſary. But as it is uncommon that any individual ever poſſeſſes all of them, bold pretenſions generally ſupply the deficiency; and one half of mankind are conſtantly employed in deceiving the other. Hope never ceaſes to animate; and however unſucceſsful one attempt has been, another is immediately made.

It is the object of the preſent paper to meaſure by the ſcale of morality and religion, the uſual means and attempts of *mankind to riſe in the world;* and in ſome degree to illuſtrate the truth of the introductory obſervation.

The acquiſition of wealth is firſt to be conſidered. In many caſes, the means of obtaining it are not only innocent, but laudable. When it is the fruit of honeſt induſtry and a liberal ſpirit of enterprize, the poſſeſſor deſerves the fulleſt enjoyment it can impart. But how various, how numerous have been the vicious attempts, ſome with, ſome without ſucceſs, to acquire it! Will it be too much to ſay that *ninety* out of an *hundred* large fortunes have been obtained diſhoneſtly? Conſider how many frauds upon a great ſcale have been practiſed! How many grand ſpeculations have been made, by means of a *little cheating!* What numberleſs modes of taking the advantage there are, which promiſe reward, and appear to be ſecure from detection! How many cheats, ſwindlers, robbers, thieves, and rogues of every deſcription, are daily puniſhed in civilized countries for wicked attempts to procure wealth! And do you not ſuppoſe that where *one* fraud has been diſcovered, *fifty* have eſcaped detection? If ſo, will you not believe then, that the means generally adopted to obtain

wealth are in a conſiderable degree irreligious and immoral? There are doubtleſs many exceptions, but the queſtion regards the majority of inſtances. How many little frauds do the men, generally reputed honeſt, commit! If they are merchants, do they not aſcribe to their goods qualities which they have not, and conceal defects which they have? If they are mechanics, do they not *ſlight* their work, and cheat you by appearances? If they are farmers, are there not a thouſand ways to impoſe upon you? If profeſſional men, do they not practice a thouſand illegal tricks, to looſen your purſe ſtrings? Indeed it is ſeldom that you will find a man, who does not in money matters govern himſelf more by his opportunities than by the rule of juſtice and equity. There are few, whom temptation does not ſometimes overcome; but many, who cannot reſiſt it at any time.

With repſect to knowledge, its attainment is always praiſeworthy. The acquiſition of it is an honorable mode of diſtinction; but unfortunately it is a mode much out of practice. Among mankind we find nothing but bold pretenſions to it: pretenſions, which, if ever examined, are ſeldom admitted. A learned man in our country is rarely to be found; but there are pretenders in abundance. It is theſe unfounded pretentions, which I conſider as irreligious and immoral. Religion and morality certainly do not conſiſt in arrogance; neither are the men, who pretend to have what they have not, honeſt men. It muſt therefore be concluded, that thoſe, who endeavour to riſe in the world by pretentions to great knowledge, do not uſe means that are either moral or religious.

Perſonal accompliſhments without doubt entitle their poſſeſſors to diſtinction. But have we much to boaſt of in this reſpect? Are there many men among us much above their fellows in accompliſhments? Is there not more pretenſion than reality? Are there not a thouſand frauds practiſed to make you believe men learned and accompliſhed, when they are not ſo? Is this mode of riſing in the world moral or religious? And is it not much practiſed?

A man, who frequents extenſive circles of polite company conceives himſelf entitled to diſtinction from perſons in humble life. Without weighing the merit of this kind of eminence, we are to conſider the means of obtaining it, and theſe are generally by the attainment of wealth in ſome of the ways before mentioned, or by the pretenſions to learning and accompliſhment, which we have already conſidered as irreligious and immoral. If this is the caſe, this laſt means cannot be juſtifiable.

Indeed there are but three ways of riſing in the world. One is by a fortunate concurrence of circumſtances, which exalts a man without any merit of his own; another, by the honeſt acquiſition of wealth, knowledge, accompliſhments and reſpect: and the third by the diſhoneſt acquiſition of them or the reputation of poſ-

ſeſſing them. Of theſe, the firſt and the laſt are the moſt common modes of riſing in the world. Fortune and crime have moſt influence in this reſpect.

However derogatory from the honor of human nature this reflection may be, I believe it juſt. The hiſtory of a young man with whom I was formerly acquainted will illuſtrate its truth.

The family of James Edwin lived in one of our ſeaport towns, poſſeſſed a competence, and occupied a place in the middle rank of citizens. The natural abilities and endowments of this young man were handſome, and properly cultivated. At the uſual period he entered our univerſity, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his claſſical attainments. While at College, his father died ; leaving an eſtate, not large, but ſufficient to enable his Widow to live in the ſtyle to which ſhe was habituated. Upon his leaving College, young Edwin ſaw the neceſſity of his earning his own living, and ſelected the legal profeſſion as the moſt honorable and lucrative. Poſſeſſing great ambition, he was placed in the metropolis of the State, the partiality of his friends ſuppoſing he would ſurpaſs his rivals there in eloquence and knowledge. The pleaſures of Boſton, however, ſoon diſſipated his mind, and relaxed that induſtry and ardor for diſtinction, which facilitated his former acquirements, and made his ſtudies pleaſurable. His time was paſſed in a morning walk through Cornhill, an occaſional look into Coke on Lyttleton, the peruſal of a Novel, a ſtroll upon 'Change, an Afternoons ride, and idle converſations in the evening, or playing at ſome of the games of chance. When he was admitted to the bar, he found himſelf unequal to an intellectual combat with thoſe, who had made the Study of the Law and the niceſt diſtinctions of right and wrong the principal objects of their attention. He had neglected to acquire that knowledge and ability, which would have enabled him to excel his rivals, and attract that notice which would inſure wealth and reſpect. But he was ſoon convinced that without diſtinction, he ſhould never be able to riſe in the world, and from that period he ſought to be noticed. Having become indolent, he deſpaired of obtaining eminence by his labors in ſtudying the difficult and abſtruſe branches of the legal ſcience ; and thought , that by ſpeculation, pretending to be learned and accompliſhed, and introducing himſelf into company he might acquire a reputation, which would exalt him in ſociety, and gratify the moſt extravagant deſires of his ambition. Nor was he diſappointed. Fortune favoured his attempts.

In every circle, into which he was introduced, he aſſumed a confidence which attracted notice, and by the boldneſs with which he aſſerted and the poſitiveneſs with which he denied, forced himſelf into the regards of the company. To thoſe perſons, from whom he might derive benefit, he was obſequious and extremely attentive ; to thoſe who ſtood in the way of his promotion, he was hoſtile and oppreſſive. Wherever he appeared, he obſerved a demeanour and mode of conduct, which

nothing but the poſſeſſion of wealth, talents, and a general eſtimation could juſtify. He aſſumed thoſe airs and manners, which indicated ſuperiority. He indulged cenſure to a great degree, being conſcious, that to find faults in others implies that we ourſelves are above them. Knowing that in converſation, confidence is more ſucceſsful than either learning or wit, he diſputed with an air of triumph with his ſuperiors, and by his perſevering poſſitiveneſs obliged his antagoniſts to leave him in poſſeſſion of the field.

In his ambitious endeavours, his morals became relaxed. When an opportunity offered of increaſing his eſtate, his conſcience was not conſulted, and a ſeries of ſecret, but ſucceſsful frauds afforded him the means of appearing wealthy. That he might be popular with every one, he practiſed the prevailing vices, and by his boaſts and bravadoes was thought to be a ſpirited fellow. He ſacrificed his religion to his companions, becauſe he was afraid they would laugh at it, and occaſionally uttered a blaſphemy, to convince them of his apoſtacy.

By an aſſiduous attention to the firſt families in town, by flattery and obſequiouſneſs, he gained admittance into all the polite circles in the metropolis. One or two fortunate intruſions eſtabliſhed him in that rank of ſociety, to which he aſpired. By his confidence and pretenſions, he acquired a reputation which was ſerviceable to him in his profeſſion, and tho' not above the majority of his rivals in point of learning and talents, he experienced a degree of patronage unknown to them.

In this ſituation he lived many years, married a reſpectable lady, and was bleſſed with ſeveral children. He was wealthy, reſpected, reputed to be of great abilities, and ranked among the firſt characters in the metropolis. A few years ſince, he died. Before his death, he called his eldeſt ſon to him, at that time aged ſeventeen. To him he gave a paper, ſaying, "Charles, perhaps, you will not at preſent underſtand the nature or importance of the advice, which this paper contains. When you become of age, it will be of ſervice to you. Read it every year of your life, and pay particular attention to it, when you arrive to the period of manhood."

This paper Charles preſerved. The following is a copy.

"My dear Boy, I have hitherto given you but little advice, knowing your excellent mother was aſſiduous in inſtructing you in the duties of morality and religion, and your preceptors were careful in forming your mind, and ſtoring it with uſeful knowledge. I now impart to you inſtructions relative to your conduct in life. The importance of the ſubject demands your moſt ſerious attention, and my experience will give weight to my admonitions. The duties of a father and my own feelings have induced me to put this advice upon paper, that it may at all times be uſeful to you.

Perceiving that I muſt ſoon reſign my life to the God, who gave it me, I have taken a retroſpect of it, that I might repent of

all my ſins and implore the forgiveneſs of Heaven. This retroſpect, Charles, has been very painful; my conſcience has for many years reproached me, and though to many my ſituation appeared enviable, I have a long time been convinced of the truth of a learned divine's obſervation, that "wealth and magnificence are often but the ſplendid coverlets of miſery." In early life I was an adventurer; having little to loſe, much to gain. I was ambitious, and purſued the common methods of riſing in the world. Theſe were always artful, frequently immoral, ſometimes criminal. Frauds and falſe pretenſions were the means, by which I acquired wealth and reputation. Fortune has been extremely kind to me. I have raiſed my family to reſpectability and eminence. To many this would be a matter of conſolation: I cannot think of my ſucceſs without reflecting upon the means. The reflection makes me wretched. How many times have I wiſhed for poverty and innocence! How many times have I curſed my fatal ambition!

Having by my diſſipation neglected to acquire thoſe ſolid qualities, in which true worth conſiſts, I endeavoured to cover my defects, and ſupply my deficiencies by falſhood, arrogance, affectation, deception, and a thouſand arts, which the world too often conſider as free from guilt, becauſe much practiſed, but which in the eyes of reaſon and religion are criminal in a high degree.

My dear Charles, let me adviſe you to repreſs your ambition entirely, or elſe be careful not to gratify it in one unlawful deſire. The leſſon may be difficult to practice, but your eternal happineſs or miſery depends upon it. Ambition is a very dangerous paſſion; if it be not duly controuled, it will hurry you into crimes and wretchedneſs. If you felt the anxieties I have ſuffered, you would never wiſh to be exalted above mediocrity; if you could conceive the ſufferings and ſtings of conſcience I have endured, you would never deſire to riſe in the world: it would be madneſs to run the riſque of withſtanding temptations, when ſuch puniſhment attends a defeat.

My ſad experience has convinced me, that virtue and religion alone can confer happineſs here, and they alone can inſure felicity hereafter. Swerve not, my dear Charles, in the ſmalleſt point from the rules of morality; my conſcience has convinced me, that there is great guilt in many ſmall offences; be juſt, be honeſt, worſhip your Creator, ſtudy his divine word and will, and in all your actions conſider it is in his preſence that you act, and that he will hereafter reward or puniſh you according to your deeds. To Him, I commend you; may he bleſs you in life, and hereafter receive us both into his everlaſting kingdom of bliſs.

Charles, accept the advice of your dying father; follow it, it will make you happy." D.

BOSTON REVIEW.

ARTICLE I. *American Precedents of Declarations. Collected chiefly from Manuscripts of accomplished Pleaders; digested and arranged under distinct titles and divisions; and adapted to the most Modern Practice. With a prefixed Digest of Rules and Cases concerning Declarations.* Salem. Macanuity. 1802.

IT must give pleasure to every patriotic mind to observe one's country advancing in arts and sciences, and making those improvements, which tend to ameliorate the condition of mankind, and increase the sources of enjoyment. A rude and *new* country will require a long period of time to equalize its literature and national advantages, with those of other nations, and the inhabitants of the former for many years must depend upon the latter for the principal productions of the arts, and the chief improvements of science. It is the employment of patriotism to diminish this dependance, and to encourage the literature of its own country.

The nature and condition of man is in a degree altered by his climate. His constitution, habits, mode of living, and character experience a change by his removal. It is therefore requisite that the different branches of practical science be adapted to his situation and circumstances. Theology, metaphysics, and mathematics, being unaffected by local coincidences, remain the same; but jurisprudence and the medical art are often necessarily conformed to the country and climate, in which they are practised.

The Book before us is not important in its nature, but will be found very convenient. It is a collection of Forms, adapted principally to the New England mode of administering justice, which the use of the best pleaders in this country has introduced into the practise, and which have been established by repeated trials. In many respects they differ from English precedents, and in several instances are founded upon American Laws. The design and nature of the publication however will be better understood from the advtisement.

"THE motives which induced this publication, after the laboured books of entries, which, under the sanction of COKE, RASTALL, LILLY, MALLORY, and RAYMOND, have received the approbation of the profession, become peculiarly necessary to be developed. The redundancies of the English forms, however proper in their courts, where remuneration is proportionate to LITERAL labour, have ever been subjects of complaint among our own lawyers, who have been obliged, at a vast expense of time and money, to purchase researches into ponderous volumes, where the useful matter lies buried amid heaps of antiquated learning

and ſuperfluous detail. This evil has indeed been moſt ſeverely felt in New-England, where juridical practice, though bottomed on the principles of the Common Law, has, from the character of the people, and the peculiarity of the laws, aſſumed a more compact and ſimple form. In addition to this, the ſtructure of our government, ſo materially variant from European ſovereignties, as well as domeſtic remedies of ſtatutatory appointment, have created deficiencies and changes, which no foreign works could meet, and no perſonal induſtry ſupply.

Theſe were conſiderations, which, under the ſanction of many reſpectable characters, firſt induced the collection and arrangement of the ſubſequent declarations. They have been almoſt wholly tranſcribed from manuſcript forms, which have been preſerved with veneration, and collected with fidelity, by the firſt ornaments of the bench and the forum, in our own and the adjacent States. By the offers of celebrated living counſel, the work has been perfected in many valuable forms, which have either received judicial deciſions, or been approved by unqueſtionable authority.

The Editor therefore ventures to announce theſe declarations as correct and practical. By the kindneſs of a gentleman, equally eminent for his erudition as a pleader, and preciſion as counſel, the whole collection has been minutely inſpected, and the errors of ſucceſſive manuſcriptions corrected. In fine, the work, though more immediately applicable to the practice of New England, may be conſidered as adapted by form, and qualified by authority, to invite the attention and meet the neceſſities of every State in the Union.

For the Rules and Caſes prefixed, the Editor is indebted to the voluntary generoſity of the ſame gentleman, who inſpected the Declarations. Theſe rules, founded in cited authorities, and illuſtrated by occaſional references to our own ſtatutes and adjudged caſes, form a valuable acquiſition to the ſcience of Pleading. The accuracy of the arrangement, and pertinency of the illuſtrations, increaſe our regret, that the author ſhould withhold from the profeſſion his other numerous reſearches into the principles of juriſprudence."

The examination of the Rules in Declarations we defer to a future opportunity. We ſhall confine ourſelves at preſent to the declarations under the heads of *Account* and *Aſſumpſit*.

A chapter of "Beginnings of Declarations" is prefixed to the Forms, calculated for inexperienced ſtudents, in which the various modes of ſuing by *Prochein Ami, Guardian, Executor, Adminiſtrator, Adminiſtrator with the Will annexed, Adminiſtrator de bonis non with the Will annexed, Adminiſtrator durante minori ætate with the Will annexed, Aſſignee of a Bankrupt, Idle Perſon under Guardianſhip*, and *againſt Adminiſtrator*, are preſcribed. To the end of this chapter ſeveral notes are added, explaining the mode of practice, and quoting

rules of proceeding from books of authority. Notes of this nature, which are frequently found diſperſed through the volume, are ſerviceable in many reſpects, by guiding the uninformed, and pointing out the difference of the practice, which prevails in our Courts of Law, from that eſtabliſhed by the Engliſh Common Law; and in theſe notes many deciſions of the Courts of this country relative to points in diſpute are recorded. This latter circumſtance gives the Book a degree of value, beyond that of a collection of forms, as it is the only volume in this part of the country excepting Sullivan's Hiſtory of the Land Titles of Maſſachuſetts which contains any reports of the determination of our judges. We are ſorry however to add, that the reports of the deciſions extend but little beyond the caſes determined in the county of Eſſex.

Books of reports of the principal caſes determined by our Supreme Courts in various parts of the country are very much wanted. Till theſe are publiſhed, it will be difficult to underſtand what the law is in many caſes. We hope ſome gentleman, ſenſible as we are of the neceſſity of ſuch publications, will oblige the public by collecting and printing theſe deciſions. The new arrangement of our Supreme Court, and the practice of referring all difficult queſtions, which ariſe in any county to the deciſion of the whole Court in Boſton, will render it eaſy hereafter for gentlemen to report regularly all the determinations of our Judges upon thoſe nice points, which affect the rights or duties of the citizens.

As the action of Account has grown conſiderably into diſuſe, there are but few forms under this head, ſelected and abridged principally from the Engliſh Books. At the end of the chapter are ſome common place directions and references.

Forms of Declarations in Aſſumpſit occupy many pages. The nature of this action is ſo extenſive, the great variety of promiſes which are daily made and broken by mankind, require ſuch diverſity of declaring upon the caſe, that the Editor ſeems to have thought it neceſſary to multiply his forms to meet almoſt every poſſible cauſe of action under this head.

This chapter is prefixed by an account of the nature of the action of Aſſumpſit, and its diviſion into general and ſpecial Aſſumpſit, and a few concluſions of Declarations in Aſſumpſit by *Adminiſtrator* or *Executor*, *Adminiſtrator* vs. *Executor*, *Surviving Partner*, *and Adminiſtrator of Surviving Partner* vs. *Adminiſtrator of Surviving Partner*.

As it may be a matter of much importance that the deciſions of the Courts ſhould be extenſively known, we ſhall extract them, whenever we meet with them.

In the 98th page is the following determination. "Declaration for money had and received, to the Plaintiff's uſe, *in his capacity of Adminiſtrator*, held good. Eſſex, November Term, 1787. Upon argument.

The forms under this head are collected with great judgment, and are generally correct and ſafe. Without examining them minutely, we ſhall proceed to collect for our readers the deciſions of our courts upon ſeveral points related under this head, and then take our leave of the work for the preſent, premiſing, however, that the collection of the forms in general has been made by a gentleman who ſeems well ſkilled in the art of pleading, has diſcovered much good ſenſe, and general knowledge in the compilation, and conferred a great obligation upon the Students of Law by his judicious remarks, and uſeful direc?ions.

In the caſe of Newman v. Thomas, we are told (page 105) it was adjuged in the Supreme Judicial Court, June Term, 1780, "that the commander of a privateer is ex-officio bailiff of all prizes to his owners and crew, and as ſuch, accountable."

The following caſe and determination is reported in page 113.

"T. P. Wrote his name on a piece of paper, and gave it to J. B. but no proof of the intent or of any connexion in buſineſs between them, J. B. made note on the other ſide of the paper, in theſe words:

'Boſton, April 18, 1796, for value received I promiſe to pay to J. S. or order, 1843 dollars, on demand with intereſt. J. B.'

May 16, 1796, J. S. received 450 dollars, 10 cents, of J. B. in part of the note, and indorſed this ſum on it.

J. S. then got a writing in theſe words, over the name of T. P. to wit, 'In conſideration of the ſubſiſting connexion between me and my ſon-in-law, J. B. I promiſe and engage to guarantee the payment of the contents of the within note, on demand," and then ſued T. P. declared on his promiſe, ſtating it, and the note, in the declaration, but did not aver any demand on J. B. or notice to T. P. In two trials the S. J. C. held T. P. was liable, and that J. S. had a right ſo to fill his endorſement, ſo as to make T. P. a common endorſer of a note, with the rights and obligations of ſuch, or a guarrantor, warrantor, or ſurety, liable in the firſt inſtance, and in all events, as a joint and ſeveral promiſor would be. Hen. Black. 313. Dougl. 514. Imp. 414. S. J. C. 1801. Eaſtern Circuit.'

In page 121 it is ſaid, that, "Though in the caſe of Pierce vs. McIntire, and in ſome other caſes it was formerly holden here that the maker of a note might give in evidence againſt the indorſee the want of conſideration, or payment to the payee not indorſed, conſidering there the note ſolely on the ground of a contract; yet in a latter caſe, in York, Lord Mansfield's principle was adopted, and a contrary deciſion was had."

The deciſions in the caſe of Wellman vs. Gray are reported in page 125. "The Captain, who was owner, and now Plf, had purchaſed the veſſel *after capture, condemnation and at a public ſale*, and there had been no abandonment. The queſtions were if this was a *total* or *partial loſs*, and if in caſe it ſhould be adjudged a total loſs, whether an abandonment was neceſſary. The court

determined that this was a total loſs, and the captain had the ſame right to purchaſe as any other perſon, and that in a *loſs abſolutely total in its own nature*, no abandonment was neceſſary, becauſe abandonment ex vi termini, ſuppoſe ſomething recoverable, S. J. C. 1799."

In page 154 there is a declaration on a written agreement for not delivering hats. The Defendant contracted to pay and deliver to the Plaintiff a certain number of hats of different kinds, one eighth part of all the hats and different ſorts, to be paid and delivered every three months. "It was objected in arreſt of judgment, in this caſe, that the action was brought too ſoon, and could not be, till all the payments became due, *by the terms of the contract.* But the Court overruled the objection, and held it analogous to a note for the payment of money by inſtalments, where an action may be brought after the firſt inſtalment becomes due."

We ſhall conclude for the preſent with this ſingle remark, that moſt of theſe declarations have already been repeatedly tried, and that they are the productions of our moſt famous Pleaders, Pynchon, Parſons, Sewall, F. Dana, R. Dana, Dane, Thacher, J. Quincy, Trowbridge, Bradbury, Read, Bourne, Lowell, and others.

ARTICLE II. *The Peaſants Fate: a Rural Poem. With Miſcellaneous Poems. By William Holloway.* Boſton. Sprague. 1802.

IT is to be regretted that the love of lucre ſo powerfully rules in the minds of our countrymen, as to prevent them from attending to any purſuit, however advantageous to the individual or beneficial to the community, which does not promiſe immediate emolument. From this cauſe the literature of our country has been much neglected, and there would be a great dearth of elegant amuſement and refined pleaſure in this part of the world did not our Printers judiciouſly ſelect and re-print thoſe uſeful and excellent publications which adorn a foreign clime. By this means we are preſented with the works of Shakeſpeare, Milton, and Goldſmith, Hume, Gibbon, and Robertſon, Addiſon, M'Kenzie, and Johnſon, and all thoſe European publications which amuſe, inſtruct and improve. Our Bookſellers indeed have been as attentive to the productions of Britiſh genius, as the patrons themſelves of Britiſh authors. The American preſſes teemed with the poetical labours of Darwin, Burns and Bloomfield, before thoſe authors were fully known in their own country. Nor has the merit of Holloway been overlooked.

The *Peaſant's Fate*, of this author, is one of thoſe Poems which pleaſe by its rural ſimplicity. It holds a middle rank between the *deſerted* Village of Goldſmith, and the Farmer's Boy of Bloomfield. With the elegant verſification of the former, it has the ſimple charms of the latter. Though it deſcribes the unfor-

tunate fate of the Peaſantry of England, it will intereſt the ſenſibility of every American reader. The epiſodes are natural and affecting, the ſentiment patriotic and humane. Indeed the ſtile verſification, and turn of thought in this poem often reminded us of the finiſhed verſe of Rogers, and while contraſting the former ſituation of the peaſantry of England and the preſent, and deſcribing the early ſcenes of life, the author introduces paſſages which would not diſcredit the "Pleaſures of Memory," of that writer.

Though the general caſt of the Poem is ſentimental and melancholy, the author occaſionally feels a virtuous indignation at modern degeneracy. The following paſſage, which occurs after a deſcription of the offspring of an ancent farmer, may be adduced as an inſtance.

'Unlike the *modern Farmer's* daughters they—
For whom the alter'd manſion riſes gay,
Diveſted of the ruſtic ſcenery round
While ſhrubs exotic form the verdant bound,
Or Chineſe rails, at modiſh diſtance keep
The lowing heifer and the nibbling ſheep:
Theſe, who purloin their brighteſt charms from art,
And ſcorn what Nature's ſimple rules impart,
Who ſhine at eſſenc'd ball, or crowded play,
But faint at fragrance of the clover hay;—
Torture French idioms, or, perforce, aſpire,
With well-curv'd hand, to ſtrike the ſounding wire;
Hear with diſguſt the ſkylark's trembling throat,
Or darkling nightingale's melodious note;—
Taught to deſpiſe the humble houſehold trade,
For daubing landſcapes, or the fond parade
Of ſpinning ſenſeleſs ſonnets to the Nine—
A taſk more vain, more profitleſs than *mine*.

The following is a beautiful paſſage deſcribing the former ſituation of the Smith, and the ſad change in the circnmſtances of the peaſantry.

'Beneath yon elders, furr'd with black'ning ſmoke,
The ſinewy *Smith*, with many a labour'd ſtroke,
His clinking anvil plied, in ſhed obſcure,
And truant ſchoolboys loiter'd round the door.
There would the ſwains, on wintry eve, retire,
To warm their limbs, and blow the rumbling fire;
While various tales their proffer'd toil repaid,
And vaſt improvement to the mind convey'd;
For much of life th' experienced ſage had ſeen,
In peace and war, ſince royal Anne was queen;
And much, of fights and ſhipwrecks ſad, he told—
Of burning mountains and of Scythian cold—
Of ſpectre forms, that haunt the convent's gloom
Or fiends that glare around the murderer's tomb!

But now the ſledge, the file, no more reſounds ;
No more the ploughboy, from the neighb'ring grounds,
At evening, trudges with the blunted ſhare,
Or broken traces, to receive repair.
Poor ſtumbling Ball no more ſhall thither plod,
And dozing wait, in patience, to be ſhod,
The fertile lawn, of idly-pamper'd ſteeds,
A uſeleſs race, for falſe ambition, breeds.
The fallow lands, where cheerful peaſants earn'd
Their weekly bread, to proud plantatations turn'd,
Forget to yield their auburn crops of grain,
That fill'd the petty farmer's early wain,
When, on his ambling nag, he took his round,
With flaggon to the tatter'd ſaddle bound,
Repleniſh'd well with hearty home-brew'd ale,
The toil contending reapers to regale.
Now into one a hundred fields are thrown,
Their tenants baniſh'd, and their pleaſures flown ;
To crowded towns, the poor mechanic ſtrays,
To ſpend the ſickly evening of his days ;
Or hoſtile fields, or boſt'rous ſeas, he proves—
A hapleſs exile from the ſcenes he loves ;
While Recollection ever to his mind
Preſents thoſe comforts he has left behind.'

In page 20th the miſeries of monopoly are well depicted.

' In genial climes, where ſofter ſeaſons reign
Amid the boſom of the placid main,
Where never commerce nor the Arts deign'd ſmile
On the rude natives of ſome lonely iſle,
Well might the wood, the cave, or cliſt afford
Sufficient ſhelter to the wand'ring hoard ;
But in this land of elegance and eaſe,
Where all that ſweetens life conſpires to pleaſe,
Can poliſh'd man, behold his fellows pine,
In ſcenes like theſe,—and every joy reſign ?—
Beneath the torturing paſſions' cruel ſtrife,
To languiſh out the poor remains of life ?
Oh, happy land ! ere Luxury learnt to roam,
In queſt of pleaſures, better ſought at home,
Where Heav'n, impartial, ſpreads her bleſſings wide,
Nor, captious, ſets her meaneſt ſons aſide ;
Say,—do the purple borders of the Rhine,
Or Arno's ſides with brighter fruitage ſhine,
Than thine own vales ?—Heſperian vineyards fair
Boaſt freſher ſtreams, or breath a purer air ?
What tho' the Ganges' hallow'd tide be roll'd
O'er rocks of diamonds, and o'er ſands of gold,—
Tho' ancient Nile, with fructifying waves,
An earthly paradiſe unfailing laves ;

Behold *our* fields, with glorious harveſts crown'd,
Voluptuous meads, where fat'ning herds abound;
Thoſe plains, where Pan his fleecy charge attends,
The countleſs ſtores that rich Pomona ſends:
Then ſay,—ſhall ALBION envy other climes,
Or mourn inglorious, her degenerate times?
Yes—*mourn* ſhe muſt! For, lo! a venal band
On Nature's bounty lay the griping hand,
Wreſt from the poor the patrimonial cot,
His paddock add to their ſuperfluous lot,
Meanly dependent, bid him ſeek his bread,
While, Timur-like, their vaſſal down they tread,
Fruſtrate the ſcheme wiſe Providence has plann'd,
And half depopulate their native land!'

In the 30th page there is a fine contraſt of the Peaſant's former fate with the preſent condition of that claſs of the community.

"Nor you,—who, mid the diſipated round
Of college lore, have trodden claſſic ground,
Purſu'd by pedant ſcourge thro' Lily's rules,
And all the thorny lab'rinths of the ſchools,—
Deſpiſe the truths the Muſe delights to tell,
How in thoſe woods the Sciences would dwell,
On Nature's boſom nurs'd, by Genius taught,
By Perſeverance to perfection brought:
In ſhades obſcure, where ne'er the voice of Fame
Blandiſh'd the peaſant's unſuſpected name,
The ſire with joy his hopeful boys beheld,
In many an art beyond their fellows ſkill'd
No idle intervals of time they knew,
Nor unimprov'd one heedleſs moment flew,
In ſimple pſalmody they own'd no peer,
And oft would chaunt with voices ſtrong and clear,
The loftier anthem, thro' the toilſome day,
With variation ſweet, a heav'nly lay;
Conſtant at church, they led the village quire,
Where ſacred muſic ſet the ſoul on fire;
And well they knew to touch the breathing reed
To gayer notes, which ſprightly dances lead,
Beneath the ſycamore's ſoft, ruſtling ſhade,
When firſt the moon lights up the length'ning glade,
Shows meads, and ſtreams, in mildeſt beauties dreſs'd
And the young heart leaps lightly in the breaſt.
In darkſome nights, when all the vales were ſtill,
Their flute was heard, along the neighb'ring hill,
In concert with the attic minſtrel's ſtrain,
Expreſſive of her gentle boſom's pain.
E'en from the hour, that gives their frugal meal,
Some little portion ſedulous, they ſteal,

When *Cocker's* rules their ſtudious minds engage,
Rude chalk their pencil, the broad bill their page,
With various, haſty ſtatements, ſcribbled o'er,
Till the bright ſurface would contain no more:
The ignorant heard, with wonderment profound,
How many grains would girt the globe around;
How many hours in one long age appear,
How many minutes conſtitute the year.
Oft ſketch'd in outline, ruſtic landſcapes roſe,
And hills and vales their various views diſcloſe;
Scenes rudely wild, of compoſition new,
Devoid of art, and ſtill to nature true.
Thus paſt the day; and when the ev'ning gale
Diſpers'd the black clouds, ſailing down the dale,
And, from the bright'ning weſt, a yellow ray
Struck, lightly twinkling, on the dripping ſpray,
They left their ſhed, and on the homeward road
Purſu'd their courſe, beneath the ruſtling load
Of wither'd branches, doom'd to reinſpire
Their ſhiv'ring limbs, and heap the crackling fire.
Impatient, peeping from the reſtleſs door,
The waiting infants ev'ry name implore;
The firſt ſight caught, they run, they leap, they fly;
Awaken'd raptures dance in every eye,
Contentious noiſe and tumult fill the place,
To ſnatch the hand, or ſhare the firſt embrace;
And round the hearth, from cares and anguiſh free,
Each claims a right to climb the envied knee.
O ſtate of tranſport! honeſt and ſincere,
Unmix'd with pangs that prouder boſoms bear,
By frigid forms of etiquette uncheck'd,
Undamp'd by fortune, or the world's neglect!
Warm, thro' each boſom, flows the genial tide,
By Gratitude's unfailing fount ſupplied.
To Him, the author of conſumate good,
For needful raiment, and for daily food.
Well, if ſuch happineſs could long endure,
By change unſhaken, and from ills ſecure!
But ſoon the hour of ſocial bliſs muſt glide,
Like airy dreams, when day-ſpring bluſhes wide;
Here, when a few ſhort years have run their round
No longer ſhall this cheerful group be found,
The family, diſpers'd in various climes,
Shall tell the tale, and mourn the alter'd times!
The hardy youth, that, in the brumal morn,
Amid the woodlands, heard the early horn,
Alternate twanging, aid the mingled ſounds
Of daſhing ſportſmen, and of deep-mouth'd hounds;
That rov'd in ſpring, 'neath arching trees unſeen,

When Flora veil'd in purple veſt the green.
And like the tranquil ether was his ſoul,
O'er which no dark'ning clouds were known to roll,—
Torn from his home, muſt feel each boſom pain,
Scale the white billows of the roaring main,
Or,—loſt his native peace,—in fields afar,
Learn the deſtructive trade of iron war.'

The Epiſode of Reuben and Jenny is extremely affecting; we regret our limits will not permit us to preſent our readers this pathetic tale. It is a finely drawn picture of the ſtate of the peaſantry in England during the laſt war.

The author in this Poem ſometimes reſembles Goldſmith, ſometimes Rogers, ſometimes Bloomfield.

The *Quaker's Wood* is "a tale of rural life—a tale of woes," written with much ſimplicity and pathos.

The other miſcellaneous Poems are of a ſimilar nature.

Tho' we have found many pleaſing paſſages in the Book before us, we do not think that the author will derive much credit from it. He ſeems to have written it very haſtily, and uſhered it into the world before it had received correction. From the indications of genius, however, which are viſible in many parts of the poem, we think the name of Holloway will receive an honorable place on the liſt of Britiſh Poets.

ARTICLE III. *Cheap Repoſitory Tracts; Entertaining, Moral, and Religious.* Boſton. Lincoln. 1802.

THE original publication of theſe Tracts was commenced in England with the laudable deſign of amending the morals of the lower claſs of people, by illuſtrating, in familiar inſtances, the unhappy effects of a vicious courſe of life, and the pleaſures reſulting from the practice of induſtry and virtue. For the republication of them in our country we are indebted to two reverend Gentlemen, whoſe recommendation and influence have contributed to the increaſe of thoſe good effects, which the Tracts were intended to produce.

In the addreſs to the public, we are informed, that Miſs Hannah Moore was a principal perſon engaged in the work, and is the author of ſeveral of the tracts.

The publication of the work is now completed in Eight numbers, conſtituting Two volumes 12 mo, of about 350 pages.

We extract the Story of the Happy Waterman at the cloſe of the firſt volume as a ſpecimen of the manner, in which theſe tracts are written.

'A GENTLEMAN and lady, walking on the banks of the river Thames, ſpied a ſmall ferry-boat with a neatly dreſſed Waterman rowing towards them; on his nearer approach, they read

on the ſtern of his boat, these words, THE HAPPY WATERMAN. Without taking any notice of it, they determined to enter into converſation with him, and inquiring into his ſituation in life, they found that he had a wife and five children, and ſupported alſo an old father and mother-in-law by his own labour. The gentleman and lady were upon this ſtill more ſurpriſed at the title he had given himſelf, and ſaid, 'my friend, if this is your ſituation, how is it that you call yourſelf the happy Waterman?' 'I can eaſily explain this to your ſatisfaction,' anſwered the young man, 'if you will give me leave; and they deſiring him to proceed, he ſpoke as follows: 'I have obſerved that our greateſt bleſſings in life are often looked upon as the greateſt diſtreſſes, and are, in fact, made ſuch by means of imprudent conduct. My father and mother died a few years ago, and left a large family; my father was a waterman, and I was his aſſiſtant, in the management of a ferry boat, by which he ſupported his family; on his death, it was neceſſary (in order to pay his juſt debts) to ſell our boat! I parted from it—even with tears—but the diſtreſs that I felt ſpurred me on to induſtry, for I ſaid, I will uſe every kind of diligence to purchaſe my boat back again. I went to the perſon who had bought it, and told him my deſign; he had given five *guineas* for it, but told me, as I was once the owner, that I ſhould have it whenever I could raiſe five *pounds*. 'Shall the boat be mine again!' ſaid I; my heart bounded at the thought!

'I was at this time married to a good young woman, and we lived in a neighbouring cottage; ſhe was young, healthy, and induſtrious, and ſo was I, and we loved one another.—What might we not undertake? My father uſed to ſay to me, 'Always do what is right; labour diligently, and ſpend your money carefully; and God will bleſs your ſtore.' We treaſured up theſe rules, and determined to try the truth of them. My wife had long chiefly ſupported two aged parents: I loved them as my own—and the deſire of contributing to their ſupport, was an additional ſpur to my endeavours to repurchaſe the boat. I entered myſelf as a daily labourer, in the garden of our ſquire: and my wife was called occaſionally to perform ſome ſervices at the houſe, and employed herſelf in needle work, ſpinning or knitting at home; not a moment in the day was ſuffered to paſs unemployed—we ſpared for ourſelves, and furniſhed all the comforts we could, to the poor about us—and every week we droped a little overplus into a fairing box—to buy the BOAT. If any accident or charity brought us an additional ſhilling, we did not enlarge our expenſe, but kept it for the boat! The more care we took, the more comfortable we felt, for we were the nearer the poſſeſſion of our little boat. Our labour was lightened, by our looking forward to the attainment of our wiſhes. Our family indeed increaſed, but with it our friends increaſed alſo, for the cleanlineſs and frugality which furniſhed our cottage, and the content

and cheerfulneſs that appeared in it, drew the notice of our rich neighbours; of my maſter and miſtreſs particularly, whoſe rule was to aſſiſt the induſtrious, but not to encourage the idle. They did not approve of giving money to the poor; but in cold winters, or dear times, allowed us to buy things at a cheaper rate: this was *money to us*, for when we counted our little caſh for the week's marketing, all that was ſaved to us by our tickets to purchaſe things at reduced prices, went into our "little box." If my children got a penny at ſchool for a reward, to buy gingerbread, they brought it home, they ſaid to help buy the BOAT—for they would have no gingerbread till daddy had got his boat again!—Thus from time to time our little ſtore inſenſibly increaſed, till one pound only was wanting of the five, when the following accident happened.

'Coming home one evening from my work, I ſaw in the road a ſmall pocket-book; on opening it, I found a bank note of 10l. which plainly enough belonged to my maſter, for his name was upon it, and I had alſo ſeen him paſſing that way in the evening: it being too late, however, to return to the houſe, I went on my way. When I told my family of the accident, the little ones were thrown into a tranſport of joy. 'My dears, ſaid I, what is the matter?' 'Oh daddy, the BOAT! the BOAT! we may now have two or three boats! I checked them by my looks, and aſked, them if they recollected whoſe money that was? they ſaid 'yours, as you found it.' I reminded them that I was not the real owner, and bid them think how they would all feel, ſuppoſing a ſtranger was to take our box of money, if I ſhould happen to drop it on the day I went to buy back the boat. This thought had the effect on their young minds that I deſired; they were ſilent and pale with the repreſentation of ſuch a diſaſter, and I begged it might be a leſſon to them never to forget the golden rule of 'doing as they would wiſh others to do by them;' for by attention to this certain guide, no one would ever do wrong to another. I alſo took this opportunity to explain to them, that the poſſeſſion of the boat by diſhoneſt means would never anſwer, ſince we could not expect the bleſſing of GOD upon *bad deeds*.

'To go on with my ſtory:—The next morning I put the pocket-book into my boſom, and went to my work, intending as ſoon as the family roſe to give it to my maſter, but what were my feelings, when, on ſearching in my boſom, it was no where to be found! I haſted back along the road I came, looked diligently all the way, but in vain! there were no traces of any ſuch things.—I would not return into my cottage becauſe I wiſhed to ſave my family the pain I felt, and in the hope of ſtill recovering the book, I went to my work, following another path which I recollected I had alſo gone by; on my return to the garden gate, I was accoſted by the gardener, who, in a threatening tone, told me I was ſuſpected; that our maſter had loſt a pocket-book, deſcri-

bing what I had found, and that I being the only man abſent from the garden at the hour of work, the reſt of the men alſo denying that they had ſeen any ſuch thing, there was every reaſon to conclude that I muſt have got it. Before I could anſwer, my diſtreſſed countenance confirmed the ſuſpicion; and another ſervant coming up, ſaid I was detected, for that a perſon had been ſent to my houſe, and that my wife and family had owned it all, and had deſcribed the pocket book. I told them the real fact, but it ſeemed to every one unlikely to be true; every circumſtance was againſt me, and (my heart trembles to look back upon it) I was arreſted and hurried away to priſon! I proteſted my innocence, but I did not wonder that I gained no credit. Great grief now oppreſſed my heart; my poor wife, my dear children, and my gray headed parents, were all at once plunged into want and miſery, inſtead of the eaſe and happineſs which we were expecting; for we were juſt arriving at the height of our earthly wiſhes. I had, however, one conſolation left—that I knew *I was innocent;* and I truſted that by 'perſevering in honeſty,' all might come right at laſt. My reſolution was, as I had certainly been the cauſe, though without any deſign, of the ſecond loſs of the property, that I would offer, (alas!) the whole of our little ſtore, to make it good as far as in my power! and I ſent for my wife, to give her this ſad commiſſion; but ſhe informed me that even this ſacrifice could be of no avail, 'for' ſaid ſhe, 'my maſter has been at the cottage, when I told him freely how you had found the note, but unfortunately had loſt it again; and I added, that I was ſure both I and my huſband would make the beſt return in our power; after which I produced our little fairing-box, and begged him to accept the contents, which had been ſo long raiſing, as all we had to offer:' but, ſir, ſaid the Waterman, conceive my agony, when ſhe added, that my maſter angrily refuſed, ſaying, that our being in poſſeſſion of all that money, was of itſelf the cleareſt proof of my guilt; for it was impoſſible, with my large family, and no greater opportunities than my neighbours, that I could come honeſtly by ſuch a ſum; therefore he was determined to keep me in jail till I ſhould pay the whole. My unhappineſs was very great; however my mind by degrees began to be more eaſy, for I grew confident that I ſhould not truſt in God and my own innocence in vain:—and ſo it happened:—one of my fellow-labourers proved to be the perſon, who had picked up the note after I had dropt it, having come a few minutes after me along the ſame road to his work, and hearing that the ſuſpicion had fallen altogether upon me, he was tempted to turn the accident to his own advantage, and conceal the property; which having kept in his own box for a few weeks, till he thought no ſuſpicion would reſt upon him, he went and offered the note for change, and being then ſuſpected, my maſter had him taken up, and I was releaſed.

'The ſecond change from ſo much miſery to happineſs was almoſt too much for us. My maſter ſent for me, and with many

expreſſions of concern for what had paſſed, made me give him an account of the means by which I had collected the little fund, that fixed his ſuſpicions ſo ſtrongly upon me. I accordingly related the hiſtory of it as I have now done; and when I came to that part, where I checked my children for their inconſiderate joy, on their finding the note, he roſe, with much kindneſs in his looks, and putting the bank bill into my hand, he ſaid, 'take it! the bank note ſhall be theirs. It is the beſt and only return I can make you, as a juſt reward of your honeſty: and it will be a ſubſtantial proof to your children of the goodneſs of your inſtructions —for they will thus early ſee and feel the benefit of honeſty and virtue!'

'This kind and worthy gentleman intereſted himſelf much in the purchaſe of my boat, which in leſs than a week, I was in full poſſeſſion of. The remainder of my maſters bounty, and the additional advantage of the ferry, has placed me in comfortable circumſtances, which I humbly truſt God will continue to us, as long as we continue our labour and honeſt diligence; and I can ſay from my long experience, that the fruit of our own induſtry is always ſweeteſt. I have now alſo the pleaſure of being able to help others, for when a rich paſſenger takes my ferry, as my ſtory is well known in the neighbourhood, he often gives me more than my fare, which enables me to let the next poor perſon go over for half price.'

The lady and gentleman were extremely pleaſed with the Waterman's ſtory, and willingly joined in calling him the *Happy Waterman*. They paſſed over in his ferry-boat for the ſake of making him a handſome preſent. And from this time, becoming acquainted with his family, they did them every ſervice in their power, giving books and ſchooling to the little ones, and every comfort to the old father and mother-in-law as long as they ſurvived. They were very deſirous of knowing what became of the unfortunate fellow-labourer, who had ſo dreadfully gone aſide from the principles of honeſty, and they learnt that he was, after a ſhort impriſonment, ſet at liberty by his maſter, at the earneſt entreaty of the honeſt Waterman, as he ſaid it was partly through his careleſſneſs in loſing the note that the temptation had fallen in his fellow labourer's way; he had moreover a very large family, his maſter alſo was ſo good as to conſider that he was a man who had not been bleſſed with a good education in his youth, ſo that having little fear of God before his eyes, and having a great temptation in his way, he had been the more eaſily led to commit this very wicked action, by which he would have enriched himſelf at the expenſe of an innocent man. I have a great pleaſure in adding, that the thought of what he had done, together with the generoſity of the Watermon, had ſo ſtrong an effect upon this poor fellow, that he afterwards had it written upon his cottage door,—DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO. And he hath reſolved to follow this rule himſelf in future, and hath alſo taught it to all his children;

indeed, it became a rule well known over the whole pariſh, for every little child having been informed of this ſtory, was told that he ought to conſider before he did any action, whether he would like his brother, or ſiſter, or ſchool-fellow, to do the ſame by him; and if not that the action was wrong, and not to be done, let the profit be ever ſo great. Surely, then, thoſe who have lived long, and ſeen much of life, and have had much religious inſtruction alſo, ſhould never depart from this ſimple and certain rule. And it is the ſame to all ranks—it requires neither learning nor abilities to 'do as you would be done unto,' nor can any ſtation, however great, no nor any circumſtances, however trying, excuſe men from giving their conſtant attention to this GOLDEN RULE."

In ſeveral of the Numbers there are Tales and other pieces in Verſe. The following may ſerve as a ſpecimen.

" As at their work two Weavers ſat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver ſcarce could eat.

'What with my brats and ſickly wife,'
Quoth Dick, 'I'm almoſt tir'd of life;
So hard my work, ſo poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

'How glorious is the rich man's ſtate!
His houſe ſo fine! his wealth ſo great!
Heaven is unjuſt you muſt agree,
Why all to him? Why none to me?

'In ſpite of what the ſcripture teaches,
In ſpite of all the Parſon preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought ſo long)
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

'Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and ſtrange;
The good are troubled and oppreſs'd,
And all the wicked are the bleſs'd.'

Quoth John, 'Our ign'rance is the cauſe
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can ſee below.

'See'ſt thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, haſt well begun?
Behold the wild confuſion there,
So rude the maſs it makes one ſtare!

'A ſtranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Wou'd ſay no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all diſorder.'

Quoth Dick, 'My work is yet in bits,
But ſtill in every part it fits;
Beſides you reaſon like a lout,
Why, man, that *Carpet's inſide out.*

Says John, 'Thou ſay'ſt the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy ſpleen;
This world, which clouds thy ſoul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inſide out.

'As when we view theſe ſhreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working ſtill ſome ſcheme of God.

'No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motly mixture we deride,
Nor ſee the beauteous upper ſide.

'But when we reach that world of light,
And view thoſe works of God aright;
Then ſhall we ſee the whole deſign,
And own the Workman is divine.

What now ſeem random ſtrokes, will there
All order and deſign appear;
Then ſhall we praiſe what here we ſpurn'd,
For then the *Carpet ſhall be turn'd.*

'Thou'rt right,' quoth Dick, 'no more I'll grumble
That this ſad world's ſo ſtrange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet ſets me right.'

We recommend theſe Tracts to all Heads of Families, who have children or ſervants. Much excellent morality and ſound advice relative to conduct in life is contained in them; and as they are narrative and entertaining, they arreſt the attention and inſtruct the minds of the young and the ignorant. They will pleaſe, and, we have no doubt, in many inſtances, reform.

ARTICLE IV. *Candid Reaſons for renouncing the Principles of Antipedobaptiſm. Alſo, an Apendix, containing a ſhort Method with the Baptiſts. By Peter Edwards, Several years Paſtor of a Baptiſt Church, at Portſea, Hants.* Boſton. Bingham. 1803.

HAVING attentively peruſed this volume, and made ſome voluminous remarks, we diſcovered when we arrived at the end of the Book, that it contained a criticiſm upon itſelf, written by the Engliſh Reviewers of Religious Publications, gentlemen much more competent to the examination of theological works of controverſy. As this criticiſm is conciſe and comprehenſive, it doubtleſs will be as ſerviceable to our readers, as any obſerva-

vations of ours could be. We therefore extract it and take our leave of the work.

"IT is perhaps impoſſible to review a book of a controverſial nature, without giving offence to one ſide or other of the queſtion —even though the greateſt care may be taken to offend neither: And beſides, it is more than probable, that an honeſt reviewer may have an opinion of his own on the ſubject. However, keeping that out of ſight, as far as poſſible, we ſhall endeavour to give a juſt repreſentation of the reaſons here aſſigned for renouncing the principles of Antipædobaptiſm. The writer ſeems to be thoroughly acquainted with the nature and extent of his ſubject, and to have a clear view of all the conſequences that may ariſe from the various arguments urged either for or againſt infant baptiſm: and has certainly given a new turn to the controverſy, while he has brought forward ſome new, and much important matter, in ſuch a form, as undoubtedly calls for the very ſerious attention of thoſe gentlemen who oppoſe infant baptiſm. He writes with great perſpicuity, and reaſons with much force, and with no little effect. He fairly ſtates thoſe intereſting points, which are equally admitted on both ſides,—ſuch as theſe; that the baptiſm of believing adults is right and proper—that every individual, who believes, may and ought to be baptized—that infants are not capable of believing. The queſtion then is not concerning the baptiſm of *adults*, nor the baptiſm of *believers*, nor yet whether *infants are capable of faith*; for in theſe matters all are agreed; but the queſtion is ſolely this, Are *infants* to *be baptized*, or *not?*

That our common readers, for whoſe benefit we chiefly write, may underſtand this ſtatement of the ſubject, and our author's mode of reaſoning, we ſhall ſet before them the following ſpecimen.

The Baptiſts ſay, The Scriptures require faith and repentance in order to baptiſm. Mr. Edwards ſays, Granted freely. The Baptiſts affirm, that infants have not faith or repentance. Mr. Edwards anſwers, Granted freely. The Baptiſts then urge, that infants, therefore, are not proper ſubjects of baptiſm. Mr. Edwards denies this aſſertion and rejects it, becauſe no one ever urged baptiſm on the faith of infants, and becauſe the faith of infants enters not at all into the queſtion: And, were it neceſſary, Mr. Edwards would further illuſtrate the ſubject, in the following manner:—The Baptiſts attack the Jews, and ſay, The Scriptures required faith in order to circumciſion. The Jew anſwers, Granted freely. Then the Baptiſts ſay, But male infants of eight days old had no faith. The Jew anſwers again, Granted freely. The Baptiſts then go on, and ſay, Male infants of eight days old, therefore, were not proper ſubjects of circumciſion. The Jew anſwers with ardour, and juſtly too; I deny that aſſertion, becauſe none ever reſted circumciſion on the faith of an infant eight days

old, nor does the faith of infants at all enter into the queſtion. Here then it evidently appears, that, if neither circumciſion nor baptiſm was ever grounded on the faith of infants, the arguments for or againſt the right of infants to theſe ordinances muſt be drawn from ſources that have nothing to do with their faith.

The queſtion therefore is, Are infants to be baptized, or not? The Baptiſts ſay, No; and then aſſign their reaſons; all of which Mr. Edwards reduces to two: Firſt, That *a perſon, who has a right to a poſſitive inſtitute, muſt be expreſsly mentioned as having that right, but infants are not ſo mentioned, and therefore have not that right.* This argument Mr. Edward conſiders as a mere aſſumption;—as not allowed by any claſs of men,—nor owned by the Baptiſts themſelves, as of any real force, in admitting women to the Lord's Supper. Here ſome things are introduced, reſpecting the controverſy as managed by Mr. Booth, which certainly require an explicit anſwer.

Their ſecond argument is,—That *the Scriptures require faith and repentance as requiſite to baptiſm; but as infants cannot have theſe, they are not proper ſubjects of baptiſm.* That faith and repentance are required, in order to baptiſm, Mr. Edwards allows; but "I aſk," ſays he, "of whom? The anſwer muſt be—Of adults; for the Scriptures never require them of infants, in order to any thing. The argument then will be this—The Scriptures require faith and repentance of adults, in order to baptiſm. Now, you ſee, infants are gone; they have nothing to do with the argument." Then Mr. Edwards goes on to ſhow that the argument is altogether fallacious, and points out wherein its fallacy conſiſts; and this we think, he has completely done, whether he ſupports his main hypotheſis or not. The whole force of the argument, and its conſequences, he expreſſes in a few words: "Infants," ſay the Baptiſts, "muſt not be baptized, becauſe infants have not faith. 'He that believeth, and is baptized, ſhall be ſaved.' Something is ſaid of baptiſm that cannot agree to infants;—faith goes before baptiſm; and as none but adults are capable of believing, ſo no other are capable of baptiſm." But "If infants muſt not be baptized," ſays Mr. Edwards, "becauſe ſomething is ſaid of baptiſm which does not agree to infants; then, by the ſame rule, infants muſt not be ſaved, becauſe ſomething is ſaid of ſalvation which does not agree to infants. As none but adults are capable of believing, ſo (by the argument of the Baptiſts) none but adults are capable of ſalvation: For—he that believeth not, ſhall be damned." But the whole of Mr. Edwards' reaſoning, on this point, merits all attention.

However, the queſtion ſtill remains, Are infants to be baptized? Mr. Edwards ſays, yes; and aſſigns the following reaſons: Firſt, God has conſtituted, in his church, the membership of infants, and admitted them to it by a religious rite. This is ſhown at large from the Jewiſh diſpenſation; and it is granted by the

Baptiſts themſelves, that infant children were admitted members of the Jewiſh Church. Next, The church membership of infants was never ſet aſide, either by the authority of God, or of inſpired men; but continues in full force, under the ſanction of God, to the preſent day. This Mr. Edwards proves by a variety of clear and authentic arguments, which will both inſtruct and entertain the reader; while he will find that the right of infants, in this reſpect, under the Chriſtian diſpenſation, is acknowledged both by our Lord and his Apoſtles. And to talk of their excluſion, without expreſs and poſitive language, would be very abſurd indeed in a caſe, where ſo much ſtreſs is laid upon poſitive and expreſs language. Here Mr. Edwards puſhes home his reaſoning: "As God has conſtituted infants church members, they ſhould be received to membership, becauſe God has conſtituted it. And ſince infants muſt be received to membership, they muſt be received without baptiſm, or with it: But none muſt be received without baptiſm; and therefore, as infants muſt be received according to a divine command, they muſt of neceſſity be baptized.—Hence it is clear, that, under the Goſpel, infants are ſtill continued, exactly in the ſame relation to God and his church, in which they were originally placed under all former diſpenſations, and particularly under the Jewiſh Church."

After Mr. Edwards has cloſed his main arguments, there follows an Appendix, containing "a ſhort Method with the Baptiſts." Here it muſt be naturally expected, that ſome of the foregoing arguments will be introduced again, for the ſake of the Short Method. It would therefore be abſurd to make it an objection againſt his book, that Mr. Edwards repeats his arguments. He does ſo, with great propriety, with deliberate deſign, and for a ſpecial end. Till thoſe arguments, which he has repeated, be clearly refuted, the pointleſs darts, thrown by feeble arms, are not worth regarding.

It has been intimated by ſome, that Mr. Edwards, in animadverting on the writing of Mr. Booth, uſes language too ſevere and harſh, and that he has recourſe to unjuſt repreſentations. There is no accounting for the different feelings of men, in points that reſpect more things than they chooſe to own, and wherein they are much intereſted. We preſume not, therefore, to decide on charges of this kind. If Mr. Edwards has indulged himſelf in improper ſeverities, Mr. Booth's anſwer will acquire reputation by a fair and juſt ſtatement of ſuch follies. If Mr. Edwards has really ſaid any thing that is not true, or has been unjuſt in his repreſentations, Mr. Booth, ſo far as his own arguments are concerned, is obliged to him; for his taſk, in anſwering, will be rendered much eaſier, and his refutations cannot fail of being acceptable to a virtuous public. At all events, an anſwer will be expected from Mr. Booth, or ſome of his friends."

ARTICLE V. *No. I. of Shakeſpeare's Plays with Dr. Johnſon's Notes.* Boſton. Munroe & Francis. 1802.

THIS is the firſt Edition of Shakeſpeare's Works undertaken in this Town, and unites many circumſtances, which render it acceptable to the Public. The monthly appearance of its numbers, the *cheapneſs* of them, and the fairneſs of the print and paper, have tended to procure a liberal ſubſcription.

This firſt Number contains the author's Life, written by Rowe, the celebrated preface of Dr. Johnſon, The Tempeſt, and the two Gentlemen of Veronna.

The execution does honor to the publiſhers and credit to the town. We would however, recommend to the Printers to be more careful in their future numbers in correcting typographical errors.

ARTICLE VI. *The American Univerſal Geography, or, a View of the Preſent State of all the Empires, Kingdoms, States, and Republics in the known World, and of the United States of America in particular. To which are added, an improved Catalogue of Names of Places, and their Geographical Situation, alphabetically arranged—an enlarged Chronological Table, of Remarkable Events, from the Creation to the preſent Time—a Liſt of Ancient and Modern Learned and Eminent Men—and a Table of all the Monies of the World, reduced to the Federal Currency. The whole comprehending a complete and improved Syſtem of Modern Geography. Calculated for Americans. Illuſtrated with Twenty-Eight Maps and Charts. By Jedidiah Morſe, D. D. Miniſter of the Congregational Church in Charleſtown. The Introduction reviſed and amended by Samuel Webber, A. M. Hollis Prof. of Math. and Nat. Philoſ. in the Univerſity of Cambridge. Fourth Edition, corrected and conſiderably enlarged.* Boſton. Thomas and Andrews. 1802.

PREVIOUS to Dr. Morſe's publication of the ſecond edition of his Geography in 1793 (being greatly enlarged from the firſt in 1789) little was known of the interior of this country, or of its wealth and reſources. A third Edition was printed in 1796, improved by great additions and corrections; and ſuch has been its reputation and utility, that a fourth Edition was called for. In the preſent edition, we are informed by Dr. Morſe in the preface, numerous improvements have been made, and the deſcriptions enriched by information obtained from many late European publications, and, from gentlemen of reſpectability reſiding in various parts of North America.

We are ſorry however, to obſerve that the preſent edition is not free from what was conſidered a fault in the former ones; we allude to the ſmallneſs and inaccuracy of the Maps. As many of the States have cauſed accurate ſurveys to be made, and ſome of them ordered correct maps to be publiſhed, we were in hopes Dr. M. would have availed himſelf of the opportunity, and en-

riched his valuable work with correct and perſpicuous repreſentations of the country.

The Introduction is reviſed and amended with correctneſs and ability by Profeſſor Webber.

Altho' we eſteem Dr. Morſe's Geography the beſt extant ſo far as it reſpects the United States, yet we wiſh the author had adopted more of Pinkerton's, and leſs of Guthrie's plan. But as it is, we think Dr. M. deſerves much of the public, and we hope he will meet with a reward adequate to his labors.

ARTICLE VII. *Proofs of the Real Exiſtence, and dangerous Tendency of Illuminiſm. Containing an Abſtract of the moſt Intereſting Parts of what Dr. Robiſon and the Abbe Barruel have publiſhed on this ſubject; with collateral Proofs and General Obſervations. By Seth Payſon, A. M.* Chareſtown. Ethridge. 1802.

The Title of this volume fully diſplays its nature. Its object, Mr. Payſon informs us in his Preface, is "to defend religion, by expoſing the plots concerted for its deſtruction."

As the truth of the poſitions and facts contained in his book depends much upon the character of Dr. Robiſon, Mr. P. devotes thirty pages of *Preliminary Obſervations*, to the repulſion of thoſe attacks, and the refutation of thoſe ſevere charges, to which the reputation of the Profeſſor has been ſubject. The diſpute relative to Dr. Robiſon's character has been ſo often controverted before the public, that we ſhall not trouble them with a ſtatement of the facts and arguments *pro* and *con*, but only remark, that in our opinion, Dr. Robiſon as a writer is entitled to the credibility due to hiſtorians in general.

The Book before us is divided into Chapters, the titles of which are, as follow. I. *The Actors Exiſtence, Object, and Secret of the Conſpiracy.* II. *The means of the Conſpirators.* III. *The Progreſs of the Conſpiracy; Triumph and Death of the Chiefs.* IV. *Occult Maſonry.* V. *Illuminiſn; its Origin, Actors, and different grades.* VI. *Code of Illuminiees.* VII. *The Myſteries and Government of the Order.* VIII. *The Diſcovery of the Sect.* IX. *German Union.* X. *French Revolution.* XI. *Summary view of Illuminiſm.* XII. *Objections Conſidered.* XIII. *Collateral Proofs, and general Obſervations in relation to Europe.* XIV. *The ſame in relation to the United States.* XV. *In Continuation.*

We ſhall not go into a minute examination of each Chapter, as the facts contained are already generally known to the public.—The object of this volume ſeems to be to diffuſe a knowledge of the *Antichriſtian Conſpiracy*, among that claſs of People, who cannot afford to purchaſe the more voluminous writings of the Abbe Barruel and Profeſſor Robiſon. Mr. Payſon has judiciouſly ſelected the principal matter contained in the Books of thoſe authors, and in a plain and perſpicuous ſtile has briefly narrated them.

At the close of the volume we find an address, from which, as it is written with great sincerity and a serious regard to the welfare of our country we shall make a few extracts.

"It is a false and dangerous sentiment that monarchies alone have cause to dread the revolutionizing spirit of the times; for it is obvious that republics are the theatres on which political mountebanks most successfully exhibit their disorganizing feats.—Where, as in such governments, popular elections are frequent, the poison which infects a distant member, is instantly conveyed to the vitals. When an individual is gained, a lodgement is made in the government, of which that individual forms a part, either in person, or by his agent; and his influence is instantaneously felt. In monarchical governments it is very different. The disease, which there pervades the external parts, but very remotely affects the vital, active powers of government. How feeble the impression which France was able to make upon England, compared with the shock which the republics of Europe received from her revolutionary agents? The combination of United Irishmen, and similar societies in England and Scotland, produced no visible alteration in the British government; but had it been similar to the American, a complete revolution must have been the consequence.

The same cause which renders republics more accessible to these evils, proportionably prevents their suppression; for those dangerous persons form directly or indirectly, that very power on which society depends to expel the foe; and hence, the government, in this respect, is reduced to a nulity. Nor is a large number of conspirators necessary to raise obstructions and impede the government; for in every society these persons find many natural allies, ever ready to join their forces. Such are disappointed candidates, who are commonly willing rather to impede and perplex, than to assist their more successful competitors; such are those, and they are not a small party, who, from a natural jealousy of their rulers, are prepared to credit every unfavourable intimation concerning them, however improbable or absurd. Such, infine, are those selfish beings, whom no considerations of public good will induce to act with any vigour: These, if they do not appear in direct opposition to government, are so many clogs and impediments to its vigilance and activity. These plain observations are introduced to awaken you, my countrymen, to that virtuous watchfulness and firmness, necessary to preserve a free government, and to put you upon your guard against the disorganizing arts of those, who, under whatever pretext, are endeavoring to overturn the systems and establishments which experience has taught you are useful.

Do you ask, what is to be done? As uncommon abilities and penetration are less useful in a search after happiness, than upright intentions and an honest heart, I shall attempt an answer to the suggested inquiry. The ingredients of mental and social happi-

neſs, like the neceſſaries of life, conſiſt in ſimples, and are eaſily obtained. When the theorizing geniuſes of the day have invented a better medium of reſpiration than the vital air, or a bodily aliment preferable to that which nature provides, then will they merit a hearing, while they promiſe us a *Utopia* in the regions of infidelity, and quiet repoſe on the billows of a revolution. But if you wiſh for that kind of order and quietneſs, for which our favored land has been diſtinguiſhed, the following directions point out a plain and ſafe path.

Attend to the education of your children, and let it be your principal care to impreſs their minds with religious and moral truth. Much has been ſaid, and much more might be pertinently ſaid, upon the importance of education. The youthful mind is a field prepared for the reception of precious ſeed ; but if neglected, will ſoon be overſpread with every poiſonous growth. I am convinced that faithful endeavours to inſtil the principles of virtue and religion into the minds of youth, is attended with a much greater probability of ſucceſs than is uſually imagined. It is undeniable, that early impreſſions, which have appeared to be entirely eraſed by the influence of ſtrong paſſions and peculiar temptations, have ſurvived the ſhock, and produced the happieſt effects. Even where this is not attained, early habits of regularity, decency, and induſtry, are not of ſmall importance in ſociety, nor are they eaſily loſt. The impreſſions made by ſuch an education have evidently had a great effect in preventing the influence of the diſorganizing principles of the day, in the New England ſtates.

A religious education was formerly reprobated by infidels, under the pretence that it gave a bias to the mind before the judgement was matured ; but they themſelves have removed this objection ; they are not aſhamed to make it a maxim in their code to ſeize the young, untutor'd mind, and infuſe into the unſuſpecting heart the poiſon of atheiſm. Learn from your enemies the importance of early impreſſions, and while they are attempting to diſſeminate the ſeeds of infidelity, let it be your watchful care to introduce the vigorous plants of piety and virtue. Furniſh their minds with uſeful knowledge ; teach them the true dignity of man : read to them the leſſons of experience, habituate them to ſelf government, the regulation of their paſſions, and a ready ſubmiſſion to needful reſtrains. Attend to their books, and exclude the numerous publications which are either ſecretly, or avowedly, deſigned to propagate the immoral and irreligious ſpirit of the times ; or, if this is not practicable, let them not be without the antidote furniſhed in many late able replies to the pleas of infidelity. We deny our profeſſion as Chriſtians, if it is not our firſt concern, in the education of our children, to impreſs their minds with the fear of God ; to eſtabliſh them in the principles of natural and revealed religion, and the evidence of the Chriſtian faith.

The taſk of forming the youthful mind, at all times is one of the moſt important duties in ſociety, acquires, in preſent circumſtan-

ces, an increaſed demand on our attention. Religion, ſociety, parental affection, unite in the demand. It would be happy, if preſent dangers ſhould prove the means of awakening the attention of the Chriſtian world, to a ſubject ſo deplorably neglected.

It is fervently to be hoped, in particular, that our Colleges, and other literary inſtitutions, will be preſerved from contamination. Theſe are principal objects in the view of the modern enemies of mankind. In obſerving the weakneſſes of human nature, they have diſcovered, that a youth of genius, thirſting for literary fame, whoſe education was unfiniſhed, and his judgment immatured, was preciſely in a ſituation to be impreſſed with the faſcinating charms of Illuminiſm, and prepared to exchange his underſtanding and conſcience, for the flattering title of a philoſopher. Much depends, at this day, upon the guardians of our public ſeminaries, and much we expect from their fidelity and zeal, in preſerving theſe public fountains from impurities.

Support thoſe inſtitutions of your anceſtors, which you have ſeen crowned with peace, glory, and happineſs. When will mankind receive the inſtruction ſo forcibly impreſſed by univerſal hiſtory, by daily obſervation, and the word of God, that "*Righteouſneſs alone exalteth a nation?*" That rank atheiſm is deſtructive to ſociety, receives a ready aſſent from thoſe who appear inſenſible of what is equally true, that a departure from the habits and principles of ſtrict virtue and religion, is an approximation to atheiſm, and a departure from the only ſolid foundation of ſocial order and peace. They forget that it is religion, not in theory but in practice, which conſtitutes the happineſs of an individual, and of a nation.

Men who derive their importance from ſhowy accompliſhments, and the gewgaws of life, look with contempt upon the ſimple manners of our venerable anceſtors; but whatever advancements we have made in uſeful diſcoveries and the elegant arts of life, juſtice requires that we aſcribe to their virtues our moſt precious bleſſings. In a ſtrict attention to family government, in early habits of induſtry, in a ſincerity, ſimplicity and temperance of manners, and in the civil, literary, and religious eſtabliſhments of our country, they laid the foundations of what remains of glory and ſtrength in the American edifice. We do not aſcribe to them perfection. Human nature will be attended with the characteriſtics of weakneſs. In them, a zeal for the truth degenerated into a degree of intolerance: but have not we ruſhed with violence into the oppoſite and more dangerous extreme? The narrow path of virtue is ſtretched to an almoſt unbounded width; and in theſe days of catholiciſm, the idea that infidelity diſqualifies for public offices, or even for future happineſs, is condemned as a ſpecies of bigotry. It is eaſy to perceive that ſuch a relaxation of moral and religious principles is, in its effects, a near approach to atheiſm. The checks neceſſary to reſtrain the ſtrong corruptions of the heart are taken away, and theſe corruptions, as they gain ſtrength

gradually undermine, and, in their progreſs, will demoliſh the ſtrongeſt bulwarks of ſociety."

Much excellent advice is contained in the following paſſage.

"Beware of men, who ſeek to rob you of your liberties and religion, by flattering your paſſions, and by pretended concern for your intereſts. This is not a new mode of deception, but, in common with other modes, has undergone a modern refinement. Marat, the greateſt incendiary in France, Dr. Moore obſerves, "addreſſed the mob in the ſtyle of a lover to his miſtreſs; and the motto of a Journal, which he publiſhed, was "*Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis*," that is "*Take the money from the rich, that it may be reſtored to the poor.*"

As a guard againſt the influence of ambitious, popular men, the Athenians provided the ſentence of oſtraciſm. Each citizen was required to write on a bone the name of the perſon, in his eſtimation, the moſt popular; and he whoſe name was found on the greateſt number of bones, was baniſhed from the Commonwealth, under the idea, that he had acquired an influence dangerous to the republic. However abſurd in itſelf, and cruel in its operation, this practice was, it diſcovered a due ſenſe of the danger ariſing, in a free government, from the aſcendency ambitious men may acquire, by flattering the populace, and gaining the direction of their paſſions. While there are corrupt, ambitious men this kind of influence will exiſt, and will be principally found in thoſe governments where its operation is moſt pernicious. Not, however, in oſtraciſm, but in virtuous habits, and a watchful attention to the intereſts of the public, ſhall we find our ſafety from the arts of theſe inſidious foes.

To confound the reputation which is the reſult of faithful ſervices, and approved merit, with the popularity of an impoſtor, is as injurious to the public, as to individuals. The former is as beneficial, as the latter is deſtructive. A ſmall degree of diſcernment, duly exerciſed, is generally ſufficient to detect the inſincerity of thoſe who flatter but to deſtroy. If I may be indulged a quotation ſo unfaſhionable, I would ſay, that St. Paul has accurately deſcribed theſe deceivers; "They *zealouſly* affect you," ſays he, "but not *well*; yea, they would exclude you, that ye might *affect them.*"

The man who lives only for himſelf, while he pretends a deep concern for the intereſts of ſociety; the fomenter of factions; the ſeeker of offices; the corrupter of morals; the avowed enemy of Chriſtianity; the man who endeavours to irritate your mind, by repreſenting neceſſary public expences, as an act of oppreſſion, and thoſe reſtrains which the order of ſociety requires, as tyrannical; in fine, he who addreſſes your paſſions, rather than your underſtandings, ſuch men bear the genuine characteriſtics of impoſtors; and are either the deluded agents of a party, or have

themſelves deſigns which they wiſh to conceal, while they proclaim themſelves the advocates of the rights of man."

We think this little volume calculated to do much good, and wiſh it may have a general circulation.

ARTICLE VIII. *A Sermon on the Deceaſe of the Rev. Peter Thacher, D. D. Pronounced Dec. 31, 1802, in Brattle-Street Church, Boſton. By William Emerſon, Paſtor of the Firſt Church.* Boſton. Young and Minns.

IN this elegant and eloquent diſcourſe from John V. 35. "*He was a burning and a ſhining light,*" Mr Emerſon endeavours to ſhew that the worthy deceaſed was "a *light* by virtue of his office, and a *burning and a ſhining light* by his manner of diſcharging its duties." After demonſtrating from Scripture that "Jeſus Chriſt is the *Sun* of *righteouſneſs* and his miniſters *planets* burning with his radiance, and ſhining with his ſplendor," Mr. E. proceeds to obſerve of the Rev. Dr. Thacher that he was a burning and ſhining light by the manner of diſcharging the duties of his office.

"He was illuſtrious by his anceſtry.

He was illuſtrious for his natural powers. His ſoul was lodged in a perſon poſſeſſing the advantages of a noble ſtature, a commanding mein, a full and ſteady eye, a countenance pleaſing and expreſſive, a mouth formed for ready utterance, and a voice of wonderful ſweetneſs, variety, and ſtrength. With theſe qualities of body, ſo eminently uſeful to a publick ſpeaker, *the Father of lights*, had united a ſound underſtanding, a fancy of uncommon ſprightlineſs, a tenacious memory, and a correct judgement.

He was illuſtrious for his early proficience in learning, in piety, and in the ſtudies and duties of the ſacerdotal office. The dawn of his days afforded promiſe of a brilliant life. Love of knowledge and of the diſtinction which it brings, diſcovered itſelf among the firſt paſſions of his breaſt, and was conſpicuous in every ſtage of his education. It accelerated his progreſs through the ſchool, and enabled him, at an earlier age than uſual, to receive academical honours. He was even more remarkable for his pious diſpoſition. Faith in God and in Chriſt was planted in his heart in the morning of life, and increaſed in ſtrength with the number of his years. An invincible determination to the profeſſion of a divine evinced itſelf in his childhood: and as a celebrated poet is ſaid to have "liſped in numbers," ſo the lips of the eloquent Thacher ſeem to have been hallowed from his birth. Before he had attained the age of nineteen years, with unſtained morals, with a pure and ardent mind, glowing with zeal for the intereſt of religion, and contemning the gaieties of the world, he aſſumed the care of a church. At a period, when thouſands of his contemporaries had been converſant with the mere puerilites of life, he had been buſied in mental improvement; and whilſt other thouſands of his coevals were immerſed in the pleaſures of youth,

he was publiſhing the doctrines of divine grace, and diſpenſing divine conſolations. To theſe miniſtrations age liſtened with humility, youth with aſtoniſhment, and even ſcoffers with attention; and ſuch were the fervour, facility, and aptitude of his addreſſes to the throne of grace, that the devout worſhipper often breathed a ſecret aſpiration of gratitude to that God, who *out of the mouth of babes and ſucklings perfecteth praiſe.*

He was illuſtrious as a preacher. The light of his own underſtanding he communicated to that of his hearers, and enkindled their affections from the warmth of his. In doctrine he was lucid, and in exhortation fervent. He was conſidered a diſciple of the calviniſtic ſchool; but he religiouſly avoided the metaphyſical ſubtleties, with which ſome adherents to Calvin bewilder themſelves and their hearers. On this hand, he neither *darkened counſel by words without knowledge*, nor on that, confounded the morality of the Stoicks with the religion of Chriſt. He aimed to impreſs the heart with plain, evangelical truths; to touch and alarm the conſcience of hardened offenders; to carry conviction and ſhame to the boſom of the infidel, not ſo much by a cold concatenation of argument, as by the coruſcations of a mind highly charged with the truths of revelation; to ſtrengthen the convert in his conflicts with temptation; to eſtabliſh the wavering, and edify and adorn the ſincere chriſtian. This was indeed an aim of difficult execution. It is far from being an eaſy taſk, to preach intelligibly to the dull, without diſguſting the quick; and pungently to the obdurate, without giving needleſs terrour to the *man of contrite ſpirit, who trembles at God's word.* Yet this deſign was attained, in a good degree, by the ſubject of our eulogy. If there have been preachers, whoſe diſcourſes were more connected and elaborate than his, there are few, who poſſeſs his vivacity of thought, his juſtneſs of ſentiment, his emphatical and graceful delivery. He remembered, that every aſſembly contains a portion of the *poor, who are always to be with us*, and always to be *taught the goſpel*; that it is better to inſtruct the ignorant, than merely to amuſe the learned; to perſuade the wiſe, than delight the witty; and to excite the repentance and faith, the zeal and love of ſober chriſtians, than the empty applauſe of the gay and ingenious. With all this reverence however for the ſimple and the grave, where is the logician, who has not occaſionally been informed by the reaſoning, where the critic, who has not been moved by the good ſence, where the ſparkling genius who has not been raviſhed with the oratory, of Dr. Thacher? His pulpit talents have been the boaſt of our age. In that venerable form, in thoſe accents, in that manner, there was a charm, which infallibly ſeized the attention of his auditory, fanned the flame of its curioſity, and left upon its mind a ſavour of religion.

He was illuſtrious for his gift in extempore prayer. Publicly to addreſs the Deity on all occaſions, in the beſt manner, is the lot of none. It is the happineſs of a very few never to offend by

improprieties, and always to ſatisfy the worſhipper, by their pertinence of matter and eaſe of expreſſion. Of this number was the deceaſed. When he engeged in this exerciſe, his memory ſupplied a copious and ſelect variety of ſentiment from the ſcriptures, whilſt the moſt perfect confidence commanded the whole energies of his intellect. It ſeemed, as if the melody of his tones awoke his own devotion, and imparted life to all who joined him in the ſacred duty. No concourſe was ſo numerous, no caſe ſo intricate, no occaſion ſo ſudden, as to produce apparent confuſion in his thoughts, or the ſmalleſt heſitation in utterance. This privilege was not the fruit of method, nor perceptibly of previous ſtudy; though, in fact, he often and cloſely premeditated; it ſprang from a faculty of waving and reſuming at pleaſure the ſubject of petition, and of waiting, if I may ſo ſpeak, for the moment of inſpiration to amplify and entreat.

He was illuſtrious by his example. The pious propenſities of his youth were viſible in his character, through the ſucceeding ſcenes and actions of his life. From whatever was profane, whatever was immoral, whatever trifled with the eſſentials or rituals of religion, his feelings revolted with horror; and he ſeldom failed to manifeſt indignation againſt tokens of impiety. In his intercourſe with mankind, he was diſtinguiſhed for ſtrict adherence to truth and equity. Few men had more confidential friends, and none was a more faithful depoſitary. He was curious to *deſcern the ſigns of the times*, and learn the events of the day; but it was with a view of augmenting his worth as a miniſter, a citizen, and a man. Like his maſter, *he went about doing good;* and conſumed his life in things pertaining to the kingdom of God, in promoting the health of the ſtate, or the comfort of individuals. In ſum. His activity, punctuality, and faithfulneſs in diſcharging his paſtoral duties; his reverence of the Lord's day and the Lord's houſe, and his forwardneſs to embrace opportunities for uniting in ſocial worſhip; his kind attentions to the afflicted; his labours in the cauſe of humane inſtitutions; his concern and endeavors for the propagation of our holy religion; the intereſt he took in the increaſing uſefulneſs and reputation of our Univerſity; his aids in furthering the progreſs of the arts and ſciences in general; and his wiſhes, his writings, and his prayers, in behalf of the independence, liberties, peace, and glory of our beloved America are ſome of the many proofs of the worth and brilliance of his example.

He was, finally, illuſtrious by his ſucceſs. This is what muſt ultimately evince the uſefulneſs of every chriſtian miniſter. The great end of preaching is to make men *wiſe unto ſalvation through faith which is in Chriſt Jeſus.* In attaining this object, he is not always the moſt ſucceſsful, who makes the niceſt diſtinctions in polemics, nor he, who has read the greateſt number of books, nor he, who moſt excels in the elegance and beauty of his compoſitions. But he is the happy divine, who makes his whole knowledge ſubſervient to the purpoſes of his profeſſion, and who, in this

ſtupid, covetous, wanton world, can beſt bring home to the thoughts of dying creatures the awful eternity, to which they are haſtening. Thus happy was our departed friend. He had a remarkable faculty of impreſſing the young mind with a ſenſe of religion; of inducing an acknowledgement of the Redeemer, and of adapting the means and conſolations of the goſpel to the various exigencies of his charge."

The character of Mr. Emerſon as a writer is ſo well known to the public, that an encomium from us is unneceſſary. It will ſuffice to obſerve that in this Sermon, his ſtile is chaſte and claſſic, and the whole compoſition dignified and eloquent.

There is an Appendix to this Sermon, containing biographical notices of Dr. Thacher, and a Summary of his character.

ARTICE IX. *The Blackſlider: or an Inquiry into the Nature, Symptoms, and Effects of Religious Declenſion, with the Means of Recovery. By Andrew Fuller, D. D.* Boſton. Manning and Loring. 1802.

IN an age ſo prone to apoſtacy, as the preſent, the utility of a work, like the one before us, is obvious. The worthy author of this little tract has frequently diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the excellence of his theological writings, and in the preſent inſtance will not ſuffer a dimunition of reputation. After deſanting upon the general nature and particular ſpecies of backſliding, ſhewing the ſymptoms of a backſliding ſpirit, and illuſtrating the injurious and dangerous effects of ſin lying upon the conſcience unlamented, he proceeds to point out the means of recovery.

Having mentioned ſeveral kinds of backſliding, Mr. Fuller obſerves,

"There is another ſpecies of departure from God which it becomes me to notice, as many in the preſent age have fallen ſacrifices to it. This is, *taking an eager and deep intereſt in political diſputes.*—The ſtate of things in the world has of late been ſuch as to attract the attention, and employ the converſation of all claſſes of people. As ſucceſs has attended each of the contending parties, the minds of men, according to their views and attachments, have been effected; ſome with fear and diſmay, leſt their party intereſts ſhould be ruined; others with the moſt ſanguine hopes, as if the world were ſhortly to be emancipated, war aboliſhed, and all degrees of men rendered happy. This is one of thoſe ſtrong winds of temptation that occaſionally ariſe in the troubled ocean of this world, againſt which thoſe who are bound to a better, had need to be on their guard. The flattering objects held out by revolutioniſts were ſo congenial with the wiſhes of humanity, and their pretences to diſintereſted philanthrophy ſo fair, that many religious people, for a time, forgot their own principles. While gazing on the ſplendid ſpectacle, it did not occur to them, that *the wicked*, whatever name they aſſumed, *would do wickedly*. By obſerving the progreſs of things, however, they have

been convinced that all hopes of the ſtate of mankind being eſſentially meliorated by any means ſhort of the prevalence of the goſpel, are viſionary, and have accordingly turned their attention to better things. But ſome have gone greater lengths. Their whole heart has been engaged in this purſuit. It has been their meat and their drink: and this being the caſe, it is not ſurpriſing that they have become indifferent to religion; for theſe things cannot conſiſt with each other. It is not only contrary to the whole tenor of the New Teſtament, but tends in its own nature to eat up true religion. If any worldly matter however lawful in itſelf, engage our attention inordinately, it becomes a ſnare:—and more ſo in matters that do not come within the line of our immediate duty. But if in attending to it we are obliged to neglect what manifeſtly *is* our duty, and to overleap the boundaries of God's holy word, let us look to it: beyond thoſe boundaries is a pit, in which, there is reaſon to fear, great numbers have been loſt. There were many in the early ages of Chriſtianity who *deſpiſed government*, and were not afraid to ſpeak evil of dignities: but were they good men? Far from it. They were profeſſors of Chriſtianity however; for they are ſaid to have *eſcaped the pollutions of the world, through the knowledge of Chirſt:* yea, and what is more, they had attained the character of Chriſtian *teachers*. But of what deſcription? *Falſe teachers, who privily brought in damnable hereſies, denying the Lord who bought them, bringing upon themſelves ſwift deſtruction*—whoſe *ways*, though *followed by many*, were *pernicions*, occaſioning *the way of truth to be evil ſpoken of.* To copy the examples of ſuch men is no light matter.

When a man's thoughts and affections are filled with ſuch things as theſe, the ſcriptures become a kind of *dead letter*, while the ſpeeches and writings of politicians are the *lively oracles:* ſpiritual converſation is unheard, or if introduced by others, conſidered as a flat and unintereſting topic; and leiſure hours, whether ſitting in the houſe or walking by the way, inſtead of being employed in talking and meditating on divine ſubjects, are engroſſed by things which do not profit. Such are the rocks amongſt which many have made ſhipwreck of faith and a good conſcience.

Whatever may be the duty of a nation in extraordinary caſes, there is ſcarcely any thing in all the New Teſtiment inculcated with more ſolemnity than that individuals, and eſpecially chriſtians, ſhould be obedient, peaceable, and loyal ſubjects: nor is there any ſin much more awfully cenſured than the contrary conduct. It requires not only that we keep within the compaſs of the laws, (which is eaſily done by men of the moſt unprincipled minds) but that we honour, and *intercede with God* for thoſe who adminiſter them. Theſe duties were preſſed particularly upon the Romans, who by their ſituation were more expoſed than others to the temptation of joining in factions and conſpiracies, which were almoſt continually at work in that tumultuous city.

Nor does the danger belong exclusively to one side. We may sin by an adherence to the measures of a government, as well as by an opposition to them. If we enlist under the banners of the party in power, *considered as a party*, we shall feel disposed to vindicate or palliate all their proceedings, which may be very inconsistent with Christianity. Paul, though he enjoined obedience to existing government, yet was never an advocate for Roman ambition; and when addressing himself to a governor, did not fail to *reason on righteousness, and judgement to come.* It is our duty no doubt, to consider that many things which seem evil to us might appear otherwise, if all the circumstances of the case were known, and therefore to forbear passing hasty censure: but on the other hand, we ought to be aware of applauding every thing that is done, lest, if it be evil, we be partakers of other men's sins, and contribute to their being repeated.

While some, burning with revolutionary zeal, have imagined they could discover all the wonderful events of the present day in scripture prophecy, and have been nearly blinded to the criminality of the principal agents, others, by a contrary prejudice, have disregarded the works of the Lord, and the operations of his hand. Whatever may be said of means and instruments, we must be strangely insensible not to see the hand of God in the late overturnings among the papal powers; and if we be induced by political attachment, instead of joining the inhabitants of heaven in a song of praise, to unite with the merchants of the earth in their lamentations, are we not carnal? There is no need of vindicating or palliating the measures of men which may be wicked in the extreme: but neither ought we to overlook the hand of God.

The great point with Christians should be, an attachment to government *as government*, irrespective of the party which administers it; for this is right, and would tend more than any thing to promote the kingdom of Christ. We are not called to yield up our consciences in religious matters; nor to approve of what is wrong in those which are civil: but we are not at liberty to deal in acrimony, or evil speaking. The good which results to society from the very worst government upon earth is great when compared with the evils of anarchy. On this principle, it is probable the apostle enjoined obedience to *the powers that were*, even during the reign of Nero. Christians are soldiers under the King of kings; their object should be to conquer all ranks and degrees of men to the obedience of faith. But to this, it is necessary that they avoid all those embranglements and disputes which retard their main design. If a wise man wishes to gain over a nation to any great and worthy object, he does not enter into their little differences, nor embroil himself in their party contentions! but bearing good will to all, seeks the general good: by these means he is respected by all, and all are ready to hear what he has to offer. Such should be the wisdom of christians. There is enmity enough for us to encounter, without unnecessarily adding to it.

If a Chriſtian be under the neceſſity of ſiding with a party, undoubtedly he ought to act in favour of that which appears to him the beſt; but even in this caſe it is not becoming him to enter with eagerneſs into their diſputes. Let worldly men, who thirſt after preferment, buſy themſelves in a conteſted election—they have their reward; but let Chriſtians, if called to appear, diſcharge their duty, and retire from the tumultuous ſcene.

By entering deeply into the *party* contentions of the nation, religious people on both ſides will be charged in their turn of diſloyalty; and it may be not always without a cauſe. Fifty years ago that party was out of power, which at preſent is in power. At that time the charge of diſloyalty was directed againſt them; and they were then denominated *patriots*. It is poſſible that many who now ſeem to abhor a ſpirit of diſaffection towards adminiſtrative government, would be themſelves not the beſt affected, were the other ſide to recover its authority. But if we enter into the ſpirit of the goſpel, though we may have our preferences of men and meaſures, we ſhall bear good will to all, and whoever be at the head of affairs, ſhall reverence *the powers that be*. Whatever be our private opinion of the men, we ſhall reſpect and honour the rulers. That loyalty which operates only with the prevalence of a party, whichever it be, is at a great remove from the loyalty enjoined by the ſcriptures.

By ſtanding aloof from all parties *as ſuch*, and approving themſelves the friends of government and good order, by whomſoever adminiſtered, Chriſtians would acquire a dignity of character worthy of their profeſſion, would be reſpected by all, and poſſeſs greater opportunities of doing good; while by a contrary conduct they render one part of the community their enemies, and the other I fear derive but little ſpiritual advantage from being their friends."

Theſe ſentiments are juſt, and well calculated to preſerve the good order and harmony of government.

Throughout the whole work, Dr. F. diſplays much good ſenſe and a ſincere regard for the cauſe of virtue and religion: and we recommend this little volume to our readers as uſeful, practicable, inſtructive, and pious.

ARTICLE X. *An Oration, delivered at Plymouth, December* 22, 1802, *at the Anniverſary Commemoration of the Firſt Landing of our Anceſtors at that Place. By John Quincy Adams.* Boſton. Ruſſell and Cutler. 1802.

IN this eloquent Oration we find much to admire. Erudition, patriotiſm, and rhetorical excellence eminently diſtinguiſh it.—There is an energy of ſentiment in it, and a force of expreſſion, uncommon in theſe days of literary degeneracy. To convince our readers that this praiſe is merited, we ſhall make a few extracts, which will verify our remarks.

Having ſhewn that veneration for our forefathers and love for our poſterity are among the ſentiments of the moſt powerful operation upon the human heart, and moſt highly honourable to the human character ; Mr. Adams addreſſes his audience upon the ſubject of the origin of their nation.

"In reverting to the period of their origin, other nations have generally been compelled to plunge into the chaos of impenetrable antiquity, or to trace a lawleſs anceſtry into the caverns of raviſhers and robbers. It is your peculiar privilege to commemorate in this birth-day of your nation, an event aſcertained in its minuteſt details : an event of which the principal actors are known to you familiarly as if belonging to your own age: an event of magnitude before which Imagination ſhrinks at the imperfection of her powers. It is your further happineſs to behold in thoſe eminent characters who were moſt conſpicuous in accompliſhing the ſettlement of your country, men upon whoſe virtues you can dwell with honeſt exultation. The founders of your race are not handed down to you, like the father of the Roman people, as the ſucklings of a wolf. You are not deſcended from a nauſeous compound of fanaticiſm and ſenſuality, whoſe only argument was the ſword, and whoſe only paradiſe was a brothel. No Gothic ſcourge of God—No Vandal peſt of nations—No fabled fugitive from the flames of Troy—No baſtard Norman tyrant appears among the liſt of worthies who firſt landed on the rock, which your veneration has preſerved as a laſting monument of their atchievement. The great actors of the day we now ſolemnize were illuſtrious by their intrepid valor no leſs than by their chriſtian graces ; but the clarion of conqueſt has not blazon'd forth their names to all the winds of Heaven. Their glory has not been wafted over oceans of blood to the remoteſt regions of the earth. They have not erected to themſelves, coloſſal ſtatues upon pedeſtals of human bones, to provoke and inſult the tardy hand of heavenly retribution. But theirs was "the better fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom." Theirs was the gentle temper of chriſtian kindneſs—the rigorous obſervance of reciprocal juſtice—the unconquerable ſoul of conſcious integrity. Worldly Fame has been parſimonious of her favors to the memory of thoſe generous champions. Their numbers were ſmall —their ſtations in life obſcure—the object of their enterprize unoſtentatious—the theatre of their exploits remote : how could they poſſibly be favorites of worldly Fame? That common crier, whoſe exiſtence is only known by the aſſemblage of multitudes— That pander of wealth and greatneſs ſo eager to haunt the palaces of fortune, and ſo faſtidious to the houſeleſs dignity of virtue— that paraſite of pride, ever ſcornful to meekneſs, and ever obſequious to inſolent power—that heedleſs trumpeter, whoſe ears are deaf to modeſt merit, and whoſe eyes are blind to bloodleſs diſtant excellence."

In tracing the ſettlement of this country, to its remote cauſes, Mr. A. eloquently writes,

"Courage and perſeverance have a magical taliſman, before which difficulties diſappear and obſtacles vaniſh into air. Theſe qualities have ever been diſplayed in their mightieſt perfection as attendants in the retinue of ſtrong paſſions. From the firſt diſcovery of the weſtern hemiſphere by *Columbus*, until the ſettlement of Virginia, which immediately preceded that of Plymouth, the various adventurers from the ancient world had exhibited, upon innumerable occaſions, that ardour of enterpriſe and that ſtubbornneſs of purſuit, which ſet all danger at defiance and chain the violence of nature at their feet. But they were all inſtigated by perſonal intereſts—Avarice and ambition had tuned their ſouls to that pitch of exaltation—Selfiſh paſſions were the parents of their heroiſm. It was reſerved for the firſt ſettlers of New-England to perform atchievements equally arduous, to trample down obſtructions equally formidable, to diſpel dangers equally terrific under the ſingle inſpiration of conſcience. To them, even liberty herſelf was but a ſubordinate and ſecondary conſideration.—They claimed exemption from the mandates of human authority, as militating with their ſubjection to a ſuperior power. Before the voice of heaven they ſilenced even the calls of their country.

Yet, while ſo deeply impreſſed with the ſenſe of religious obligation, they felt in all its energy the force of that tender tie which binds the heart of every virtuous man to his native land. It was to renew that connection with their country which had been ſevered by their compulſory expatriation, that they reſolved to face all the hazards of a perilous navigation, and all the labours of a toilſome diſtant ſettlement. Under the mild protection of the Batavian Government, they enjoyed already that freedom of religious worſhip for which they had reſigned ſo many comforts and enjoyments at home: but their hearts panted for a reſtoration to the boſom of their country. Invited and urged by the open-hearted and truly benevolent people who had given them an aſylum from the perſecution of their own kindred, to form their ſettlement within the territories then under their juriſdiction; the love of their country predominated over every influence ſave that of conſcience alone, and they preferred the precarious chance of relaxation from the bigoted rigor of the Engliſh government to the certain liberality and alluring offers of the Hollanders. Obſerve, my countrymen, the generous patriotiſm, the cordial union of ſoul—the conſcious, yet unaffected vigour which beam in their application to the Britiſh Monarch—"They were well weaned from the delicate milk of their mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a ſtrange land. They were knit together in a ſtrict and ſacred bond, to take care of the good of each other and of the whole. It was not with them as with other men, whom ſmall things could diſcourage or ſmall diſcontents cauſe to wiſh themſelves again at home." Children of theſe exalted Pilgrims!

Is there one among you, who can hear the ſimple and pathetic energy of theſe expreſſions without tenderneſs and admiration ?—Venerated ſhades of our forefathers ! No ! ye were indeed not ordinary men ! That country which had ejected you ſo cruelly from her boſom, you ſtill delighted to contemplate in the character of an affectionate and beloved mother. The ſacred bond which knit you together was indiſſoluble while you lived, and oh ! may it be to your deſcendents the example and the pledge of harmony to the lateſt period of time ; The difficulties and dangers which ſo often had defeated attempts of ſimilar eſtabliſhments were unable to ſubdue ſouls tempered like yours. You heard the rigid interdictions—you ſaw the menacing forms of toil and danger, forbidding your acceſs to this land of promiſe : but you heard without diſmay—you ſaw and diſdained retreat. Firm and undaunted in the confidence of that ſacred bond—Conſcious of the purity, and convinced of the importance of your motives, you put your truſt in the protecting ſhield of Providence, and ſmiled defiance at the combining terrors of human malice and of elemental ſtrife. Theſe, in the accompliſhment of your undertaking, you were ſummoned to encounter in their moſt hideous forms : theſe you met with that fortitude, and combated with that perſeverance which you had promiſed in their anticipation : Theſe you completely vanquiſhed in eſtabliſhing the foundations of New-England, and the day which we now commemorate is the perpetual memorial of your triumph."

While enumerating a few of the characteriſtic incidents which mark the peculiar hiſtory of the Plymouth ſettlers, Mr. A. ſhews the futility of that policy and philoſophy which recommends a community of goods.

"Another incident from which we may derive occaſion for important reflections, was the attempt of theſe original ſettlers to eſtabliſh among them that community of goods and of labor which fanciful politicians, from the days of *Plato* to thoſe of *Rouſſeau*, have recommended as the fundamental law of a perfect republic. This theory reſults, it muſt be acknowledged, from principles of reaſoning moſt flattering to the human character. If induſtry, frugality and diſintereſted integrity, were alike the virtues of all, there would apparently be more of the ſocial ſpirit, in making all property a common ſtock, and giving to each individual a proportional title to the wealth of the whole. Such is the baſis upon which *Plato* forbids in his republic the diviſion of property. Such is the ſyſtem upon which *Rouſſeau* pronounces the firſt man who encloſed a field with a fence and ſaid *this is mine*, a traitor to the human ſpecies. A wiſer and more uſeful philoſophy however directs us to conſider man, according to the nature in which he was formed ; ſubject to infirmities, which no wiſdom can remedy ; to weakneſſes which no inſtitution can ſtrengthen ; to vices which no legiſlation can correct. Hence it

becomes obvious, that ſeperate property is the natural and indiſputable right of ſeperate exertion—that community of goods without community of toil is oppreſſive and unjuſt ; that it counteracts the laws of nature, which preſcribe, that he only who ſows the ſeed ſhall reap the harveſt : that it diſcourages all energy by deſtroying its rewards ; and makes the moſt virtuous and active members of ſociety, the ſlaves and drudges of the worſt. Such was the iſſue of this experiment among our forefathers, and the ſame event demoſtrated the error of the ſyſtem in the elder ſettlement of Virginia. Let us cheriſh that ſpirit of harmony, which prompted our forefathers to make the attempt, under circumſtances more favourable to its ſucceſs than perhaps ever occurred upon earth. Let us no leſs admire the candor with which they relinquiſhed it, upon diſcovering its irremediable inefficacy. To found principles of government upon too advantageous an eſtimate of the human character, is an error of inexperience, the ſource of which is ſo amiable, that it is impoſſible to cenſure it with ſeverity. We have ſeen the ſame miſtake, committed in our own age, and upon a larger theatre. Happily for our anceſtors their ſituation allowed them to repair it, before its effects had proved deſtructive. They had no pride of vain philoſophy to ſupport, no perfidious rage of faction to glut, by perſevering in their miſtakes until they ſhould be extinguiſhed in torrents of blood."

As there has been much diſpute about the right of Europeans to ſettle in this country under any circumſtances, we ſhall extract Mr. A's obſervations upon this ſubject, and his defence of the Plymouth ſettlers againſt the charge of cruelty to the natives.

"No European ſettlement ever formed upon this continent has been more diſtinguiſhed for undeviating kindneſs and equity towards the ſavages. There are indeed moraliſts, who have queſtioned the right of the Europeans to intrude upon the poſſeſſion of the aboriginals in any caſe, and under any limitations whatſoever. But have they maturely conſidered the whole ſubject ? The Indian right of poſſeſſion itſelf ſtands with regard to the greateſt part of the country, upon a queſtionable foundation. Their cultivated fields ; their conſtructed habitations ; a ſpace of ample ſufficiency for their ſubſiſtence, and whatever they had annexed to themſelves by perſonal labor, was undoubtedly by the laws of nature theirs. But what is the right of a huntſman to the foreſt of a thouſand miles over which he has accidentally ranged in queſt of prey ? Shall the liberal bounties of Providence to the race of man be monopolized by one of ten thouſand for whom they were created ? Shall the exuberant boſom of the common mother, amply adequate to the nouriſhment of millions, be claimed excluſively by a few hundreds of her offspring ? Shall the lordly ſavage not only diſdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himſelf, but ſhall he controul the civilization of a world ? Shall he forbid the wilderneſs to bloſſom like the roſe ? Shall he forbid the oaks of the foreſt to fall before the axe of induſtry, and riſe again, tranſ-

formed into the habitations of eaſe and elegance? ſhall he doom an immenſe region of the globe to perpetual deſolation, and to hear the howlings of the tyger and the wolf, ſilence forever the voice of human gladneſs? Shall the fields and the vallies, which a beneficent God has formed to teem with the life of innumerable multitudes, be condemned to everlaſting barrenneſs? Shall the mighty rivers poured out by the hands of nature, as channels of communication between numerous nations, roll their waters in ſullen ſilence and eternal ſolitude to the deep? Have hundreds of commodious harbours, a thouſand leagues of coaſt, and a boundleſs ocean been ſpread in the front of this land, and ſhall every purpoſe of utility to which they could apply be prohibited by the tenant of the woods? No, generous philantropiſts! Heaven has not been thus inconiſiſtent in the works of its hands! Heaven has not thus placed at irreconcileable ſtrife, its moral laws with its phyſical creation! The Pilgrims of Plymouth obtained their right of poſſeſſion to the territory on which they ſettled by titles as fair and unequivocal as any human property can be held. By their voluntary aſſociation they recognized their allegiance to the government of Britain; and in proceſs of time received whatever powers and authorities could be conferred upon them by a Charter from their Sovereign. The ſpot on which they fixed had belonged to an Indian tribe, totally extripated by that devouring peſtilence which had ſwept the country, ſhortly before their arrival. The territory thus free from all excluſive poſſeſſion, they might have taken by the natural right of occupancy. Deſirous however of giving ample ſatisfaction to every pretence of prior right, by formal and ſolemn conventions with the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes, they acquired the further ſecurity of a purchaſe. At their hands the children of the deſert had no cauſe of complaint. On the great day of the retribution, what thouſands, what millions of the American race will appear at the bar of judgment to arraign their European invading conquerors! Let us humbly hope that the fathers of the Plymouth Colony will then appear in the whiteneſs of innocence. Let us indulge the belief that they will not only be free from all accuſation of injuſtice to theſe unfortunate ſons of nature, but that the teſtimonials of their acts of kindneſs and benevolence towards them will plead the cauſe of their virtues as they are now authenticated by the records of hiſtory upon earth."

The concluſion of this elegant production is ſolemn and intereſting.

"In thus calling to your attention ſome of the peculiar features in the principles, the character, and the hiſtory of your forefathers, it is as wide from my deſign, as I know it would be from your approbation, to adorn their memory with a chaplet plucked from the domain of others. The occaſion and the day are more peculiarly devoted to them, but let it never be diſhonored with a con-

tracted and excluſive ſpirit. Our affections as citizens embrace the whole extent of the union, and the names of *Raleigh*, *Smith*, *Winthrop*, *Calvert*, *Penn*, and *Oglethorpe*, excite in our minds recollections equally pleaſing, and gratitude equally fervent with thoſe of *Carver* and *Bradford*. Two centuries have not yet elapſed ſince the firſt European foot touched the ſoil which now conſtitutes the American union—Two centuries more and our numbers muſt exceed thoſe of Europe herſelf. The deſtinies of this empire, as they appear in proſpect before us, diſdain the powers of human calculation. Yet, as the original founder of the Roman State is ſaid once to have lifted upon his ſhoulders the fame and fortunes of all his poſterity, ſo let us never forget that the glory and greatneſs of all our deſcendants is in our hands. Preſerve in all their purity, refine if poſſible from all their alloy, thoſe virtues which we this day commemorate as the ornament of our forefathers.—Adhere to them with inflexible reſolution, as to the horns of the altar; inſtill them with unwearied perſeverance into the minds of your children; bind your ſouls and theirs to the national union as the chords of life are centred in the heart, and you ſhall ſoar with rapid and ſteady wing to the ſummit of human glory. Nearly a century ago, one of thoſe rare minds to whom it is given to diſcern future greatneſs in its ſeminal principles, upon contemplating the ſituation of this continent, pronounced in a vein of poetic inſpiration,

"Weſtward the Star of empire takes its way."

"Let us all unite in ardent ſupplications to the founder of nations and the builder of worlds, that what then was prophecy may continue unfolding into hiſtory—that the deareſt hopes of the human race may not be extinguiſhed in diſappointment, and that the laſt may prove the nobleſt empire of time."

If it were poſſible that the reputation of Mr. Adams as a ſcholar and a writer could be increaſed, this Oration alone would rank him among the firſt orators of his country.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Memoirs of Madame Lavergne.

[*Taken from M. Du Broca's Anecdotes of the conſpicuous Female Characters who ſuffered from the Revolution in France.*]

THE beautiful and accompliſhed Madame Lavergne had been married but a ſhort time to M. Lavergne. Governor of Longwy, when that town ſurrenderd to the Pruſſians; but in two months afterwards was retaken by the French, and the Governor arreſted, and ſent priſoner to Paris, without being permitted to enjoy the ſociety of his amiable wife. Though M. Lavergne was at that time upwards of ſixty, and Madame had ſcarcely attained a third of that age, yet the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, and the ſuperiority of his abilities, had excited in her boſom the livlieſt tenderneſs and eſteem, and ſhe determined not only to follow him to the capital, but to exert every faculty ſhe poſſeſſed to obtain the preſervation of his life.

"That dreadful epocha of the Revolution had already arrived, when the ſcaffold was daily reeking with the blood of thoſe victims whom ſavage cruelty had unjuſtly ſlain, and M. Lavergne hourly expected his would augment the ſanguinary ſtream! The horrors of a priſon, and the damps of a dungeon, ſoon produced the moſt alarming effects upon his health; yet his amiable wife conſidered it as a fortunate circumſtance, conceiving they would not bring him trial in ſo dibilitated a ſtate. A perilous diſeaſe, ſhe imagined, would prove a *preſent ſafeguard*, and time and exertion bring the wiſhed for relief! Vain expectation; his name appeared on that *liſt* from which no appeal could ſave him, and the ill-fated ſufferer was deſtined to attend!

"Madame Lavergne was no ſooner made acquainted with this deciſion, than ſhe preſented herſelf before the Committee for general ſafety, with a countenance expreſſive of the anguiſh of her feelings, and her eyes ſtreaming with apprehenſive tears; demanded that her huſband's trial ſhould be delayed until he had regained his faculties by a reſtoration of health; aſſuring them he was not in a ſtate to confront his accuſers, as diſeaſe had impaired his reaſon as much as his ſtrength.

"Imagine, oh, citizens," ſaid the agonized wife of Lavergne "ſuch an unfortunate being as I have deſcribed, dragged before a tribunal that decides upon life and death! Whilſt reaſon abandons him, can he underſtand the charges alledged againſt him? Or can he have power to declare his *innocence*, whoſe bodily ſufferings are now threatening to terminate his life? Will you, oh citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the frenzy of delirium? Will you ſummon him who, perhaps, at the moment, is expiring on the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable ſentence which admits no medium between liberty and the ſcaffold? And if you unite *humanity* and *juſtice*, can you ſuffer an *old man*"—At theſe words, every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whoſe

youth and beauty, contraſted with the idea of an *aged* and *infirm* huſhand, gave riſe to very different emotions in the breaſts of the members of the Committee, from thoſe which ſhe had ſo eloquently endeavoured to inſpire; and they interrupted her ſpeech with the moſt indecent jeſts, and the coarſeſt raillery. One of the members, with a ſcornful ſmile, aſſured her, that, young and handſome as ſhe was, it would not be ſo difficult as ſhe appeared to imagine, to find means of conſolation for the loſs of a huſband, who, in the common courſe of nature, had completely lived his time. Another of them, equally brutal, and ſtill more ferocious, added, that the fervor with which ſhe pleaded the cauſe of ſuch a huſhand, was an unnatural exceſs; and therefore the Committee could not attend to her petition.

"Horror, indignation, and deſpair, took poſſeſſion of the unfortunate Madame Lavergne's ſoul. She had heard the pureſt and moſt exalted affection for one of the worthieſt men, condemned and vilified as a degrading appetite! She had been wantonly inſulted, whilſt demanding juſtice, by the adminiſtrators of the law; and ſhe ruſhed in ſilence from the preſence of theſe inhuman monſters, to hide the agony that almoſt burſt her heart.

"One ray of hope ſtill roſe to cheer the gloom of deep deſpondency away. *Dumas*, one of the judges of the tribunal, ſhe had known in former times; *him*, therefore, ſhe reſolved to ſeek, and, in ſpite of the antipathy his preſent actions had inſpired, implore him to let the trial be delayed. In all the agony of increaſing apprehenſion, ſhe threw herſelf at this inflexible monſter's feet, uſed all the arguments ſuggeſted by affection, only to have the fatal hour delayed. Dumas replied coldly, that it did not belong to *him* to grant the favor ſhe ſolicited; neither ſhould he chuſe to make ſuch a requeſt of the tribunal; and then increaſing the bitterneſs of diſappointment by the inſolence of ſarcaſm, he inquired whether it was ſo *great a misfortune* to be delivered from a troubleſome huſband of *ſixty*, whoſe death would leave her at liberty to employ her youthful charms more uſeful to the ſtate?

"Such a *reiteration of inſult* rouſed the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to deſparation. She ſhrieked with anguiſh too inſupportable to bear; and riſing from the poſture of ſupplication, ſhe extended her out-ſtretched arms to heaven, and in a phrenzied voice, exclaimed, "juſt God! will not the crimes of theſe attrocious men awake thy vengeance? Go, monſter!" ſhe cried, addreſſing herſelf to Dumas, "I no longer want *thy* aid; no longer will I deign to ſupplicate thy pity! Away to the tribunal; there will I alſo appear: then ſhall it be known whether *I deſerve* the outrages *thou* and thy baſe aſſociates have heaped upon my head!"

"From the preſence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the motely crowd, waited *impatient* for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day begin, and the unfortunate

Lavergne is called ! The jailors convey him thither on a mattrafs —and a few trifling queſtions are propoſed, to which with difficulty he replies when the mock trial cloſes, and the ill-fated governor is doomed to die !

" Scarcely had the ſentence paſſed the judge's lips, when Madame Lavergne cried, with a loud voice, " *Vive le Roy !*" In vain the ſurrounding multitude endeavored to prevent the ſound; for the more they tried to deaden its extenſion, the more vehement became her cries ; and ſhe continued exclaiming " *Vive le Roy !*" until the guard forced her way.

" So great had been the intereſt which the diſtreſs of this amiable young woman had excited, that ſhe was followed to the place of confinement by a numerous throng, who anxiouſly endeavored to avert the fate which awaited her, by an attempt to drown her cries.

" When the publis accuſer interrogated her upon the motives of her extraordinary conduct, ſhe informed him, ſhe was not actuated either by revenge or deſpair, but by the loyalty which was rooted in her heart. " *I adore,*" ſaid ſhe, " the ſyſtem that you have deſtroyed ; and I expect no mercy from you, for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and I will perſiſt in the confeſſion I have publicly made as long as I live."

" To ſuch a declaration no reply was made ; but madame Lavergne's name was inſtantly added to the ſuſpected liſt, and in a few minutes ſhe was brought before the tribunal, where ſhe again uttered her own condemnation, and was decreed to die.— From that inſtant the agitation of her ſpirits ſubſided ; ſerenity appeared to have re-poſſeſſed her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced the peace and comfort of her ſoul !

" On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne firſt aſcended the fatal cart, and requeſted to be placed in a poſition that ſhe might view her huſband's face. That unfortunate huſband had fallen into a ſwoon, and lay extended upon a truſs of ſtraw without the ſlighteſt appearance of life. The motion of the cart had looſend the boſom of his ſhirt, and expoſed his breaſt to the ſcorching rays of a vertical ſun, which his amiable wife perceiving, intreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief, and unite his ſhirt. Madame Lavergne's attention was never for one moment directed from the object of her tenderneſs; and perceiving, by the change of his countenance, that his ſenſes revived, in ſoftened accents, ſhe pronounced his name. At the ſound of that voice, whoſe melody had ſo long been a ſtranger to his ears, Lavergne raiſed his languid eyes, and fixed them on the object of his love, with a look expreſſive of *alarm* and *tenderneſs*. " Do not be alarmed," ſaid ſhe ; it was your faithful wife who called. We could not *live*, but we ſhall *die* together !' The agitated Lavergne burſt into tears of gratitude ; and his oppreſſed heart poured forth its ſoft ſenſations into that boſom which ſhared all its ſorrows —and though the tyrants fain would have divided them, 'twas death that joined them in *a better life !*

Memoirs of Madame Roland.

MADAME ROLAND, born at Paris in the year 1756, was indebted to Nature for the moſt happy diſpoſitions; and ſo well had ſhe cultivated her talents that, at the early age of eighteen, ſhe had written ſome very profound reflections on the moſt abſtruſe ſubjects.

At what age ſhe became the wife of M. Roland we do not learn; but ſhe had never ceaſed her literary labours. Speaking, in one part of her works, of the writings that ſhe compoſed when a girl, ſhe ſays,—"I have a pretty large packet of my works, written previous to my marriage, piled up in a duſty corner of my library, or, perhaps, in a garret: never had I the ſlighteſt intention of one day becoming an author. I perceived, very early in life, that a woman who gained this title loſt a great deal more than ſhe acquired. The men do not love her; and her own ſex criticiſe her: if her works be bad, ſhe is ridiculed, and not without reaſon; if good, her title to them is diſputed."

During the time of her huſband's being miniſter of the Interior, ſhe was the author of many of the public papers ſigned by him, and which, for juſt compoſition, brilliancy of language, and patriotic ſentiment, are, perhaps, unrivalled. To the enthuſiaſm of a ſpirited reformiſt ſhe added a degree of firmneſs that gave weight to her deciſions, and made her company be ſought after by all the *Moderés* of Paris. Whenever Roland gave a political dinner, this lady always preſided. She had at one time, indeed, her regular levees of ſtateſmen, and was conſulted as if ſhe were Prime Miniſter.

Courteous in her demeanour, and eaſy in her manners, though her ſound judgment and good ſenſe awed her inferiors into reſpectful ſilence, yet ſhe had thoſe means of conciliation in her power which never failed to render her miſtreſs of the principles and the views of thoſe by whom ſhe was conſulted.

At length, Roland, having attached himſelf to the weakeſt party, became the object of jealouſy and hatred; thoſe, who, in his proſperity, had courted him, and been deeply indebted to his favour, when his power was at an end ſhamefully abandoned him, and he and his wife were ſoon after included in one proſcription. Her few remaning friends having heard that wicked men were lurking about the houſe, probably with the view of privately taking her life, declared her flight to be indiſpenſable, and that it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould leave her houſe in other clothes than her own. The dreſs of a country girl was brought her to put on; but ſome alteration being propoſed in the cap, her natural fortitude revived, ſhe indignantly threw it away with the reſt of the dreſs, and ſaid, "I am aſhamed of the part that I am made to act: I will neither diſguiſe myſelf, nor go out of the way. If I am to be aſſaſſinated, it ſhall be in my own houſe: I owe to my country this example of firmneſs, and I will give it."

Finding it neceſſary to place her daughter out of the reach of danger, ſhe wrote to a Madame Mignot, who had undertaken her education, to ſend her to the family eſtate in the country, "to wait for more happy days; to cultivate her moral faculties, and prepare her to meet reverſes without fearing them, as well as to enjoy proſperity without being ambitious of it; according to the example of her parents, who have lived without reproach, and will die without terror."

Roland ſought in flight ſecurity from his enemies; but his wife refuſed to go, thinking that, by ſtaying, and becoming herſelf the victim, ſhe might turn aſide the fury from her huſband. On the 1ſt of June 1793, ſhe was thrown into the dungeon of the Abbey, and afterwards removed to the priſon of St. Pelagie.

During her impriſonment ſhe compoſed ſome admirable "Memoirs" relative to the Events of the Revolution and to Herſelf. A few days before ſhe was dragged to the ſcaffold, ſhe ſaid, "If Fate had allowed me to live, I believe I ſhould have been ambitious of only one thing; and that would have been to write the Annals of the preſent Age, and to become the Macaulay of my country: I have, in my confinement, conceived a real fondneſs for Tacitus, and cannot go to ſleep till I have read a paſſage of his work. It ſeems to me that we ſee things in the ſame light: and that, in time, and with a ſubject equally rich, it would not have been impoſſible for me to imitate his ſtyle."

Let any perſon read attentively the works of her's which have been publiſhed, and they will be convinced that no one could ſo juſtly aſpire to be the Tacitus of her age as Madame Roland. She had every thing at her diſpoſal: profound knowledge of the times and of men, fecundity of expreſſion, grace and vigour of ſtyle, correctneſs of underſtanding, ſtrength of character, and the love of virtue: with advantages ſo rich who could more worthily hold the pencil of hiſtory! Vain hopes! vain regrets! Early in November, after an impriſonment of five months, Madame Roland was led to execution without a murmur, and received death by the guillotine with a truly heroic firmneſs and ſerenity; exclaiming, as ſhe bowed before the ſtatue of Liberty, O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

On the 16th of the ſame month her huſband privately left Paris, ſeated himſelf againſt a tree in an avenue about four leagues from Rouen, drew a ſword from his walking-cane, plunged it into his breaſt, and died without the leaſt change of his poſition.

Memoirs of Mrs. Griffith.

THIS Lady, whoſe literary talents a late poet has characteriſed by calling her

"A ſecond Sapho, with a purer flame,"

was of Welch deſcent. Her maiden name was Griffith, and ſhe married Richard Griffith, Eſq. himſelf an author, and of a very good family in Ireland.

She firſt diſtinguiſhed herſelf as a literary character by the "Letters of Henry and Frances," which contained the genuine correſpondence between her and her huſband before their marriage, and for ſome years after. Theſe manuſcripts were publiſhed at the particular requeſt of Margaret, late Counteſs of Cork, who was one of her friends and confidants in this connexion, which was at firſt kept ſecret, on account of certain family reaſons, as may be gathered from ſome of the Letters. This collection has paſſed through many editions; and has received the approbation of all readers of taſte, morality, or refinement.

Her next publication was "The Memoirs of Ninon De l'Enclos," collected from different authors, digeſted and tranſlated from the French, with her Letters to St. Evremond and the Marquis de Sevigné; which Mrs. Griffith interſperſed with a good deal of ingenious original writing of her own, and illuſtrated with notes and comments. The Life of a female Libertine, and a Diſquiſition upon the Topic of Gallantry, of which this work conſiſts, were hazardous ſubjects for a woman to treat of; but ſhe conducted herſelf ſo admirably through this difficulty, that it afforded a juſt occaſion for the following compliment, addreſſed to her upupon that performance, by one of her admirers.

"Whilſt Ninon's ſpirit kindles all Love's fire,
"Thy moral chaſtens every looſe deſire.
"Thy regulated paſſion void of blame,
"Warms without ſcorching, like the veſtal flame:
"I trembled for you, as I read along,
"But found your reaſon cool, your virtue ſtrong;
"With ſuch addreſs the dangerous theme you treat,
"As muſt the Libertine's free hopes defeat;
"Thy wit th' Aſbeſtos' property obtains,
"Which from the hotteſt fire a pureneſs gains;
"Like Emma's, too, thy chaſtity appears,
"Who rag'd unhurt amidſt the burning ſhares."

Her next work was a dramatic poem called "Amana" founded upon a fable told in the Adventurer, Numbers lxxii and lxxiii; which ſhe improved by the addition of ſeveral characters, and enriched with ſtyle, moral, and ſentiment.

To theſe ſucceeded three novels, publiſhed at different times; "The Delicate Diſtreſs," "Hiſtory of Lady Barton," and "The Story of Lady Juliana Harley;" all which are highly eſteemed. The fables are intereſting, the incidents natural, the characters ſtrongly marked and well diſtinguiſhed, the language polite, and the ſentiments inſtructive and refined.

In ſome of the intervals of theſe publications, this lady produced three comedies; "The Platonic Wife," acted at Drury Lane, "The Double Miſtake," performed at Covent Garden, and "The School for Rakes," exhibited at Drury Lane; all received with great applauſe.

This lady wrote another comedy, called "A Wife in the Right," which failed the firſt night, principly through the means of Shuter, who had a conſiderable part in the play; and having juſt before given the public ſome offence, was called upon to make an apology and ſubmiſſion on his firſt entrance, which flurried and threw him into ſuch confuſion, that he quite loſt all idea of the character he was to ſupport; and forgetting alſo the words he was to ſpeak, ſupplied theſe deficencies with grimace and jargon all his own. This play has been ſince printed, and allowed by all its readers to poſſeſs merits ſufficient to have inſured its ſucceſs.

But the laſt and moſt valuable of all this lady's works, is her "Morality of Shakeſpeare's Drama Illuſtrated," which reflects equal honour upon her author and herſelf. In the comments, obſervations, and reflections, that ſhe has given us upon the ſeveral texts, the writer has manifeſted a thorough knowledge of the human heart, an elevation of ſentiment, a refinement in ethics, with a devout ſenſe of religion, and juſt notion of all the other duties of life.

We ſhall conclude our account of this lady, with regard both to her literary and moral character, with the following copy of verſes, written to her upon the publication of the above work; and a more flattering or more honourable teſtimony cannot well be imagined, as we are credibly informed that the author of theſe lines was her huſband:

To Mrs. Griffith, on her "Morality of Shakeſpeare."

The various minds of critics long perplext
With expoſitions on great Shakeſpeare's text
While learned Clerks remit their paſt'ral care
To note his beauties, or his blots declare,
Regarding him but as a claſſic writer,
O'erpaſſing merits higher, richer, brighter;
Enamour'd of his ethics, Frances came,
And crown'd him with a nobler wreath of fame;
Explor'd his moral, gave his precept praiſe,
And ſhew'd his heart ſuperior to his lays.
So different geniuſſes their labours ſuit,
They cull the flowers, while you collect the fruit.
Proceed, chaſte Scribe! purſue thy virtuous plan,
Whoſe every page reproves ſome vice of man;
Whoſe talents comprehend the largeſt ſcope,
Join taſte to ſenſe, and doctrine to a Trope.
Nay, further, add the example of thy life,
And prove the wit inferior to the wife.

Mrs. Griffith died on the 5th of January 1793, at Millicent, in the county of Kildare Ireland, in which country, in the early part of her life, ſhe had trod the ſtage with ſome degree of reputation. She alſo made an entrée at Covent Garden Theatre on the 10th of December 1753, as Clarinda, in The Suſpicious Huſband; and afterwards performed in a new tragedy called Philoclea; but how long ſhe continued on the ſtage we cannot aſcertain.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Notices relative to the preſent ſtate of Literature among the modern Greeks.

THE learning of ſuch of the Modern Greeks as have never travelled out of Turkey, conſiſts principally of a grammatical knowledge of the Greek language. They explain in their ſchools the Syntax of Theodore Gaza, on which the celebrated Neophytus, formerly Profeſſor in Buchareſt, has written a copious Commentary. From this Commentary Athanaſius has formed a Compendium. The leptology and analyſis of the language is very much attended to by the modern Greeks: many of their teachers, however, not only underſtand the ancient Greek authors, but even write the ancient language of Greece both in proſe and verſe. The Conſtantinopolitans pronounce the Greek language with the greateſt delicacy, but interlard it with a great number of Turkiſh words. The Macedonians and Theſſalonians have likewiſe a good pronunciation. The natives of Epirus and the iſles are inferior in this reſpect. Of late years, many of the Greeks have attended the German and French univerſities, where they ſtudy philoſophy, mathematics and in particular medicine, and have made a very conſiderable progreſs in theſe branches of ſcience. The enlightened zeal of the preſent Biſhop of Lariſſa in Theſſaly deſerves to be celebrated with due praiſe. This worthy prelate has ſent ſeveral young men to Germany and France, and defrays the expenſes of their education. The modern Greeks are ſtill diſtinguiſhed by a great thirſt of knowledge; it is not an uncommon phenomanon to ſee men nearly fifty years of age engaged in the ſtudy of languages and the ſciences. The unfortunate Riga has publiſhed twelve maps at Vienna, in which the names are engraved in Greek characters. Theſe maps comprehend the country adjoining to the Danube, Greece, and a part of Aſia Minor. They are indeed far from being perfect, but ſtill will be found very uſeful, as both the ancient and modern names are given. Fr. Müller, of Vienna, has reduced theſe maps to a ſmaller ſcale, ſo that they form one large map. Daniel, a learned monk, who ſtudied at the Univerſity of Paris, and now reſides at Jaſſy, has publiſhed a good Geographical Deſcription of Greece. The Greeks begin to tranſlate a great number of books into the modern Greek language. The brothers Zoſima, two very wealthy merchants in Moſcow, have cauſed ſeveral books to be printed and diſtributed at their own expenſe; as, for inſtance, the Mathematical Work of the celebrated Theotoki, who died lately at Moſcow. Eugenios, who reſides at Peterſburg, having been preceptor to the Arch-duke Conſtantine, has written a Courſe of Logic, and tranſlated Segner's Mathematics. A learned Greek, of the name of Anthimus, in Vienna, has tranſlated a Courſe o Natural Philoſophy, and another De la Caille's Algebra. Sev eral hiſtorical works have likewiſe been tranſlated. Jannaki, wh

reſides at Jaſſy, has tranſlated *Stephani Theſaurus Linguæ Græcæ* into the modern Greek; but the work is not yet printed. Several grammars and vocabularies have lately been compoſed, to facilitate the acquiſition of foreign languages, eſqecially the German, of which they are very fond. The Greeks have ſeveral ſchools in Turkey: at Jaſſy, Buchareſt, Conſtantinople, in the iſland of Patmos, Joannina, &c. In Joannina, Pſalidas, who ſtudied at Vienna, teaches the mathematical and philſoſophical ſciences, and is much eſteemed by the Ali Pacha. In ſhort, the dawn of learning begins again to appear on the horizon of Greece.

For the The New England Quarterly Magazine.

Remarks upon Italian Literature.

So great is the number of Italian writers upon all ſubjects, that a foreigner, who wiſhes to acquire a knowledge of the tongue, is expoſed to the hazard of making a bad choice, and to entertain, of courſe, the moſt ſtrange prejudices againſt the books and their writers. The notice of ſuch authors as have obtained the approbation of all ages and countries, would be ſuperfiuous; the names of Dante, Petrarca, Arioſto, Taſſo, Guarini, Taſſoni, and Sannazaro, ſpeaking ſufficiently for themſelves, as beyond all cenſure or praiſe. My intention is only to give my ideas concerning ſuch as are well known in the republic of letters, but whoſe merit has not been as yet exactly appreciated. In this review I ſhall moreover limit myſelf to ſuch writers as are of a general intereſt, hiſtorians, philologiſts, poets, &c. and for ſufficient reaſons, I ſhall take no notice of any of the preſent century, which is the true term from which the decay of the language has commenced.

Monſignor Della Caſa, is, in my opinion, the moſt truly correct and elegant of all the Italian writers. His works may be conſidered as a model of what is called the *didactic ſtyle*. He was arch-biſhop of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and one of the greateſt men in the golden age of learning. He publiſhed, among other things, two ineſtimable tracts on the "*Civilities of Life*," productions which muſt endure till the final diſſolution of ſociety. One of them is entitled, "*Galateo*," and contains precepts on the manners of common ſociety; the other, intitled, "*A Treatiſe on Common Duties*," teaches how to behave in the relations connected with ſuperior or inferior acquaintances.

A rival to the "*Galateo*" is the "*Cortegiano, or Accompliſhed Gentleman*," of Count Balthaſſar Caſtiglione, a Mantuan.—That nobleman was bred in the ſplendid court of the dukes of Urbino, and was well qualified, in every ſenſe of the word, to write on the duties of courtiers. His ſtyle is ſprightly, elegant, natural, and eaſy. By the Italians, the "*Cortegiano*', is called *a golden book*, and certainly the epithet is applied juſtly.

Cardinal Bembo, a Venitian, was in the court of Leo X. what in another illuſtrious age the Mæcenaſes were in that of Auguſtus. He is one of thoſe who have deſerved the beſt of Italian literature.

His ſtyle is admirable for the exquiſite choice of words. He is cenſurable, however, for having conformed too much, by a ſort of violence, to the genius of the Latin tongue; herein furniſhing a bad precedent to the greater part of his contemporaries.

However great be the progreſs of philoſophy, and the exact ſciences in other parts of Europe, and in ſpite of the preſent decay of Italy in hiſtory and poetry, the ſuperiority of the Italians in hiſtory cannot be called in queſtion. What is ſtill more remarkable is, that the beſt and greateſt of thoſe hiſtorians are perfectly pure and elegant writers. Among theſe, Guicciardini and Machiavel take the lead. If the ſciences could be appreciated by the judgment of men, like works of imagination, more diſputes would have been ſtarted in Italy concerning the reſpective merits of theſe two great political writers, than concerning the poetical ſuperiority of Taſſo and Arioſto. Both Guicciardini and Machiavel are ſovereigns in the ſubjects of hiſtory and politics; and the dignity of their ſtyle is equal to their ſentiments: it has been objected, however, to Guicciardini, that he is often too diffuſe; and to Machiavel, that he has ſometimes ſtumbled in points of grammar.

In the next rank to Guiccardini is Bentivoglio. This excellent hiſtorian was a cardinal, and had formerly been papal nuncio at Paris. He wrote the hiſtory of the memorable war of the Netherlands, under Philip II. of Spain. His ſtyle is natural, eaſy, pure, and conciſe. Davila, Nani, and eſpecially Paruta, are not at all inferior to Bentivoglio. The various hiſtories of Davanſati, and, above all, his tranſlation of Tacitus, are, however, in my opinion, the beſt calculated to give an advantageous idea of the Italian language to foreigners. It has been often objected to this tongue, that it is to diffuſe and imbecile: to avert this reproach, Davanſati undertook to tranſlate into it the moſt ſententious writer of antiquity, and even to perform the taſk with a fewer number of words. His ſtyle is therefore ſtrong and pregnant with idea like the original: nor need any higher encomium be paſſed upon him than to ſay, that M. d'Alembert, allowed to be the moſt conciſe of all the modern writers, has not been able to tranſlate Tacitus with more preciſion.

The Italian philologiſts of the greateſt repute are Varchi, Caſtelverto, Muzio, and Beni, all of whom have greatly contributed to the perfection of the language. Their writings furniſh alike both precept and example. Varchi, a learned man of the firſt eminence, was born in Florence, in the year 1502. His principal work is the hiſtory of his country during the laſt revolutions of the republican government. Next to this is the "*Ercolano*," which treats wholly of language. No one ever expreſſed in Italian a philoſophical thought better than this elegant philologer. Caſtelvetro was born in Modena, in the year 1505, and is celebrated for his "*Art of Poetry*." Muzio, a Paduan, was born in 1460; he left a number of works, one of which is entitled "*Strug-*

gles in behalf of the Italian Language." Beni was born in 1552, and was profeſſor of the *belles lettres* in Padua. He wrote a book called "*L'Anticruſca,*" containing judicious critiques on the ancient Tuſcan writer.

The Itallians have not excelled in political declamation, nor in bar eloquence. In pulpit eloquence, however, Father Segneri, a Jeſuit, is not inferior to Maſſillon or Tillotſon. He poſſeſſes a ſtrong and inſinuating elocution, and has carried the Italian language to its higheſt pitch of energy. He was born in Nettuno, near Rome, in 1694.

Foreigners who cultivate Itallian ſhould, before they enter on the ſtudy of the claſſical poets, make themſelves familiar with two of them, whoſe writings breathe the true genius of poetry, without the help of rhyme, figures, or common topics. I mean Alamanni and Marchetti. Alamanni wrote an excellent poem "*On Huſbandry,*" which has been compared to Virgil's "*Georgics.*"—Although he falls ſhort of this compariſon, it is certain, that he has gained immortal honor in having been the firſt to employ the graces of poetry on didactic ſubjects, and to reſcue poetry itſelf from the thraldom of rhyme. Marchetti is, no doubt, the beſt Italian tranſlator extant. In many paſſages he has ſurpaſſed the Latin original of Lucretius: beſides this merit, he will be ever dear to the Italians for having given to blank verſe all the majeſty of poetry.

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Diſcoverers in Philoſophy Compared with Poets.

I USED to think that a great diſcoverer in philoſophy, ſuch as Bacon or Newton, was much ſuperior to the meaner mob of philoſophers, than is a Shakeſpeare or a Milton to a Blackmore or a Cibber, to the rooks and the jackdaws of poetry. I am of that opinion no longer. I have been induced, I muſt confeſs, to diveſt myſelf of much of that exceſſive veneration with which I long regarded the principal names in philoſophy.

In truth, authors of great diſcoveries in philoſophy, have rarely or never attained far above the common level of the philoſophical knowledge of the ages in which they reſpectively lived. The converſation of the peaceful intercourſe of the citizens of Athens; the harangues and diſcuſſions in their public aſſemblies; the moral knowledge which they had generally acquired in the cultivation of the arts, and in the ordinary exerciſe of their civil and political rights; the diſcoveries and the errors of former philoſophers; the writings and exhibitions of the drama; had ſo prepared the way at Athens, for the origin of the philoſophy of Socrates, as to make it impoſſible that there ſhould not ſome ſuch philoſopher ariſe among the Athenians about that æra. Ariſtotle was but a diſciple of the ſchool of Socrates, whoſe dialectics and ſcientific arrangements had their ſource in the doctrines of

his maſter, and of the contemporary ſophiſts. The diſcoveries of Bacon were made at a time when the world began to become weary of the logic and metaphyſics of the ſchools; when frequet attempts were made to new-model and ſimplify the ſchool-philoſophy; when the improvement of human knowledge was already very generally ſought by other means, than the mere laws of ſyntheſis and of ſyllogiſm? when experiment and induction had been already tried with ſucceſs by the alchemiſts, and by other explorers of the ſecrets of nature. Was there not in theſe circumſtances as much of happy fortune as of ſuperior genius, in the accompliſhment of thoſe grand diſcoveries which we aſcribe to Bacon? The reſearches of Galileo, if they did not diſcover the gravity of the atmoſphere, yet advanced ſo near to this diſcovery, as to leave no very extraordinary merit to his pupil Torricelli, in the actual accompliſhment of it. Far be it from me to offer to tear, with raſh hand, the laurels from the immortal brow of Newton! Yet, let me permitted to obſerve, that when this great man diſcovered the doctrine of the attraction of gravitation, aſtronomy, geography, and navigation, mechanics, and and all the mechanical arts, had been improved to ſuch a pitch of advancement, the attention of philoſophers was ſo earneſtly turned towards the diſcovery of the true ſyſtem of the univerſe, and the operations of mathematical calculation had been ſo much facilitated and improved, that the theory of gravitation, had it even eſcaped the genius of Newton, could not well have failed to ariſe to the meditations of ſome one or another of the philoſophers, who were contemporary with him. Reflecting upon theſe facts, we ſhall find it difficult to maintain, that even Newton ſoared to ſuch an exceſſive height above the common level of the knowledge of his age, as many of his admirers ſeem to have imagined. In the more recent inſtance of the diſcovery of the true theory of chemiſtry, does the merit of that diſcovery reſt with Lavoiſier alone? No; Van Helmont, Boyle, Mayow, Hale, Prieſtly, Bergman, Scheele, Black, Cavendiſh, Baumé, Macquer, Bucquet, had, ſucceſſively or collaterally, purſued chemical inveſtigations, and traced out the general truths of this ſcience, till it was almoſt as impoſſible that ſome one or another ſhould not ſtumble on Lavoiſier's diſcoveries, as that a number of perſons ſhould, in in a dark night, wander about among frequent open pits, and yet none of them have the fortune to fall in. Such has ever been the caſe in regard to the grand diſcoveries in philoſophy. Knew we but minutely the ſteps by which their authors were conducted to them, we ſhould not fail to abate much from the fervour of that admiration with which we are at preſent diſpoſed to regard thoſe authors. Nay, more. I doubt not, but there has been a greater energy of genius exerted, and much more contributed towards the true advancement of ſcience, by perſons whoſe names are undiſtinguiſhed in its annals; than by thoſe on whom has been fondly laviſhed boundleſs praiſe. It is in philoſophy as in war: the ſol-

diers fight the battle, but the meed of victory is for the generals alone.

In poetry, the caſe is widely different. The great poet can never derive from his predeceſſors more than a very little of that on which alone his fame can be permanently built. Melody, and variety of verſification; a copious and happily expreſſed phraſeology; taſte to avoid falſe ornaments of wit and fancy; ſkill to adjuſt all the parts of a work into one whole; all theſe, the poet may, indeed, derive from the ſtudy of the works of his predeceſſors, but little elſe can this ſtudy confer. We eaſily diſtinguiſh what is merely the copy of a copy from that which is directly imitated from nature. We praiſe the great poet only in proportion as his images and ſentiments are original as well as juſt and intereſting. Of all the literary arts, poetry is the leaſt benefited by the gradual progreſs of human knowledge. Its grand engines are continually diſarmed by the overthrow of ignorance and ſuperſtition; and one poet after another ſtill pre-occupies from his ſucceſſors, one after another of the great provinces of nature, ſo as to excite the general ſentiment; *Pereant qui noſtra, ante nos, dixêre.* If Virgil has imitated Homer; If Milton has borrowed largely from all poetical antiquity, ſacred and profane, we are careful to ſtrip them of all their borrowed feathers, whenever we come to eſtimate their poetical merits. What infinite pains has been taken to trace all the imitations and plagiariſms of the divine Shakeſpeare? We give poets credit ſolely for what each has himſelf actually caught from nature. We ſometimes, as has heen beautifully ſhewn by Dr. Hurd, ſuppoſe them imitators, when they are in truth, entitled to the praiſe of originality. A poet cannot borrow, without being perceived to borrow. In philoſophy we are apt, at all times, to praiſe him who impoſes the key-ſtone, as if he had built the whole arch.

It is for theſe reaſons, chiefly, that I think the truly great poet to be a more illuſtrious character than the great diſcoverer in philoſophy. H.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Paradiſe of Negro Slaves.—A Dream.

Written by Dr. Ruſh.

SOON after reading Mr. Clarkſon's ingenious and pathetic eſſay on the ſlavery and commerce of the human ſpecies, the ſubject made ſo deep an impreſſion upon my mind, that it followed me in my ſleep, and produced a dream of ſo extraordinary a nature, that I have yielded to the importunities of ſome of my friends, by communicating it to the public. I thought I was conducted to a country, which in point of cultivation and ſcenery, far ſurpaſſed any thing I had ever heard, or read in my life. This country, I found, was inhabited only by negroes. They appeared cheerful and happy. Upon my approaching a beautiful grove, where a number of them were aſſembled for religious purpoſes, I per-

ceived at once a pauſe in their exerciſes, and an appearance of general perturbation. They fixed their eyes upon me—while one of them, a venerable looking man, came forward, and in the name of the whole aſſembly, addreſſed me in the following language.

"Excuſe the panic which you have ſpread through this peaceful and happy company: we perceive that you are a *white man*.—That colour which is the emblem of innocence in every other creature of God, is to us a ſign of guilt in man. The perſons whom you ſee here, were once dragged by the men of your colour from their native country, and conſigned by them to labour—puniſhment—and death.—We are here collected together, and enjoy an ample compenſation in our preſent employments for all the miſeries we endured on earth. We know that we are ſecured by the Being whom we worſhip, from injury and oppreſſion. Our appearance of terror, therefore, was entirely the ſudden effect of habits which have not yet been eradicated from our minds."

"Your apprehenſions of danger from the ſight of a white man," ſaid I, "are natural. But in me—you behold a friend. I have been your advocate—and."———Here, he interrupted me, and ſaid, "Is not your name———?" I anſwered in the affirmative. Upon this he ran up and embraced me in his arms, and afterwards conducted me into the midſt of the aſſembly, where, after being introduced to the principal characters, I was ſeated upon a bank of moſs; and the following account was delivered to me by the venerable perſon who firſt accoſted me.

"The place we now occupy, is called the *paradiſe of negro ſlaves*. It is deſtined to be our place of reſidence 'till the general judgment; after which time, we expect to be admitted into higher and more perfect degrees of happineſs. Here we derive great pleaſure from contemplating the infinite goodneſs of God, in alloting to us our full proportion of miſery on earth; by which means we have eſcaped the puniſhments, to which the free and happy part of mankind too often expoſe themſelves after death. Here we have learned to thank God, for all the afflictions our taſkmaſters heaped on us; inaſmuch, as they were the means of our preſent happineſs. Pain and diſtreſs are the unavoidable portions of all mankind. They are the only poſſible avenues that can conduct them to peace and felicity. Happy are they, who partake of their proportion of both upon the earth." Here he ended.—

After a ſilence of a few minutes, a young man, who bore on his head the mark of a wound, came up to me and aſked "If I knew any thing of Mr.———, of the Iſland of——" I told him "I did not."—"Mr.———," ſaid he, "was my maſter. One day, I miſtook his orders, and ſaddled his mare inſtead of his horſe, which provoked him ſo much that he took up an axe which laid in his yard, and with a ſtroke on my head, diſmiſſed me from life.

"I long to hear, whether he has repented of this unkind action. Do, ſir, write to him, and tell him, his ſin is not too great to be forgiven, tell him, his once miſerable ſlave, Scipio, is not angry at him—he longs to bear his prayers to the offended majeſty of heaven—and—when he dies—Scipio will apply to be one of the convoy, that ſhall conduct his ſpirit to the regions of bliſs appointed for thoſe who repent of their iniquities."

Before I could reply to this ſpeech, an old man, came and ſat down by my ſide. His wool was white as ſnow. With a low, but gentle voice, he thus addreſſed me.

"Sir, I was the ſlave of Mr. ——, in the iſland of—I ſerved him faithfully upwards of ſixty years. No riſing ſun ever caught me in my cabin—no ſetting ſun ever ſaw me out of the ſugar field, except on ſundays and holidays. My whole ſubſiſtence never coſt my maſter more than forty ſhillings a year. Herrings and roots were my only food. One day, in the eightieth year of my age, the overſeer ſaw me ſtop to reſt myſelf againſt the ſide of a tree, where I was at work. He came up to me, and beat me, 'till he could endure the fatigue and heat occaſioned by the blows he gave me, no longer. Nor was this all—he complained of me to my maſter, who inſtantly ſet me up at public vendue, and ſold me for two guineas to a tavern-keeper, in a diſtant pariſh. The diſtreſs I felt, in leaving my children, and grand-children (28 of whom I left on my old maſter's plantation) ſoon put an end to my exiſtence, and landed me upon theſe happy ſhores. I have now no wiſh to gratify but one—and that is to be permitted to viſit my old maſter's family. I long to tell my maſter, that his wealth cannot make him happy.—That the ſufferings of a ſingle hour in the world of miſery, for which he is preparing himſelf, will overbalance all the pleaſures he ever enjoyed in his life—and that for every act of unneceſſary ſeverity he inflicts upon his ſlaves, he ſhall ſuffer tenfold in the world to come."

He had hardly finiſhed his tale, when a decent looking woman came forward, and addreſſed me in the following language.—Sir,

"I was once the ſlave of Mr. ——, in the ſtate of ——. From the healthineſs of my conſtitution, I was called upon to ſuckle my Maſter's eldeſt ſon. To enable me to perform this office more effectually, my own child was taken from my breaſt, and ſoon afterwards died. My affections in the firſt emotions of my grief, faſtened themſelves upon my infant maſter. He thrived under my care and grew up a handſome young man. Upon the death of his father, I became his property.—Soon after this event, he loſt 100l. at cards. To raiſe this money I was ſold to a planter in a neighbouring ſtate. I can never forget the anguiſh, with which my aged father and mother followed me to the end of the lane, when I left my maſter's houſe, and hung upon me, when they bid me farewell."

"My new maſter obliged me to work in the field; the conſequence of which was, I caught a fever which in a few weeks end-

ed my life. Say, my friend, is my firſt young maſter ſtill alive? If he is—go to him, and tell him, his unkind behaviour to me is upon record againſt him. The gentle ſpirits in heaven, whoſe happineſs conſiſts in expreſſions of gratitude and love, will have no fellowſhip with him. His ſoul muſt be melted with pity, or he can never eſcape the puniſhment which awaits the hard-hearted, equally with the impenitent, in the regions of miſery."

As ſoon as ſhe had finiſhed her ſtory, a middle aged woman approached me, and after a low and reſpectful courteſy, thus addreſſed me.

"Sir I was born and educated in a chriſtian family in one of the ſouthern ſtates of America. In the thirty-third year of my age, I applied to my maſter to purchaſe my freedom. Inſtead of granting my requeſt, he conveyed me by force on board of a veſſel and ſold me to a planter in the iſland of Hiſpaniola. "Here it pleaſed God."——Upon pronouncing theſe words, ſhe pauſed, and a general ſilence enſued.—All at once, the eyes of the whole aſſembly were turned from me, and directed towards a little white man who advanced towards them, on the oppoſite ſide of the grove, in which we were ſeated. His face was grave, placid, and full of benignity. In one hand he carried a ſubſcription paper and a petition—in the other, he carried a ſmall pamphlet, on the unlawfulneſs of the African ſlave-trade, and a letter directed to the King of Pruſſia, upon the unlawfulneſs of war. While I was employed in contemplating this venerable figure—ſuddenly I beheld the whole aſſembly running to meet him—the air reſounded with the clapping of hands—and I awoke from my dream by the noiſe of a general acclamation of—

ANTHONY BENEZET!

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Female Conſtancy. Or the effects of Poetry.

From a Paris Journal.

POETRY or muſic: which of the two poſſeſſes the moſt powerful influence on man? It is difficult to decide upon the ſuperiority of either. It is known what prodigies were wrought by the latter under the fingers of Orpheus and Amphion, and the powerful effects which it produced through the organ of Tyrtæus. Neither are the vaſt projects to which the poetry of Homer incited the young King of Macedon forgotten. The following anecdote of an occurrence laſt ſummer proves the influence of the beautiful poems of Taſſo, the Homer of Italy.

A young lady, from the neighbourhood of Alexandria, belonging to a family of diſtinction, had devoted herſelf, from her infancy, to the ſtudy of Taſſo, whoſe Jeruſalem Delivered ſhe had entirely by heart. Such was her taſte for this poet, and ſo far had ſhe identified herſelf with his heroines, that ſhe alternately believed herſelf to be Sophronia braving the fury of Aladius;

Clorinda contending with Tancred; or Herminia penetrating, during the night, the camp of the Chriſtians. She regarded theſe adventures as natural, and was diſpoſed to imitate them.

An opportunity ſoon occurred: the Italian hearkens to the addreſſes of a young gentleman, who is extremely anxious to marry her; but whoſe father from motives of intereſt, oppoſes his wiſhes. The young man, obliged to yield to the will of his father, a friend to the French party, enters into the ſervice, and joins the army of reſerve, after leaving a farewell letter to his miſtreſs. The father intercepts the letter. The young lady, hearing of the departure of her lover without receiving one line of conſolation from him, conſiders herſelf as neglected. The idea of not being loved afflicts her heart, and troubles her underſtanding: ſhe conſults the heroines of Taſſo. What would the tender Herminia have done thus abandoned? She would have followed her unfeeling lover to the army; ſhe would have laviſhed her own days to ſave thoſe of the ingrate, and to convince him of the truth of her paſſion, Such is the part ſhe determines on taking. She wins over an old ſervant of the family; ſets out with him; purchaſes a huſſar coat at the next town; goes ſtraight to the French camp; ſhows her brother's papers, which ſhe had taken out of his port-folio; joins the crowd of Italians, who came to the army of the Republic; and, under her brother's name, receives a flattering reception.

Confounded with the croud of ſoldiers, ſhe contemplates her lover; follows him every where with her eyes, and believes herſelf far from his thoughts, when ſhe ſees him joining in the pleaſures of the other officers, and preparing for the great battle, which was fought a few days after on the plains of Marengo.

This girl, actually believing herſelf to be Clorinda, appeared determined to join in the combat; for ſhe belonged to a detachment commanded by her lover himſelf, and charged with the defence of a poſt on the ſide of Villa-de faro; but her brother, having traced her to the army, came on the following morning to reclaim his ſiſter and the papers, on the faith of which ſhe had been enrolled. The father was ſo much touched with this extraordinary diſplay of love, that he gave his conſent to the marriage.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Police and Manners of the Inhabitants of Liſbon.

THE firſt object that muſt ſtrike every foreigner on entering Liſbon, is the badneſs of the police: the filth of the ſtreets lies every where in heaps, which, in the narrow ſtreets where the rain does not waſh it away, require great ſkill in walking, to avoid ſinking into them. In one of the moſt frequented ſtreets on the river leading to the Ribera Nova, there is only a narrow path winding near the houſes; and the reader may form an idea of the number of people who daily uſe it, the gallegos with their very

heavy burdens, which a paſſenger cannot avoid; while the carts paſs as near to the houſes as poſſible, that the horſes may not go in the deepeſt part of the mud; and thus all the dirt and filth is blindly ſplaſhed upon the paſſengers, in the worſt manner conceivable. As to the night, the city was formerly lighted, but now this practice has ceaſed; and, as the window-ſhutters are ſhut early, there is no light to diminiſh the darkneſs of theſe dirty, narrow, ill-paved ſtreets. A hoſt of dogs without maſters, and living on the public, wander about like hungry wolves; and, ſtill worſe than theſe, an army of banditti. Our friends often expreſſed their aſtoniſhment at our venturing into Portugal in theſe times of war; but I aſſured them it was by no means ſo bold an undertaking, as to go at midnight from Belem to Maravilhas, at the eaſtern extremity of the town. How can a nation, among whom are a number of enlightened men, bear ſuch an abomination, which degrades Liſbon even below Conſtantinople?

The amuſements of the carnival are always governed by the ruling taſte of every nation. Of what then ſhould they conſiſt at Liſbon? Both high and low delight in throwing all kinds of dirt and filth on the paſſengers, who, in conformity to cuſtom, and to avoid quarrels, muſt bear it patiently.

The high walls of the quintas in the town, the vacant and deſerted grounds, invite to robbery and murder, which are ſtill farther favored by the badneſs of the police. Theſe crimes are always perpetrated with knives, though all pointed knives are prohibited.

Murders generally ariſe from revenge or jealouſy; robbers are generally contented with threats. The ſpring is the moſt dangerous time; and I have known every night marked with ſome murder. The boldneſs of the aſſaſſins is aſtoniſhing. On a faſt-day, in a proceſſion in honor of St. Rochus, a man was murdered in open day in the throng, at five o'clock in the afternoon. In the ſummer of the ſame year, a man was robbed at noon, between the walls near the Prince of Waldeck's, who was witneſs to the tranſaction. The robbers were even ſo bold as to attack coaches. But the criminals almoſt always eſcaped; the compaſſion of the Portugueſe being ſuch, that every one aſſiſts him in his flight. They exclaim Coutadinho! or, Alas, poor man! and every thing is done to aſſiſt him. The puniſhment of death is entirely done away, and the culprit is ſent to the Indies, or Angola; a puniſhment which by no means gives the impreſſion of death; though the climates of both are ſo unwholeſome, that deſtruction is certain.

A great part of theſe robbers are negroes, of whom there is a greater number here, perhaps, than in any other city of Europe, not excepting London. Many of them get their bread as tradeſpeople, not unfrequently become good and reſpectable citizens;

and inſtances occur of their arriving at a high degree of ſkill as artiſans. A larger portion are beggars, thieves, procurers, and procureſſes. Every negro who has ſerved his maſter ſeven years in Europe is free; and then not unfrequently becomes a beggar, unleſs he has had a good maſter. Great numbers of them are employed as ſailors; and I do not ſee any reaſon why they are not alſo enliſted as ſoldiers: but Mr. Jungk's aſſertion, that one-fourth of the inhabitants of Liſbon are negroes and creoles, like many other aſſertions of that author, is much exaggerated.

There is a great number of vagabonds in Liſbon; for all idle people from the provinces come in torrents to the metropolis, and are permitted to live in the open town without impediment: hence ariſe the immenſe number of beggars, who partly rove about, and partly remain in fixed places, crying out continually, and promiſing to mention this or that perſon to Noſſa Senhora in their prayers. A phyſician might here meet with an uncommon number of remarkable cutaneous diſorders: I have often obſerved a true leproſy, and endeavoured, by obſervations of this kind, to render myſelf inſenſible to the diſguſt they inſpire. Theſe beggars receive a great deal in charity, through a miſtaken ſenſe of piety prevalent in Catholic countries. They alſo often practiſe artifices to obtain charity. I remember an old man who fell down before us, through hunger, as he afterwards ſaid, and thus immediately obtained from my youthful companion a conſiderable piece of gold; while I, ſomewhat colder, remarked his theatrical performance, withheld my charity, examined into the affair, and found my ſuſpicions grounded. Another claſs of begging is that for ſouls in purgatory. The religious fraternities, to whom it properly belongs to collect theſe alms, and to have maſſes performed in a certain church for that purpoſe, farm out this employment to certain people, who poſt themſelves in the neighbourhood of this church to beg; for which they generally pay eight milrees annually, and by this contract frequently gain one hundred milrees a year. Every thing is done in Portugal *pelo amor de Deos e pelas almas;* (for the love of God, and of the ſouls.) The monaſtries ſend their fruit, uſually grapes, to be ſold in the ſtreets, as it were, by auction, in order to perform maſſes for the money. They are cried about the ſtreets as *uvas pelas almas*, (grapes for the ſouls;) and when the price is aſked, the anſwer is generally conſiderable. In the *Calzada de Eſtrella* ſat a beggar, who always cried ſnuff for the ſouls. Snuff is a great article of neceſſity for all ranks; for both ſexes; for every old man; and, in ſhort, for the whole nation. Nor is it difficult to obtain the partiality of any of the common claſs of people, if the traveller but offer him a pinch of good ſnuff. I ſaw a beggar-woman put ſome ſnuff to the noſe of her child, who was ſtill in arms. On a botanical excurſion near Liſbon, I met a well-dreſſed lady, who aſked me for a pinch of ſnuff, as ſhe had loſt her box; and when I told her

that I never uſed one, ſhe replied, with an expreſſion of the moſt violent grief, *Eſtou deſeſperada ;* (I am quite in deſpair.) Nor can we blame Alphonſo IV. for giving the Engliſh ſoldiers, who had fought ſo bravely for him at the battle of Ameixial, two pounds of tobacco each. The ſmoking of tobacco is, however, very uncommon ; nor are even cigarros, though ſo cuſtomary in Spain, uſed by any but ſailors.

Both the higher and lower claſſes are very fond of a profuſion of compliments, which flow in a torrent from every mouth. A common peaſant meeting another, takes off his hat quite low down, holds him a long while by the hand, inquires after his health and that of his family, and does not fail to add, I am at your commands, and your humble ſervant, *(Eſtou a ſeus ordens, ſeu criado.)* This is not a remark taken from a ſingle inſtance, for I have heard it extremely often from aſs-drivers, and others of ſimilar claſſes. The Portegueſe language, indeed, even in the mouths of of the common people, has naturally ſomething well bred and elegant ; nor do they ever uſe oaths and indecent expreſſions, like the Engliſh, French, and Spaniſh low execrations ; though the loweſt claſſes, indeed, ſometimes mention the devil. All the Portugueſe are naturally talkative, and ſometimes very inſipid. The rich are ſaid to conceal a falſe heart beneath a profuſion of polite expreſſions. I have nothing to ſay in defence of the higher claſſes; they are as inferior to the Spaniards as the common people excel them. The want of ſcience and taſte, which perhaps ariſes from the total want of works of art in this country ; a government which never had wiſdom or opportunity to bring into action the nobler paſſions of mankind ; the conſtant and oppreſſive neighbourhood of the Engliſh, who juſtly feel their ſuperiority, and the total decay of literature, are, I conceive, the chief cauſes why the Portugueſe nobles are formed of worſe materials than any other European nobility.

ANECDOTES.

A Retort.

A fellow who was a witneſs in the Groſvenor cauſe at Weſtminſter, Hall, having a Bardolphian noſe, Counſellor Dunning, thinking to embarraſs him, began wlth, " Now you Mr. with the copper noſe, now you *are* ſworn, what have you to ſay ?"—" Why, by the oath I have ſworn," replied he, " I would not exchange my *copper* noſe for your *brazen* face."

Abſence.

The Biſhop of *Soiſons* was as remarkable for abſence as our Biſhop *Burnet.*—when once attending the levee at court, he entered into converſation with a young gentleman whom he did not know, and among other queſtions aſked him, if he knew who was

that fat ſow that juſt came in? "Sir," ſaid the lad, "that fat ſow is wife to the Swediſh ambaſſador, and mother to the little pig that has the honour of ſpeaking to your grace."

Sea Lawyers.

When Sir Elijah Impey was on his paſſage from India, as he was one day walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceeding day, a ſhark was playing by the ſide of the ſhip. Having never ſeen ſuch an object before he called to one of the ſailors to tell him what it was. "Why," replied the tar I don't know what name they know 'em by aſhore, but here we call 'em *ſea-lawyers.*"

Petrarch.

A certain hiſtorian aſſerts, that Pope Benoit the twelfth adviſed Petrarch to propoſe marriage to Laura, which the poet declined, leſt the familiarities of the married ſtate ſhould abate the enthuſiaſm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed a French officer who heard of the obſervation, "voila un animal bien delicat,"—"it is," added he, "as if a man was to refuſe to eat his dinner leſt it ſhould ſpoil his appetite."

Engliſh Agility.

In the great Dutch war in the reign of Charles II, the Engliſh-Dutch fleet and that of Holland fought in the channel for three days ſucceſſively, engaging in the day and lying-to at night. But juſt as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armiſtice was concluded upon, and the hoſtile parties began to exerciſe mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man of war, which lay along-ſide an Engliſh firſt rate, was a ſailor ſo remarkably active, as to run to the maſt-head and ſtand upright upon the truck, after which he would cut ſeveral capers, and conclude with ſtanding upon his head, to the great aſtoniſhment and terror of the ſpectators. On coming down from this exploit, all his countrymen expreſſed their joy by huzzaing, and thereby ſignifying their triumph over the Engliſh. One of our bold tars, piqued for the honour of his country, ran up to the top like a cat, and eſſayed with all his might to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, but not having the ſkill, he miſſed his poiſe, and came down rather faſter than he went up. The Rigging, however, broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As ſoon as he had recovered his ſpeech, he ran to the ſide, and exultingly cried out to the Dutchman, "*There, d—n your eyes, do that if you can.*"

Poetry.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

A Picture and a Prophecy.

——" The wrongs that are,
The rights that ſhall be, the futurity
Miraculous in good that is begun." *Goethe.*

WHEN ſanguine youth, in fond Utopian dreams,
First launches on the troubled ſea of life,
He truſts to ſail on pleaſure's ſmootheſt ſtreams;
Alas! he wakes to woe, and ſcenes of ſtrife!
The fair illuſion fades before his ſight;
Around he ſees a war of fraud and force,
Where every finer feeling meets a blight,
And every act betrays a ſelfiſh ſource.
With generous purpoſe fraught, and glowing heart,
He ſeeks to heal the wounds which man inflicts;
But falſehood ſpeeds, and flings her poiſon'd dart:
His quivering heart the ſhaft of Slander hits!
Yes! 'tis a ſcene where Man " erect and tall"
Bows his baſe neck at each uſurper's nod!
And while he vaunts, the would-be lord of all,
Kiſſes the tyrant's ſoul-ſubjecting rod!
There reaſoning Man purſues a phantom-form
That ſtill eludes his graſp, and brings him woe;
He looks for bright ſereneneſs in the ſtorm,
He ſeeks for bliſs in toys and ſenſeleſs ſhow!
There Cunning, veil'd in Wiſdom's borrow'd dreſs,
Shared the reſpect which Wiſdom fails to find;
There Pride and Power unbending Worth oppreſs,
And Prejudice ſtill clips the wings of Mind.
There icy Caution chills the ſoul that glows
With ſweet enthuſiaſm's generous fire!
Blaſts all the joys Benevolence beſtows,
And ſnaps the thrilling ſtrings of Tranſport's lyre!
There black Suſpicion, " green-eye'd monſter," reigns,
Quick to conceive a word—a look, amiſs;
Broods, gloomy, o'er his ſelf-created pains,
And poiſons at its ſource the ſtream of bliſs!
And there Injuſtice, fiend gigantic! ſtalks,
With Want, and Woe, and Havoc in his rear!
There Ignorance, with twin-born Evil, walks,
And deems the ſource of virtue, idiot fear!
There, oh, what ſcenes to wound th'unpractis'd ſight!
Pale Virtue droops, a perſecuted gueſt;

And millions toil, condemned to mindleſs night,
That one may riot in unhallow'd waſte !
'Tis objects ſuch as theſe that ſteel the heart,
And make ſhort-ſighted Man his race's foe ;
Too ſoon quick Youth feels Diſappointment's dart ;
He ſinks ; or, world-ſchool'd, feeds on others' woe !
Yet, let not ſcenes like theſe, ſoft boſom'd youth !
Thy all ſuſceptive ſoul 'gainſt feeling ſteel :
Hope ſmiling comes ! and ſoon ſhall mighty Truth
Humanity's unnumber'd ſorrows heal !
And the dark clouds, that blur the beauteous face
Of Nature, all ſhall vaniſh into air !
Nor long ſhall man, ſtriving in error's chace,
Be doom'd to diſappointment and deſpair !
Then worſhip Truth, and ſcorn baſe Falſehood's wrongs,
And leave foul Calumny to feaſt and gorge !
Nor join the ſelfiſh woe-inflicting throng,
Nor ſink beneath the World's life with'ring ſcourge !
Lo ! Truth appears ! and brighter ſcenes ariſe !
The claſh of arms and intereſts ſhall ceaſe !
The paſt alone ſhall claim ſoft Pity's ſighs,
And renovated earth ſhall reſt in peace ! A .R.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

E L I Z A.

[*From Darwin's Botanic Garden.*]

SO ſtood *Eliza* on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, ſpectatreſs of the fight,
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody ſtrife
Her dearer ſelf, the partner of her life ;
From hill to hill the ruſhing hoſt purſued,
And view'd his banner—or believ'd ſhe view'd !
Pleaſ'd with the diſtant roar, with quicker tread
Faſt by her hand one liſping boy ſhe led;
And one fair Girl, amid the loud alarm,
Slept on her 'kerchief. cradled by her arm ;
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart—
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart !

Near and more near th' intrepid Beauty preſs'd,
Saw, thro' the driving ſmoke, his dancing creſt ;
Saw on his helm her Virgin hands inwove
Bright ſtars of gold, and myſtic knots of love ;
Heard the exulting ſhout—" They run ; they run !"
" Great God !" ſhe cries, " He's ſafe ! the Battle's won !"
A ball now hiſſes thro' the airy tides
(Some fury wing'd it, and ſome Dæmon guides !)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head they deck,

Wounds her fair ear, and ſinks into her neck ;
The red ſtream iſſuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her iv'ry boſom ſtains :
" Ah me ?" ſhe cried, and ſinking on the ground,
Kiſs'd her dear babes regardleſs of the wound :—
" Oh ceaſe not yet to beat thou vital Urn ;
" Wait, guſhing Life—oh, wait my Love's return !
" Hoarſe barks the wolf, the vulture ſcreams from far ;
" The Angel *Pity* ſhuns the walks of war :
" Oh, ſpare, ye war-hounds, ſpare their tender age !
" On me, on me," ſhe cried, " exhauſt your rage !"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes careſs'd,
And ſighing, hid them in her blood-ſtain'd veſt.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and phrenzy in his eyes ;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls—
Eliza echoes thro' the canvaſs walls ;
Quick thro' the murm'ring gloom his footſteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vaults o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo, dead *Eliza* welt'ring in her blood !

Soon hears his liſt'ning ſon the welcome ſounds ;
With open arms and ſparkling eyes he bounds—
' Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand :
' *Eliza* ſleeps upon the dew-cold ſand ;
' Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers preſs'd,
' And tried, with pouting lips her milkleſs breaſt :
' Alas, we both with cold and hunger quake !
' Why do we weep ?—*Mama* will ſoon awake.'

' She'll wake no more,' the hopeleſs mourner cried,
' Upturn'd his eyes, and claſp'd his hands and ſigh'd :
Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranc'd he lay,
" And preſs'd warm kiſſes on the lifeleſs clay,"
And then upſprung with cold convulſive ſtart—
And all the Father kindled in his heart :
' Oh, Heaven's !' he cried, ' my firſt raſh vow forgive,
' Theſe bind to earth—for *theſe* I pray to live ;"

Round his chill Babes he wrapp'd his crimſon veſt,
And claſp'd them ſobbing to his aching breaſt.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On Leaving College.

YE walls, where peace and ſcience reigns,
Ye guardians of my infant age,
Where yet unknown to care and pain,
With joy I turn'd the claſſic page.
Where white-robed innocence and truth,
In ſtricteſt harmony combined,
Await to guide each little youth,
And ſhed their influence over the dawning mind.
No more within thy happy bounds to ſtray,
Or join the little bands that form your care,
Who know no pain, no care beyond to day,
Who all the ſweets of youth and virtue ſhare.
I part reluctant from yon ſacred ſhade,
Where late I mix'd amid the merry throng;
Or with the muſe have fondly ſought the glade;
Or mingled in the tale or merry ſong.
Yet tho' by cruel fate remov'd from all—
From all thoſe ſcenes ſo much beloved,
To join a world where nought appears,
But ſprings of future woes and tears.
Remembrance ſhall thoſe ſcenes reſtore,
And fondly count each pleaſure o'er;
And kindly lend her cheering power,
To ſoothe misfortune's gloomy hour.
And when, perhaps, by care oppreſt
From a cenſorious world I fly for reſt;
Or, by pale melancholy led,
Beneath ſome waving willow lay my head,
I'll fondly trace with fancy's aid,
The ſpot where all our ſports were made,
When in our gay—our infant years,
While ſtrangers yet to pain and tears;
When toil had lent its turn to play,
The little train—forever gay,
With joy obey'd the pleaſing call,
"And nimbly urged the flying ball;"
Dear ſmiling ſcenes, forever dear;
Still preſent to my view,
Let ſorrow nurſe the cheriſhing tear
That marks our laſt adieu.
And ah! farewell, each little friend,
May every joy be thine—
May happineſs thy ſteps attend,
Tho' ſorrow wait on mine.

A STUDENT.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Elegy on a Quid of Tobacco.

IT lay before me, on the cloſe graz'd graſs,
Beſide yon path, an old Tobacco Quid;
And ſhall I let the mute adviſer paſs,
Without one ſerious thought! No, Heaven forbid!

Perhaps ſome idle drunkard threw thee there,
Some huſband, ſpendthrift of his weekly hire;
One who for wife and children takes no care,
But ſits and tipples by the ale houſe fire.

And luckleſs was the day he learnt to chew!
Embryo of ill, the Quid that pleas'd him firſt,
Thirſty from that unhappy Quid he grew,
Then to the ale-houſe went to quench his thirſt.

So great events from cauſes ſhall ariſe—
The foreſt oak was once an acorn ſeed;
And many a wretch from drunkenneſs who dies,
Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.

Let not temptation, mortal, ere come nigh—
Suſpect ſome ambuſh in the parley hid—
From the firſt kiſs of love ye maidens fly!
Ye youths avoid the firſt Tobacco Quid.

Perhaps I wrong thee, O thou veteran Chaw,
And better thoughts my muſing ſhould engage,
That thou wert founded in ſome toothleſs jaw,
The joy, perhaps, of ſolitary age.

One who has ſuffer'd fortune's hardeſt knocks,
Poor, and with none to tend on his grey hairs,
Yet has a friend in his Tobacco box,
And whilſt he rolls his Quid, forgets his cares.

Ev'n ſo it is with human happineſs—
Each ſeeks his own according to his whim:
This toils for wealth, one fame alone can bleſs,
One aſks a Quid—a quid is all to him.

O vet'ran Chaw! Thy fibres ſavory ſtrong,
Whilſt aught remain'd to chew, thy maſter chew'd:
Then caſt thee here when all thy juce was gone,
Emblem of ſelfiſh man's ingratitude!

A happy man, O caſt off Quid, is he!
Who like as thou haſt comforted the poor;
Happy his age who knows himſelf like thee,
Thou didſt thy duty—Man can do no more.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Parody upon a Paſſage in Pope's Eſſay on Man,

"Lo! the Poor Indian," &c.

LO! the plain eater, whoſe untutor'd taſte
Finds health in ſallads and in homely paſte;
His tongue proud ſcience never taught to lave
In charbone cream, or gravy's poignant wave.
Yet ſimple cook'ry piles his earthen plate
With England's honeſt beef—an humbler treat.
Guiltleſs of Ortolans, his ſpit whirls round,
Nor catchup ſtains his kitchen's wholeſome ground,
Where no diſguiſe affronts the genuine meal,
Nor Weltjie tortures ſalmon into veal.
To eat, contents his hunger's nat'ral call;
He chews no latent goût in forc'd-meat ball;
But throws to faithful Tray his dinner down,
Th' applauded beef's reverſionary bone.
Come, nicer thou, come, let thy palate try,
'Gainſt Moll's plum-pudding, Weltjie's lobſter-pye;
In ev'ry diſh find ſome important fault,
The broth wants reliſh, and the edge-bone ſalt;
Condemn each joint not dreſs'd by learned rule,
Yet cry, if hunger fails, that Moll's a fool.
If fricaſſees employ not all her ſkill,
Studious to nouriſh, not expert to kill,
Snatch from her care the hangers and the hooks,
Re-dreſs her dreſſings, be the cook of cooks.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Compariſon of Engraving with Painting.—An Extract.

HAIL, glorious Art! where light and ſhade combine,
True light and ſhade, and juſt proportions thine:
No beauties falſe thy labour'd pictures fill,
Nor gaudy tints betray a want of ſkill;
The eye, charm'd with no meretricious art,
Beholds, and learns to criticiſe each part;
By thee refin'd, the painting is divine,
More ſtrength, more beauty, and more ſweetneſs thine.
As ſome fair maid, born in Circaſſia's plain,
Decreed to deck the mighty Sultan's train,
Aſſiſts her charms with all the aid of dreſs,
Nor thinks by aid ſhe makes thoſe beauties leſs;
In brighteſt gems, and robes of purple dye,
She lures the heart, and captivates the eye:—
Compar'd to her, behold the Grecian maid
In one looſe robe of ſimple white array'd,
Which the fine ſhape and modeſt ſteps reveals,

And but diſplays thoſe beauties it conceals ;
Her down caſt eyes, where baſhful glances roll,
Shew the pure heart, and ſpeak the ſpotleſs ſoul ;—
Circaſſia's beauty triumphs for an hour,
She charms the ſenſes, but ſhe does no more ;
The Grecian nymph, wins ſlow but juſt applauſe,
And admiration, approbation draws.

SONNET.

'WHY ſhould our little life be vainly ſpent,
In all the vile purſuits of ſordid gain ;
Since Indian treaſures cannot yield content,
Nor regal pow'r the flight of time reſtrain ?

For ends of higher aim were mortals ſent,
To pace a while this weary world of pain ;
And ſouls like theirs, on nobler objects bent,
Should all ſuch vulgar, mean purſuits diſdain.

'Their taſk ſhould be, to brave Temptation's pow'r,
And all his fierce aſſaults to render vain ;
To ſtand, unmov'd, Affliction's evil hour.
And ſtill with patient heart his rage ſuſtain :
To trace each path where praiſe or virtue lies,
And fit their ſouls at laſt for commerce with the ſkies !'

Written in Germany, in Autumn, 1801.

HAIL, deadly Autumn, and thy fading leaf,
I love thee, drear and gloomy as thou art ;
Not joyful Spring, like thee can ſoften grief,
Nor gaudy Summer ſoothe the aching heart ;
But in thy cheerleſs, ſolitary bower,
Beneath the varied ſhade, I love to lie,
When duſky Evening's melancholy hour
With boding clouds obſcures the low'ring ſky,
And tuneleſs birds and fading flowers appear
In grief to hang their heads, and mourn the parting year.

'Tis not the gloomy ſky, the parting year,
'Tis not the Winter's dreary reign I mourn,
But abſent friends—and *one* than life more dear,
And joys departed, never to return !
O gentle Hope, that 'mid Siberia's ſnows,
Can cheer the wretched exile's lingering year,
And where the ſun on curs'd Oppreſſion glows,
Can check the ſigh, and wipe the falling tear,
Thy gentle care—thy ſuccour I implore ;
O raiſe thy heavenly voice, and bid me weep no more.
Thou hears't my prayer—I feel thy holy flame—
And future joys in bright ſucceſſion riſe,

And mutual love and friendſhip—ſacred name!
And home and all the bleſſings that I prize.
Thou, Memory, lendst thy aid, and to my view
Each friend I love, and every ſcene moſt dear,
In forms more bright than ever painter drew,
Freſh from thy pencil's magic tint appear.
Roll on, ye lingering hours, that lie between,
Till Truth ſhall realize, and Virtue bleſs, the ſcene.

R.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Vanity of Life.

ISAIAH, xliv. 6.—WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtleſs mortals calling,
With a ſad and ſolemn ſound:

"Sons of Adam! once in Eden,
"Blighted when like us you fell,
"Hear the lecture we are reading;
"'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

"Virgins! much, too much preſuming
"On your boaſted white and red,
"View us, late in beauty blooming,
"Number'd now among the dead.

"Griping miſers! nightly waking,
"See the end of all your care;
"Fled on wings of your own making,
"We have left our owners bare.

"Sons of honor! fed on praiſes,
"Fluttering high on fancy'd worth;
"Lo! the fickle air that raiſes,
"Brings us down to parent earth.

"Learned ſophs! in ſyſtems jaded,
"Who for new ones daily call;
"Ceaſe, at length by us purſuaded,
"Ev'ry leaf muſt have a fall.

"Youths! tho' yet no loſſes grieve you,
"Gay in health and manly grace,
"Let not cloudleſs ſkies deceive you,
"Summer gives to autumn place.

"Venerable ſires! grown hoary,
"Hither turn the unwilling eye;
"Think, amidſt your falling glory,
"Autumn tells a winter nigh.

" Yearly in our courſe returning,
" Meſſengers of ſhorteſt ſtay,
" Thus we preach this truth unerring,
" Heaven and earth ſhall paſs away.

" On the tree of Life Eternal,
" Man, let all thy hopes be ſtaid;
" Which alone, FOR EVER VERNAL,
" Bears a leaf that ne'er ſhall fade."

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Miſeries of Man.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

WHEN chill November's ſurly blaſt
Made fields and foreſts bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I ſpy'd a man, whoſe aged ſtep
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young ſtranger, whither wand'reſt thou?
Began the rev'rend ſage;
Does thirſt of wealth thy ſtep conſtrain,
Or youthful pleaſure's rage?
Or happily, preſt with cares and woes,
Too ſoon thou haſt began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miſeries of man.

III.

The ſun that overhangs yon moors,
Out ſpreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to ſupport
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've ſeen yon weary winter's ſun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-ſpending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the ſway;
Licentious paſſions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is uſeful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But ſee him on the edge of life,
With cares and ſorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few ſeem favourites of fate,
In pleaſure's lap careſt ;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewiſe truly bleſt.
But, Oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn ;
Thro' weary life this leſſon learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and ſharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed ſtill we make ourſelves,
Regret, remorſe, and ſhame !
And man, whoſe hea'vn-erected face
The ſmiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countleſs thouſands mourn !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And ſee his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition ſpurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpleſs offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm deſign'd yon lordling's ſlave,
By nature's law deſign'd,
Why was an independent wiſh
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I ſubject to
His cruelty or ſcorn ?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn ?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my ſon,
Diſturb thy youthful breaſt :
This partial view of human-kind
Is ſurely not the *laſt !*

The poor, oppreſſed, honeſt man,
Had never, ſure been born,
Had there not been ſome recompence
To comfort thoſe that mourn!

XI.

O death! the poor man's deareſt friend,
The kindeſt and the beſt!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at reſt!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleaſure torn;
But, Oh! a bleſt relief to thoſe
That weary-laden mourn!

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Addreſs to Edinburgh.

BY THE SAME.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling ſeat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legiſlation's ſov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-ſcatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I ſtray'd,
And ſinging, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I ſhelter'd in thy honour'd ſhade.

II.

Here wealth ſtill ſwells the golden tide,
As buſy trade his labours plies;
Their architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and ſplendor riſe;
Here juſtice, from her native ſkies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks ſcience in her coy above.

III.

Thy Sons, EDINA, ſocial, kind,
With open arms the ſtranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive ſtill to ſorrow's wail,
Or modeſt merit's ſilent claim;
And never may their ſources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded ſummer ſky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!

Fair B——— ſtrikes th' adorning eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy ſhine;
I ſee the *fire of love on high*,
And onw his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the leaſt alarms,
Thy rough rude fortreſs gleams afar;
Like ſome bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a ſeamy ſcar;
The pond'rous wall and maſſy bar,
Grim-riſing o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withſtood aſſailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's ſhock.

VI.

With awe-ſtruck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, ſtately doom,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the duſt!
Their hapleſs race wild-wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas juſt!

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your ſteps,
Whoſe anceſtors, in days of yore,
Thro' hoſtile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore:
Ev'n *I* who ſing in ruſtic lore,
Haply *my ſires* have left their ſhed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudeſt roar,
Bold-following where *your* fathers led!

VIII.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling ſeat!
All hail the palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legiſlation's ſov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-ſcatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I ſtray'd,
And ſinging, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I ſhelter'd in thy honour'd ſhade.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Poet's Complaint.

BY THE SAME.

LATE crippl'd of on arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *paſs* for leave to beg;
Dull, liſtleſs, teas'd dejected, and depreſt,
(Nature is adverſe to a cripple's reſt;)

Will generous *Graham* liſt to his Poet's wail?
(It ſoothes poor miſery, harkening to her tale,)
And hear him curſe the light he firſt ſurvey'd,
And doubly curſe the luckleſs rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One ſhakes the foreſts, and one ſpurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the aſs his hide, the ſnail his ſhell,
Th' envenom'd waſp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.
Foxes and ſtateſmen, ſubtile wiles enſure;
The cit and polecat ſtink, and are ſecure.
Toads with their poiſon, doctors with their drug,
The prieſt and hedgehog in their robes, are ſnug.
Ev'n ſilly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreadful ſpear and darts.

But Oh! thou bitter ſtep-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceleſs, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's ſkill,
And half an ideot too, more helpleſs ſtill.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated ſight to ſhun;
No horns, but thoſe by luckleſs Hymen worn,
And thoſe, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's truſty cur,
Clad in rich dulneſs' comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blaſt from ev'ry ſide:
Vampyre bookſellers drain him to the heart,
And ſcorpion critics cureleſs venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
Thoſe cut-throats bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody diſſectors, worſe than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expoſe.

His heart by cauſeleſs wanton malice wrung,
By blockhead's daring into madneſs ſtung;
His well-won bays, than life itſelf more dear,
By miſcreants torn, who ne'er one ſprig muſt wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in the unequal ſtrife,
The hapleſs poet flounders on through life.
'Till fled each hope that once his boſom fir'd,
And fled each muſe that glorious once inſpir'd,
Low ſunk in ſqualid, unprotected age,
Dead, even reſentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthleſs critic's rage!

So, by ſome hedge, the gen'rous ſteed deceas'd,
For half-ſtarv'd ſnarling curs a dainty feaſt;
By toil and famine wore to ſkin and bone,
Lies ſenſeleſs of each tugging bitch's ſon.

O dulneſs! portion of the truly bleſt!
Calm ſhelter'd haven of eternal reſt!
Thy ſons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar froſt, or torrid beams.
If mantling high ſhe fills the golden cup,
With ſober ſelfiſh eaſe they ſip it up:
Conſcious the bounteous meed they well deſerve,
They only wonder 'ſome folks' do not ſtarve.
The grave ſage hern thus eaſy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a ſad worthleſs dog.
When diſappointment ſnaps the clue of hope,
And thro' diſaſtrous night they darkling groupe,
With deaf endurance ſluggiſhly they bear,
And juſt conclude that 'fools are fortune's care.'
So, heavy, paſſive to the tempeſt's ſhocks,
Strong on the ſign-poſt ſtands the ſtupid ox.

Not ſo the idle muſes' mad-cap train,
Not ſuch the workings of their moon-ſtruck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in ſoaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentleſs and ſevere,
With all a poet's, huſband's, father's fear!
Already one ſtrong hold of hope is loſt,
Glencairn, the truly noble lies in duſt;
(Fled, like the ſun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, ſelfiſh pray'r!
Fintra, my other ſtay, long bleſs and ſpare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wiſhes crown,
And bright in cloudleſs ſkies his ſun go down!
May *bliſs domeſtic* ſmooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and ſoothe his lateſt breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Virgin's First Love.

YES—ſweet is the joy when our bluſhes impart
The youthful affection that glows in the heart,
If prudence, and duty, and reaſon approve
The timid delight of the virgin's firſt love.

But if the fond virgin be deſtined to feel
A paſſion ſhe muſt in her boſom conceal,

Leſt parents relentleſs the flame diſapprove,—
Where's *then* the delight of the virgin's firſt love?

If ſtolen the glance by which love is expreſt,
If ſighs when half heaved be with terror ſuppreſt,
If whiſpers of paſſion ſuſpicion muſt move,
Where's then the delight of the virgin's firſt love?

Or if (ah! too faithful!) with fondneſs ſhe ſighs
For one who has ceaſed her affection to prize,
Forgetting the vows by whoſe magic he ſtrove
To gain that rich treaſure the virgin's firſt love,—

If tempted by intereſt he ventures to ſhun
The gentle affection his tenderneſs won,
Through paſſion's ſoft maze with another to rove,—
Where's then the delight of the virgin's firſt love?

Her eye, when the tale of his treachery ſhe hears,
Now beams with diſdain, and now gliſtens with tears;
Ah! what can the arrow then rankling remove?
Farewell the delight of the virgin's firſt love!

And ſee, ſad companion of mental diſtreſs,
Diſeaſe ſteals upon her in health's flattering dreſs,
Oh! ſurely that bloom every fear ſhould remove!
Ah! no;—'tis *the effect* of the virgin's firſt love.

Still brighter the colour appears on her cheek,
Her eye boaſts a luſtre no language can ſpeak;—
But vain are the hopes theſe appearances move,
Fond parent they ſpring from the virgin's firſt love.

And ſoon, while unconſcious that fate hovers near,
While hope's flattering ſmiles on her features appear,
No ſtruggle, no groan, his approaches to prove,
Death ends the fond dream of the virgin's firſt love.

S. B.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Laſt Hours of Voltaire.—An Extract.

'WHILE daring ſceptics, ſwoln with haughty pride,
The pious Chriſtian's humble hopes deride,
And vainly ſtrive with meretricious art,
To root each moral virtue from the heart;
To ſap thoſe doctrines by a Saviour given;
(The rich ſpontaneous boon of gracious heav'n,)
In expectation conſcience calm to keep
"With the ſad ſolace of eternal ſleep;"
How juſt to mark, when fail the ſprings of life,
And nature ſinks beneath th' unequal ſtrife;
When earth's deluſive ſcenes no more delight,
But all eternity appears in ſight,

What diff'rent feelings in that hour of woe,
The dying ſceptic and the Chriſtian know !

' See where, encircled by his atheiſt train,
A wretched prey to agonizing pain,
Upon his death-bed lies, in deep deſpair,
The celebrated, witty, gay Voltaire !
A man to each ſucceeding ſceptic dear ;
Whoſe arts they follow, and whoſe name revere !
He who firſt gave their darling project birth,
Of rooting out religion from the earth ;
And, vain of praiſe by fawning flatt'rers giv'n,
Dar'd hurl defiance in the face of heav'n.
With ſpecious talents curs'd, in queſt of fame,
Lur'd by th' attraction of a guilty name,
He thoſe endowments 'gainſt the donor turn'd ;
And with infurate zeal and ardour burn'd,
Each veſtige of the goſpel to efface,
And cruſh the Saviour of the human race.
Long time, a ſtranger to remorſe or fear,
He ran uncheck'd his blaſphemous career ;
Beyond conception ſaw his ſchemes ſucceed,
And inly triumph'd in the impious deed.
Ev'n then, when, near the ſummit of deſire,
He fear'd with joy exceſſive to expire,
Grown grey with age, and harden'd in his crimes,
(Example terrible to future times !)
Sudden he ſinks beneath th' avenging rod
Of a much injur'd long-forbearing God.
The ſeaſon deſtin'd for probation fled,
Condem'n to feel, ere number'd with the dead,
(Immers'd with anguiſh, hopeleſs of a cure)
Some portion of thoſe pains the damn'd endure.'

Sonnet to Commerce.

COMMERCE ! gain-graſping power, my dubious heart,
Knows not if thou deſerveſt praiſe or blame ;
Whether the bleſſing of the world thou art,
Or civilized man's unceaſing ſhame ;
Could thy wide arms unite all human kind,
In one firm compact of fraternal love,
For thee the muſe her richeſt wreath ſhould bind,
For thee her ſtrains in ſweeteſt meaſures move.
But if thy votaries, in the gloomy den
Of trade immured, are callous to diſtreſs ;
Or if thy hard hands forge for fellow-men,
The chains of ſlavery and of wretchedneſs,
Still ſhall ſhe execrate the power that gave
Wealth to the *tyrant*—*miſery* to the *ſlave* !

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Wife.

THE virtues that endear and ſweeten life,
And form that ſoft companion, call'd a wife;
Demand my ſong. Thou who didſt firſt inſpire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.
Hail, lovely woman! nature's bleſſing, hail!
Whoſe charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous heaven,
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy ſoft converſe, can his hours employ?
The dry, dull, drowſy bachelor ſurveys,
Alternative, joyleſs nights and loneſome days:
No tender tranſports wake his ſullen breaſt,
No ſoft endearments lull his cares to reſt:
Stupidly free from nature's tendereſt ties,
Loſt in his own ſad ſelf he lives and dies.
Not ſo the man, to whom indulgent Heaven
That tender boſom-friend, a wife has given;
Him, bleſt in her kind arms, no fears diſmay,
No ſecret checks of guilt his mind allay:
No huſband wrong'd, no virgin honour ſpoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell diſeaſe, no falſe embrace is here,
The joys are ſafe, the raptures are ſincere.
Does fortune ſmile? How grateful muſt it prove
To tread life's pleaſing round with one we love!
Or does ſhe frown? The fair with ſoftening art,
Will ſooth our woes or bear a willing part.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Duelliſt.

SEE yonder *Steep!* whoſe cold unmantled breaſt,
Ne'er felt the warmth of renovating Spring,
Where the grey Sea fowl builds her lonely neſt,
And flitting Bats are ever on the wing.
Silent as death; ſave when the Screech Owls try
Their trem'lous yell; or hovering in the ſky,
The gathering blackneſs of the midway ſtorm
In awful gloom enſhrouds its topmaſt form,
While the ſwift light'ning dart along its ſide,
And uproar mingles on the foaming tide.

Dark was the night, when Edwin ſought its brow,
The waves daſh'd ſullen on the rocks below—
Clouds roll'd on clouds athwart the duſky ſky,

And the Loon's frequent note foretold a tempeſt nigh,
Loſt were theſe omens to ſad Edwin's ſoul,
Where woe more dire had fix'd her dark controul,
While *hope* whoſe influence ſooths ſo ſweet to reſt,
Bade deeper horrors ſhroud the youth unbleſt,
A friend, the victim to his lawleſs wrath,
In form unreal ſtalks acroſs his path—
Loſt to the *world*—he bids the ſtorm draw nigh,
And tempts the vengeance of an angry ſky!
Invokes the Gods, to cruſh his wearied frame,
And yield him victim, to the glancing flame.
Loud howls the blaſt—the night bird ſcreams aloud,
And peals inceſſant burſt from every cloud—
He prays in vain—No thunder ſpeaks his doom,
Nor fateful ſhaft conſign him to the tomb.
Impatient grown, he ſeeks the friendly deep,
And headlong plunges from the dizzy ſteep—
The waves receive him—ſtop his murm'ring breath,
And grant him, (what his ardent prayer was,) *death.*
Unhappy victim to imprudent rage
In murder's cauſe, allured by honour's name!
Muſt ſtill the follies of a vicious age
Snatch from the youthful brow the wealth of fame?
When *nature* ſhrinks, unſheath the vengeful knife,
And in one blow, take friend or brother's life?
Shall blood unceaſing ſtream at *honour's* ſhrine,
And proſtitution make her cauſe *divine?*
Forbid it heav'n! cut ſhort the *Deſpot's* reign,
To *virtue's* ſtandard lead us back again.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

[IF we thought the following Eulogium would have any other effect upon our readers than that of amuſing them by its ingenuity and wit, we ſhould not re-publiſh it. We do not think its tendency dangerous.]

Eulogium on Rum.

ARISE! ye pimpled, tip'ling race, ariſe!
From every town and village tavern come!
Shew your red noſes and o'erflowing eyes,
And help your poet chaunt the praiſe of rum.
The cordial drop, the morning dram I ſing,
The mid day toddy and the evening ſling.

Hail mighty rum! and by this general name
I call each ſpecies, whiſky, gin or brandy:
The kinds are various—but the effect the ſame;
And ſo I chooſe a name that's ſhort and handy:

(For reader know, it takes a deal of time
To make a crooked word lie ſmooth in rhyme.)

Hail mighty rum! thy ſong inſpiring merit
Is known to make a bard in theſe our days;
Apollo's drink, they find, is void of ſpirit—
Mere chicken-broth—inſipid as their lays:
And pleas'd, they'd give a riv'let—aye a ſea
Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee!

Hail, mighty rum! how wond'rous is thy pow'r!
Unwarm'd by thee, how would our ſpirits fail,
When dark December comes, with aſpect ſour,
And, ſharp as razor, blows the northern gale!
And yet thou'rt grateful in that ſultry day,
When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail, mighty rum! to thee the wretched fly;
And find a ſweet oblivion of their woes;
Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave they lie—
Forget their kindred—and forgive their foes—
And Lethe's ſtream, (ſo much extoll'd by ſome,
In ancient times) I ſhrewdly gueſs was rum.

Hail, mighty rum! what can thy pow'r withſtand!
E'en lordly reaſon flies thy dreadful face;
And health, and joy, and all the lovely band
Of ſocial virtues, ſhun thy dwelling place.
(For in whatever breaſt it rears its throne,
Like Turkiſh monarchs, rum muſt rule alone.)

When our bold fathers croſs'd th' Atlantic wave,
And here arriv'd a weak, defenceleſs band,
Pray, what became of all the tribes ſo brave—
The ſavage owners of this happy land?
Were they ſent headlong to the realms below,
"By doom of battle?" friend I anſwer no.

Our fathers were too wiſe to think of war;
They knew the woodlands were not quickly paſt,
They might have met with many an ugly ſcar—
Loſt many a foretop, and been beat at laſt.
But Rum, aſſiſted by his ſon, Diſeaſe,
Perform'd the buſineſs with ſurpriſing eaſe.

And would our weſtern brethern be leſs proud, or,
In other words, throw by the gun and drum,
For ducks and ſquirrels, ſave their lead and powder,
And ſend the tawny rogues ſome pipes of rum—
I dare predict, they all would gladly ſuck it;
And every mother's ſon ſoon kick the bucket.

But lo! th' ingratitude of Adam's race!
Though all theſe clever things to rum we owe—
Gallons of ink are ſquirted in his face;
And his bruis'd back is bang'd with many a blow:
Some hounds of note have rung his funeral knell,
And ev'ry puppy joins the general yell.

So have I ſeen (the ſimile is fine;
And wonderfully pat, though rather old)
When riſing Phœbus ſhot his rays benign,
A flock of ſheep come ſkipping from the fold;
Some reſtleſs ſheep cries baa; and all the throng,
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour along.

But fear not rum, though fiercely they aſſail,
And known but I, the bard, thy cauſe defend,
Think not thy foes—tho' num'rous—ſhall prevail,
Thy pow'r diminiſh, or thy being end:
Though ſpurn'd from table, and the public eye,
In the ſnug cloſet ſafely ſhalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the ſky,
And humbler Cynthia mounts her one horſe chair
To that ſnug cloſet ſhall thy vot'ry fly;
And, rapt in darkneſs, keep his orgies there;
Lift the full bottle, joyous, to his head,
Then great as Cæſar, reel ſublime to bed.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

On a Lady throwing Snow-Balls at her Lover,

[*From the Latin of Petronius Aſcanius.*]

WHEN, wanton fair, the ſnowy orb you throw,
I feel a fire before unknown in ſnow.
E'n coldeſt ſnow, I find has power to warm
My breaſt, when flung by *Julia's* lovely arm.
T' elude love's pow'rful arts I ſtrive in vain,
If ice and ſnow can latent fires contain.
Theſe frolicks leave; the force of beauty prove,
With equal paſſion cool my ardent love.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

The Tongue.

——————*Licuit, ſemperq;* licebit
Parcere perſonis, dicere de vitiis. Lucian.

YE fair, who gild life's dark and devious way;
Cheer the long eve, and cool the ſcorching ray;
With winning ſoftneſs, chace from ev'ry brow
The gloom of ſadneſs, and the dew of woe;

Wake to a ſmile the pale, deſponding cheek,
And teach the leaden-eye the ſoul to ſpeak.
Around the tear-bath'd bed of ling'ring life,
Where white-ey'd frenzy ſtares deſtracting grief:
Thy plaſtic charms ſteal, with unbending power,
And each nerve ſlackens in the gloomy hour.
Thy cheering voice arreſt the poor man's ſigh,
And warms the chilling death-dew round his eye;
Wakes hope and comfort in his aged heart,
Reſtores to life, or blunts affliction's dart.

Tho' virtuous fair, to you theſe powers belong,
And more than ever ſwell'd the poet's ſong;
Yet of thy train there are a heedleſs few,
Who court diſaſter and diſgrace purſue;
Who ſcatter thorns along life's wintry way,
And cloud the ſun-ſhine of a ſiſter's day.

The *Tongue*, that inſtrument of heavenly ſound,
Form'd to diffuſe ſoft, dulcet, notes around;
To check wild paſſion, folly's tat'ling quell,
And bend the ſtubborn heart to reaſon's will;
To ſpread the pureſt ſentiments of ſoul,
And bid the eye with holy rapture roll;
Excite the ſweet effuſions of the heart,
And probe the poiſon of ill-nature's dart;
In SLANDER'S cauſe o'erleaps each ſacred bound,
And drops fell venom in the ſlighteſt wound;
Engenders mis'ry on each dear delight—
Depict'ring foible, as lewd acts of night;
Raiſing the bluſh on virtue's modeſt cheek,
And utt'ring words, which fiends would ſcorn to ſpeak.

Daughters of Eve, thy tongue with prudence guard,
And con the meaning of each riſing word;
Conſider well all ears attend its ſound,
While critic-prud'ry ſpreads its purport round.
Impudence near thee holds her tat'ling reign,
With ears attentive to thy thoughtleſs ſtrain;
While *Malice* mute, with hollow eye, appears,
To prick with gall each varying notes ſhe hears,
Then *Diſcord* follows, with malignant grin,
To reap the harveſt of each petty ſin.
Mild *Friendſhip*, trembling, owns their potent power;
Love drops his bow, and quits the paphian bower.
Thus, from a word, or look, reports are ſpread,
While lies, like magots, bread in *Slander's* head.

P. QUINCE.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Addreſs to American Critics.

By Peter Quince.

COME, ye deſpiſers of Columbian Song,
Ye tribes of *ſmut, ill-nature, folly, ſpleen ;*
Who madly blend right ſentiments with wrong,
And ſwear that blue, is red, and yellow green.

Ye ſhades, of merit, and of mirth the laugh ;
Poſſeſſing ſenſe quite equal to a calf,
Who, when abroad into this world
A little book of proſe, or rhyme appears,
Like ſtartl'd cats prick up your ſapient ears ;
Liſt'ning, moſt madly tickl'd, at each note,
Which flows from Commendation's throat—
Then round have hurl'd,
Such ſweet remarks as theſe—
" As for that poem ; or that book ; I'm ſure
It cannot pleaſe ;
The rhyme is bad ; the ſentiments impure ;
It's deſtitute of ſpirit and of rule,
And tho' the man, who wrote it may be clever,
Yet I am poſitive he never
Had better education than a ſchool,
Meaning good ſirs, he lack'd that ſav'ry knowledge,
Which ſeaſons many a blockhead bred in college.

" Americans were never made to write ;
Their genius leads them quite another way,
It is in arts and labours they diſplay
Themſelves, like other nations, bright,
Perhaps in many things a little brighter,
But then there never was a good Columbian writer."

Thus rail one half the critics of our age,
Damning at once the unread page.
Others in milder accents ſpeak—
Saying as how, *we* borrow, and what not ;
Steal from a copieſt of the Greek ;
Unravel Latin—plunder France ;
From Hebrew gather many a luſcious plot,
To patch up plays, new ſermons and romance.

Now if the author's young, and ſcrabbles hard,
To mount the mighty hill of fame,
Like modeſt, bluſhing, Peter,—
They ſwear he's either lazy, mad, or lame ;
At beſt, deſcendant from a Grubſtreet bard,
And twirls in clumſy form his zig-zag metre.

There are of critics, who have written books,
And had them damn'd,
And into bakers ovens cram'd ;
But who can ſay they gave no light ;—
For Peter's ſeen them blazing bright,
From mouth of cannon, and from hands of cooks.

Theſe critics are good natur'd ſouls,
And ſweetly ſpeak in praiſe of author-folks ;
Contrive with wond'rous ſkill their joles,
To weep at ſorrow and to ſmile at jokes,
Catching at once the author's ſpirit,
They read in raviſh's notes along,
The pages of the new-born ſong—
Then ſound in public print its merit.

But why, dread Fathers of Columbian taſte,
Do theſe rare off'rings on the ſhrine of fame
Not riſe like incenſe, and perfume the name
Of genius trav'ling life's beclouded waſte ?
Is it becauſe theſe ſervile critics raiſe
To pride and dullneſs their approving lays ?

Sweet Critics, would that ye but knew,
How Peter reads your murd'rous works ;
How much he cons your quibbling and your quirks,
In bringing authors to the public's view.

What man of candor eyes, without a groan,
The fell, diſtorted, offspring of your brains ;
And who, dread ſires, but ſees the arts and pains,
You take to prove the bantling's all your own.

Yes, ye pretenders to immortal ſatire ;
Ye, who in mud, in ditches and in vaults,
Throw up of language all the ſtink and mire,
To ſhow a few ſmall ſpots, and petty faults,
The world beholds your lack of chriſtian ſpirit,
And ſtrong antipathy to deeds of merit.

Come here to me, you dirty, ſtinking dogs ;
Come, ſet you down amid'ſt my pigs and hogs,
And learn one leſſon from the gentle Peter.
Know that of praiſe you never can obtain
The ſmalleſt portion, particle, or gain ;
If ye remain in filthineſs of metre.

Learn to give Cæſar, Cæſar's due,
To read with candor, and to judge with ſenſe ;
With every private feeling to diſpenſe,
And place each author in his proper view.

Let not rude paſſion, or unmanly pride,
Appear in critic, on a man or book!
But calmly on the point in queſtion look,
And then decide.

Now, ſome deſcend, mid'ſt Faction's loweſt rabble,
About their petty faults to grin and gabble;
Like fooliſh *botaniſt*, who tries to cure
A tree faſt rotting, drooping, fading, falling,
By clipping off the little twigs and branches,
While in its crotch, or root or haunches,
Lies all untouch'd the worm, which caus'd the ſore,
With his ſharp teeth around its vitals mauling.

But they had rather break each dry'd up twig,
Had rather maul old pedagogue and Prince;
And ſo around the very edges mince—
Than ſtop the knawing worm's all fatal rig.

Know, that with tender hand, and curious art,
Thou ſhoul'd uncover what began the evil;
Manfully ſeize it, ere it twines the heart,
And ſafely ſend it packing to the devil.

Now Peter ſcorns of any ſuch to ſing,
That is, he ſcorns to damn the *'binic rabble*,
Heeds not their fooliſh words, or empty gabble
Knowing that *grubs* have not the power to ſting.

The firſt inſpirers of the party flame,
It's true, he mention'd in his humble verſe;
But ſince he's conſcious they their folly curſe,
He leaves them leaning on the bank of *ſhame*.

P. QUINCE.

FINIS.